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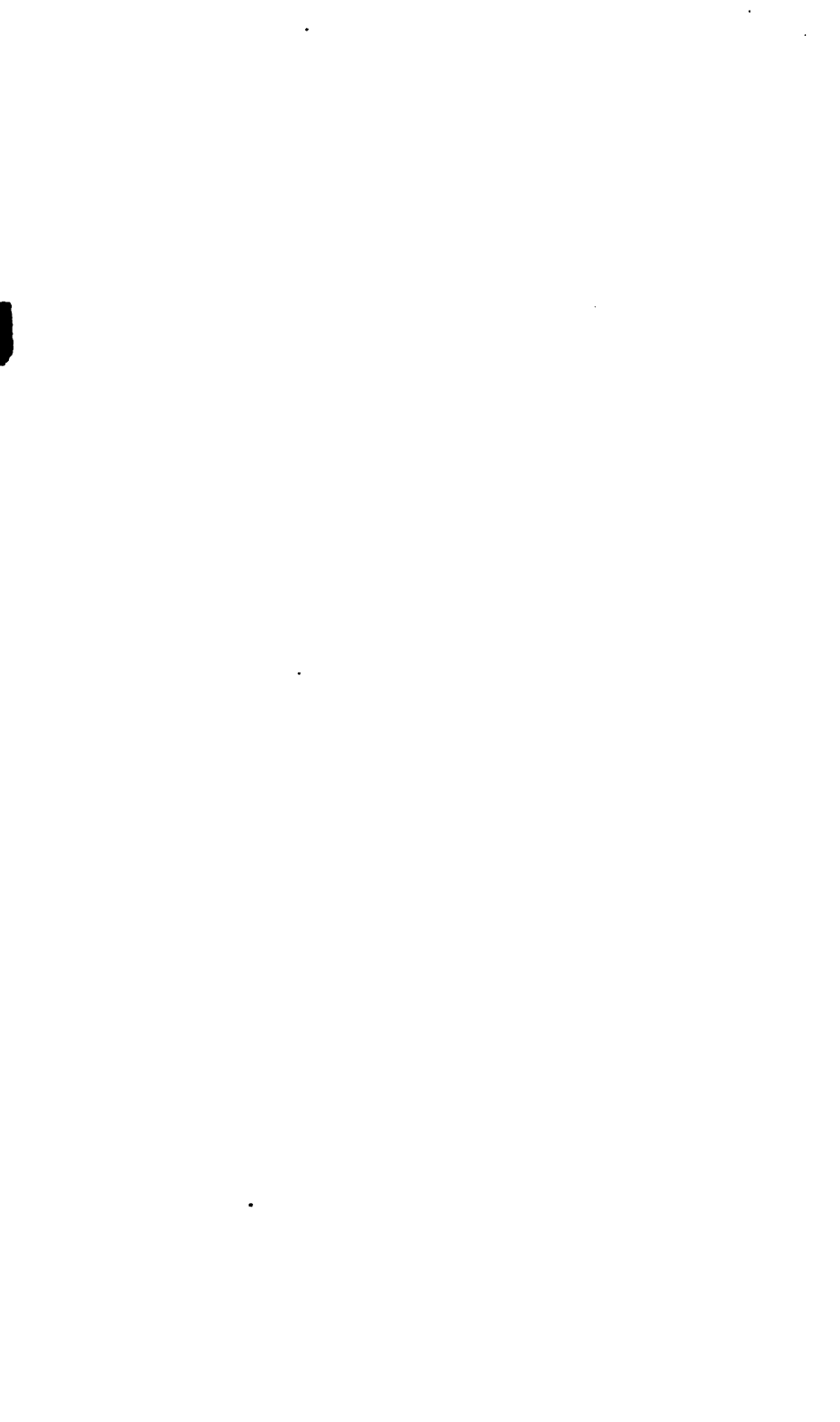


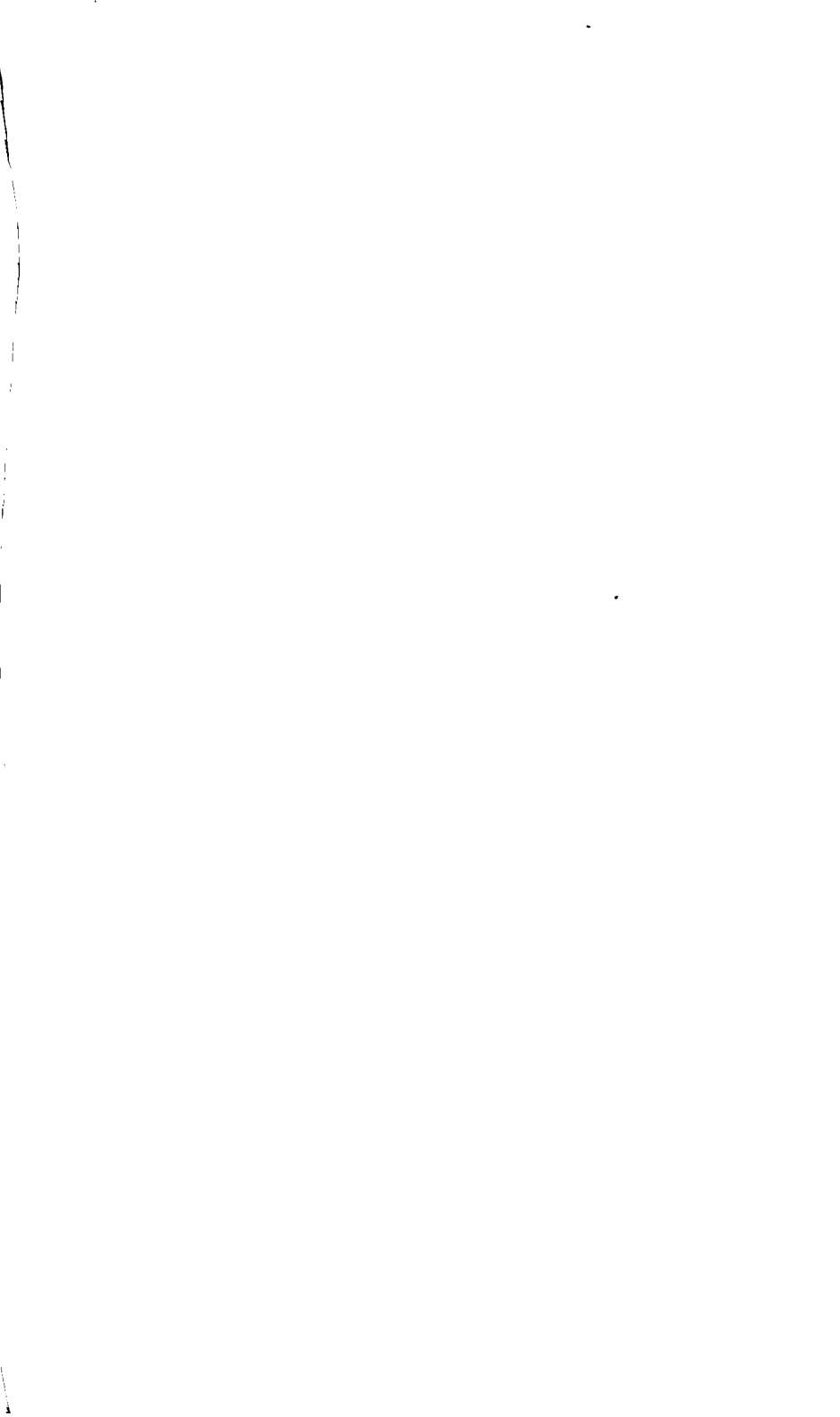
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THE  
**FOREIGN**  
**QUARTERLY REVIEW.**

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ART. I.—*Mémoires de M. de Bourrienne, Ministre d'État, sur Napoléon, le Directoire, le Consulat, l'Empire et la Restauration.* Tomes I.—VI. 8vo. Paris. 1829.

So much has been written about Napoleon, the greater part of which is so justly liable to the suspicion of falsehood, that a corrector and verifier of the various stories respecting him becomes as valuable a contributor to true knowledge as the reporter of new facts. M. de Bourrienne, however, appears in both characters: his position was favourable for the collection of the truth, and his disposition fits him for the business of correction. His comrade at school; his friend in after-life, sharing his young hopes and fears; a partner in his first successes, and then his intimate private secretary; a kind of third hand or other self for many years of conquest, glory and power—no one assuredly has yet entered the lists with such claims to be heard on the subject of Napoleon as M. Fauvelet de Bourrienne. In order to encourage Bourrienne under the arduous labour he continually imposed upon him, Bonaparte would sometimes say, “Bourrienne! we shall go down to posterity together.” The vanity of this hope was shown in the answer—“Can you tell me who was the secretary of Alexander?” The *author* has, however, a good chance of reaching that goal which, perhaps, the *secretary* might have missed. Undoubtedly, as long as the character and achievements of Napoleon are an object of interest to the student, and it would be difficult to say when they will cease to be so, the work of Bourrienne will be referred to as a most faithful depository of information respecting a great number of his acts, and moreover of his motives and true character. Other books have given us Napoleon in the field, or in the court; in the saloon, and in the privacy even of his apartments: but Bourrienne shows him in the cabinet, in the private cabinet, the birth-place of all his vast conceptions, and the starting point of each of his great courses—the scene of his mental debates, and the asylum where he retreated to decide, to consider, and to give the first movement to his great designs. Night and day Bourrienne worked with him; early

and late, before and after dinner, with or without sleep, his secretary was on the spot, read his despatches, translated his communications, and opened his letters. Bourrienne was aware that he and his master were *making* history; so that he did not, like so many unconscious actors in great scenes, let the opportunities pass without taking accurate note of all that came under his notice. In spite of the fatigue of incessant labour at all unseasonable hours, he let no day pass without recording its events, or setting aside the materials for judging them aright. He thus became the possessor of an accumulation of documents of unequalled interest, which have proved the groundwork of these *Memoirs*. With them as his companions, Bourrienne, whether for greater quiet or greater security, has now sought a retreat in the chateau of the Duchess of Brancas, in the Netherlands, where he has undertaken the task of reading and correcting the former histories of Napoleon, and of writing his own. He is, however, too modest to dignify it with so high-sounding a title; he only hopes that the future historian, when the time arrives to do strict justice to Napoleon, will find in his work information upon the matters which came within his knowledge; for it is only of such that he speaks: many great events pass without notice; battles and conquests, and other important scenes, take place without more than a casual allusion in the pages of these *Memoirs*, for the reason assigned, viz. that Bourrienne had not witnessed them, and possessed no authentic documents relating to them. Let, as he says, others do as much, and we would add "no more." But why, it may be asked, should we repose more confidence in the professions of Bourrienne than in many others who have laid strong claim to belief. We put the question for the sake of giving the answer.

"My answer," says he, "is very simple. I enter the lists the last; I have read ALL that my predecessors have written; I have a deep conviction of the truth of all I say; I have no interest in deceiving, no disgrace to fear, no recompense to expect. I neither wish to obscure his glory, nor to decorate it. However great Napoleon may have been, he was a man, and had he not a man's weaknesses? I speak of him such as I have seen him, known him—often admired, sometimes condemned him. I tell all I have witnessed, heard, written, thought under each circumstance. I have neither permitted myself to be enslaved by the *prestiges* of the imagination, nor by friendship, nor by hatred. I have not, moreover, introduced a single reflection which did not arise in my own mind at the very moment of the event which produced it. How many acts, how many writings were there which I could only lament! how many measures inconsistent with my views, my principles, my character, in which the best intentions in the world were utterly powerless in resisting the obstacles presented by a will of iron."

Napoleon's master-passion was a hunger of future fame. What will history say?—what will posterity think?—were the speeches oftenest in his mouth: they became his principles of action. Doubtless this love of renown had been early instilled into him by some accidental instruction; it probably produced some of his earliest steps in life: and when he first felt that it was likely to be gratified, when it first occurred to him that he was in a position in which all the world were beginning to talk of him, we may conceive with what ardour this passion would grow—with what devouring energy it would arm his will: effect would become a cause, and give that impetus to his career which endured to the termination of his existence. This observation is rendered particularly necessary when the historian has to take into consideration the documents from St. Helena, which nearly all proceeded from his own mouth, and all of which were corrected either by his own pen, or under his own direction. The Memoirs of St. Helena are neither more nor less than the views which Napoleon wished posterity to take of his own character and actions; truth is only so far considered or *managed* that it may not start up a refractory witness against the wished for complexion of the case. M. de Bourrienne gives us clearly to understand, that an inconsistency between his statements and those of the St. Helena MSS. is not to be held as fatal to his more authentic narration. "He has often, in these documents," says M. de Bourrienne, "recounted as a *fact* that which was only an *idea*, and moreover an idea born in St. Helena, the child of misfortune, and transported by his imagination into Europe to the time of his prosperity." In short, it would seem from M. de Bourrienne's report—and he is not singular—to be a grand mistake if any one were to write the history of Napoleon after the proclamations and the bulletins which proceeded from his own pen, or what is more, from the confidential and apparently unstudied communications of St. Helena.

Bonaparte and Bourrienne were within a few days of the same age, and entered the military school of Brienne about the same time. They became comrades, certainly not from any similarity of character. The biographers of Napoleon have not erred in attributing to him, even in his childhood, a certain severity and love of solitude unusual at his age: the scenes of misfortune which he had witnessed in Corsica had produced an impression upon his mind which was fixed upon him by his removal to a French school, where the boys perpetually reminded him that he was a foreigner, laughed at his dialect, and taunted him with his country. "I will do these Frenchmen of yours all the mischief I can," he would say to Bourrienne, burning with rage against his tormentors; and when his friend sought to sooth him;—"but you,

Bourrienne, you never laugh at me, you love me." Hence, probably, the secret of their friendship. Though Bourrienne puts many foolish stories to flight respecting the early life of his hero, he confirms the reports respecting his love of solitude, and his attention to studies usually beyond the reach of school-boys: every moment, out of the hours required by the masters, Bonaparte would run to the library to read Polybius and Arrian, (of Quintus Curtius he made no account,) or seclude himself in some nook of the garden either for the purpose of reading or reflecting. For mathematics he also showed an extraordinary facility, for Latin and rhetoric as remarkable an inaptitude; so that Bourrienne and he struck up a mutual exchange of the resolutions of problems against themes and Latin exercises: in history and geography he was, however, strong: and at the age of fourteen years he was chosen among the batch of scholars to be transferred to the military school of Paris; an election not made, as most writers have it, out of compliment to his acquirements, but chiefly as a matter of course, as he had attained the required age, and gone through the prescribed studies. M. de Bourrienne quotes a document which shows the opinion entertained of the young Bonaparte by the Inspector of Military Schools in 1784. It runs as follows:

*Report made to the King by M. de Keralio.*

"M. de Buonaparte, (Napoleon,) born the 15th August, 1769, height four feet ten inches ten lines, (French,) has passed his *quatrième*: of a good constitution, excellent health, docile in disposition, honest, grateful, and of regular conduct. He knows tolerably well his history and geography. He is very backward in the politer studies and in Latin, in which he has only just passed his *quatrième*. He will make an excellent seaman; . . . he deserves to pass to the Military School of Paris."

In spite of this favourable report, the master, Father Berton, opposed his removal to Paris, on the ground of his insufficiency in literature, and M. de Bourrienne learned that a counter-note respecting Napoleon was sent up from the school, in which he was described as of an *overbearing* disposition, *imperious*, and *obstinate*.

When Napoleon removed to the College at Paris, he was for a time separated from his friend and school-fellow, Bourrienne: they, however, kept up a very active correspondence during the eight years that elapsed before they met again. So little, however, did Bourrienne dream that he was being addressed by the future arbiter of the destinies of Europe, that no sooner had he answered his letters than he tore up the precious autographs.

Napoleon was fifteen years and a half old when he arrived at the Military College at Paris; his first act was in character. Finding the institution established on a costly footing, and the

pupils brought up with a luxury inconsistent, as he considered it, both with the profession of a soldier and the means of the parents of the youths, who were ordinarily the sons of poor gentlemen, Bonaparte addressed a Memoir to the sub-principal on the subject, stating his views of the manner in which such an establishment should be conducted, in a style of good sense and manly confidence far beyond his years. The Memoir has been preserved by Bourrienne. The sentiments conceived at this early age were retained and acted upon at a later period in his Military School at Fontainebleau. A young man, or rather boy of sixteen years, who took the liberty of thinking for himself, and had the hardihood to express his thoughts with openness and energy, was not permitted to remain long at the school. His superiors, annoyed by the inquisitive turn of his mind, anticipated the epoch of his examination, and obtained for him the first vacant sub-lieutenancy in a regiment of artillery.

In the meantime Bourrienne had gone to Germany to learn diplomacy: the revolution broke out in France: and it was only after spending some time in Poland and Prussia that he returned to Paris in 1792. Here he found Bonaparte, and their school-boy intimacy was renewed.

"I was not very well off, and adversity was hanging heavily on him. His resources frequently failed him. We passed our time like two young fellows of twenty-three who have very little money, and less occupation. He was always poorer than I. Every day we conceived some new project or other: we were on the look out for some profitable speculation. *At one time he wanted me to join him in renting several houses in the Rue Montholon then building, in order to underlet them afterwards.* We found the demands of the proprietors extravagant: every thing failed. At the same time he was soliciting employment at the War-Office, and I at the Office of Foreign Affairs. It will be seen that, for the moment, I was the lookier of the two."

"While we were thus spending our time in a somewhat vagabond fashion, the 20th June arrived. We had met by appointment at a restaurateur's, Rue St. Honoré, near the Palais Royal, to take one of our daily rambles. On going out we saw approaching, in the direction of the market, a mob, which Bonaparte calculated at five or six thousand men; they were all in rags, armed with every description of weapon, and were proceeding towards the Tuileries at a great rate, vociferating all kinds of gross abuse. Undoubtedly it was a collection of all that was most vile and abject in the purlieus of the town. 'Let us follow this *canaille,*' said Bonaparte. We got start of them, and took up our station on the terrace of the bank of the river. It was there that he witnessed the scandalous scenes that took place. It would be difficult to describe the surprise and indignation which they excited in him. He could not understand such weakness and forbearance. But when the king showed himself at the windows which look over the garden, with



the red cap which one of the people had just placed on his head, the indignation of Napoleon broke out : '*Che coglione !*' cried he loud enough, how is it that they have let in all that *canaille* ? why don't they sweep off four or five hundred of them with the cannon ? the rest would then make off fast enough."

" In our tête-à-tête at dinner, which I paid for, as I generally did, for I happened to be the richer of the two, he spoke incessantly of this scene : he discussed with great good sense the causes and consequences of this unrepressed insurrection. He foresaw and developed with sagacity all that would follow : he was not mistaken. The 10th August was not far off."—vol. i. p. 48—50.

Thus the future Emperor of France was a spectator of one of the first steps in the abasement of the monarch whose throne he was to occupy—a poor spectator in the crowd, without a sous in his pocket, dependant on a friend for the price of his dinner, the sum for which he had pawned his watch having been some time consumed.\*

A short time before the fatal 10th August arrived, the day of the attack on the Tuileries, Bourrienne had received the appointment of Secretary of Legation at Stuttgart : immediately after it had passed, Bonaparte betook himself to Corsica. He only returned in 1793. It was not until 1795 that Bourrienne met once more his young and ardent friend. In the meantime Bonaparte had written his *Souper de Beaucaire*, (which he had forwarded to Bourrienne,) and, as *chef de bataillon*, had drawn the attention of France upon himself by his conduct at the Siege of Toulon. He had likewise been employed by order of the government, at that time in the hands of the terrorists, in examining the fortresses of Genoa and the neighbouring country. When, at the fall of Robespierre, the terrorists were displaced, Bonaparte was put under arrest at Genoa, and his papers seized : he made an energetic defence of his conduct in a letter to the deputies, by whose direction he had been so dealt with, which appears to have influenced them. This letter to Albitte and Salicetti, the deputies, is pregnant with the character of Bonaparte : it may be seen in the Memoirs. He was set at liberty *provisionally*, until a report should be made of his conduct to the Committee of Public Safety at Paris for their decision. Bonaparte returned to Paris immediately, and shortly after, (Sept. 1794,) the Committee of Public Safety proposed to him to take a command in La Vendée as brigade-general of *infantry*. Considering la Vendée as a theatre unworthy of his talents, and the proposal to change the arm, in which he had served with so much distinction, as a species of

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\* He had pawned it with Bourrienne's brother, who, it seems, was a partner in an establishment of this kind.

outrage, he refused, and was in consequence, struck out of the list of general officers in employment. The decree is signed by Le Tourneur de la Manche, Merlin de Donai, T. Berlier, Boissy, and Cambacères, as president. Bourrienne and his wife returned to Paris in May, 1795, when Bonaparte and he resumed their usual habits of intimacy. Bonaparte's conversations chiefly turned on his exploits at Toulon and with the army of Italy, and the injustice of which he had been made the victim. Between this and the 13th Vendémiaire, when he was employed to put down the revolt against the Sections, occurs a space of time during which his destiny was, as it were, on the balance. His active spirit gave birth to numerous projects: they were none of them taken up, and he became disgusted and wearied with their failure. He envied his brother Joseph his marriage with a merchant's daughter at Marseilles; and used to declare that, if he could reside in a small house opposite to one where Bourrienne resided with his uncle, and keep a cabriolet, he should be the happiest man in the world. The design of passing to the East to instruct the Turks in gunnery, and to aid them against the Russians, is referred to this period of his life. He drew up a note, explaining the grounds upon which he founded his project, and the assistance he should require. This note, as given by Bourrienne, shows the error of those writers who have imagined that he proposed to volunteer into the service of the Porte: on the contrary, he stipulates for a *mission* from the government, and a force of 2500 cannoniers. He proposed to Bourrienne to accompany him, and even at that early time spoke of Junot and Marmont as two young officers who desired nothing better than to follow his fortunes. The project did not meet with the approval of the government, and Bonaparte continued to wait upon events. . Of his character and manners at this period, our author has given a lively sketch from the pen of his wife, Madame de Bourrienne: it is highly descriptive, and somewhat spiteful, bearing marks of a feminine pen, as if she were jealous of the fortunes of her husband's ambitious comrade. She speaks of his disposition as cold and *sombre*: of his occasional gaiety, charming while it was *farouche*: of his selfishness in trifles, his indifference to the pleasures of others, his insensibility to humour: these are qualities which afterwards showed themselves on a greater scale.

Before the 13th Vendémiaire arrived, Bourrienne had retired to Sens, the place of his nativity. Bonaparte kept him supplied with the news of Paris: he had soon an important event to communicate. Bourrienne has printed, from the autograph of Napoleon, a document, sent to him at the time by the writer of it, describing minutely all the arrangements of that eventful day.

It is remarkable, however, that he describes every order as proceeding from Barras, his chief in command; and in his narrative he is excessively solicitous to throw upon the rebels, as he calls them, the blame of spilling the first blood. A few days before the 15th Vendémiaire, when Buonaparte was beginning to despair of employment, he wrote to Bourrienne—"Seek out for me some little spot or other in thy pretty valley of the Youne; I will buy it as soon as I get some money. I want to retire; but remember I will have nothing to do with national property." When Bourrienne returned to Paris, it was no longer a small house, with his friends and a cabriolet, nor yet a little retired spot in Burgundy that were the limit of his friend's desires; but a magnificent hotel in the Rue Neuve des Capucines, where, as second in command of the army of the interior, he had established his head quarters.

At this time Bourrienne saw but little of Bonaparte: he was taken up with the important duties that had devolved upon him; and it was not until the General's series of successes had begun in Italy that their intercourse recommenced upon a footing of intimacy. Bonaparte sent for his old friend to join him as his secretary, but Bourrienne had considerable difficulty in procuring a permission to depart from Sens, having been inscribed in the early part of the revolution on the list of *émigrés*; and without the direct and peremptory interference of the successful General of the army of Italy, he would have probably found it impossible to cross the frontiers. The obstacles were at length surmounted, and Bonaparte one morning saluted his friend, as he entered his quarters, with *Te voilà donc, enfin!* Bourrienne, however, no longer thought proper to answer with the sign of intimacy and equality, the familiar *tu* and *toi*—a consideration at which Bonaparte in private afterwards signified his satisfaction. This unlucky practice of *tutoying* among intimates was the source of no small chagrin in the *parvenue* court of the young general. There were some rude and independent spirits who could not forget the former condition of equality, if not of superiority, and would not give the sign of deference required. Several painful instances occur. Lannes, for example, because he was inexorable on this point, and consequently could not be tolerated, was first duped into pecuniary difficulties, and then sent into honourable banishment, after a scene which, in the pages of Bourrienne, throws no favourable light on the character of the great man of the story. Bourrienne arrived at the army of Italy exactly at the period of the treaty of Leoben, and he and his master immediately began to discuss the passing events in which the latter had so large a share. Venice was on the eve of its fall. "Seest thou this Constantinople, that flatters itself that it is the seat of a double

empire—and Venice, that boasts a stability of a thousand years—*their day will come.*” This was one of the General’s first communications; the last day of Venice was already at hand; that of Constantinople does not seem to be far distant.

It was a busy moment when Bourrienne assumed his duties, and Bonaparte determined to try a new mode of conducting his correspondence. He wished to show, that far more was written than there was any occasion for. “Open only the letters,” said he, “that come by the couriers extraordinary, and leave all the rest in the basket for twenty days.” It happened as Bonaparte had anticipated: four-fifths of the letters had been already answered by events; others contained requests actually granted, of which the writers had not had time to receive intelligence; many were filled with complaints respecting provisions, pay, or clothing, orders respecting which had been given before the arrival of the letters. Generals demanded reinforcements, money, advances; on opening whose letters it was clear that the pain of a refusal had been spared. When Bonaparte saw how very few of the letters that remained really required an answer, he was mightily amused at this new mode of doing business, and applauded greatly the happiness of his idea. Bourrienne compares it with the Cardinal Dubois’s mode of answering his letters, who used to throw them into the fire and say, “Now my correspondence is finished.”

Bonaparte was with his army settling the preliminaries of peace with Austria when the 18th Fructidor took place; he was, however, by no means a mere spectator of the event, which destroyed the rising hopes of the royalists, who, working upon a reaction of the feelings of the people, had begun once more to entertain sanguine expectations of attaining to the supreme power. Bonaparte from a distance threw his weight into the balance of the republic: he despised the directory, but he saw that he could draw a greater advantage from them than from a royalist administration. He consequently sent Augereau to act as his agent in the expulsion of the objectionable members of the councils, and promised the directory a copious supply of money, which, however, he never sent. He was ready to march upon Paris with 25,000 men; and in several ways may be said to have guided this great movement of the revolution. The correspondence between the general and his agents at Paris, which explains his position and his conduct better than his own recollections of the event at St. Helena, has been preserved by M. de Bourrienne. The portion of these *Memoirs* relating to the first war in Italy, the treaty of Leoben, and the preparations for the 18th Fructidor, throw light first of all upon the pretensions of Carnot, who, as minister of war, has absurdly enough run away with much of the credit

for the combinations and movements made by the army of Italy under Bonaparte; the character and usefulness of the labours of Berthier are also justly estimated, as well as the exertions of Augereau, as Bonaparte's agent in the events of the 18th Fructidor, and whom, after that day, the directors would gladly have opposed as the rival of the General, whom they were beginning to fear. Points—all of which have been more or less misunderstood by previous writers.

Napoleon at this time was only twenty-eight years of age; the conqueror of Italy—the terror of Austria—the man upon whom all Europe looked as the arbiter of the destinies of France. His object was to become a director in spite of his being under the required age. He did not succeed; the directors were well aware that when he joined them as an equal, he would soon become their master. Had he gained this point, the expedition to Egypt never would have taken place, and his advancement to the throne have only been the more rapid. The Egyptian expedition was neither more nor less than a scheme to keep himself in the eyes of the most fickle people in the world, during which time he might await the fortune of accidents for an opportunity to step into the possession of the government, which he already regarded as his in reversion. He felt that he had shown himself to be the man of the time; that sooner or later he must rule, however his opponents might for the moment be protected by the accidents of place and party. Lavalette, Bonaparte's aide-de-camp, whom he had sent to Paris, in order to keep him *au courant* of affairs, writes thus to him, "I have had a long conversation with Lacuée: 'As for Bonaparte,' says he, 'let him never expect to reap the fruit of his labours here; he is feared by the authorities, envied by the military, and misunderstood by the people, incapable of appreciating him. Calumny is getting ready her poisons, and he will be the victim of them. I should be glad of his prosperity. I would that he did not forsake the high destinies to which fortune has called him with so much constancy.'" This conversation, repeated by the aide-de-camp, sunk deep in the mind of the General; it may be considered the guide and key of his after-conduct. His position at the moment of signing the preliminaries of peace was singular; the difficulty of it great; nevertheless vast events are determined by small circumstances, even to a proverb. Listen to Bourrienne—

"The earliness of the severe season (it was in the north of Italy) precipitated his resolutions. The 13th October, on opening my windows at the dawn of day, I perceived the mountains covered with snow. The evening previous had been beautiful, and up to that day there was every appearance of a late and mild autumn. I entered the bed-room of the General, as usual, at seven o'clock in the morning. I awakened

him and told him what I had just seen. He pretended at first not to believe me, jumped out of bed, and ran to the window, to witness himself the change so suddenly operated in the temperature, he pronounced these words with perfect calmness—"Before the middle of October. What a country! *Come, we must make peace.*" During the time in which he dressed himself hastily, I read the journals to him, as I did every day; he gave them but little attention. He shut himself up with me in his cabinet, reviewed, with the greatest care, the state of each portion of his army, and said to me, 'Now here are 80,000 effective men: I feed them, I pay them, but I shall not have more than sixty thousand on the day of battle. I shall gain it; but in killed, wounded, and prisoners I shall have twenty thousand less: how then resist all the forces of Austria, which will march to the succour of Vienna. It will take more than a month for the armies of the Rhine to second me, if they are in condition to do it; and in fifteen days the snow will block up the roads and passages. There's an end: I shall make peace. Venice shall pay the expenses of the war, and the boundary of the Rhine. The directory and the lawyers may say what they please.' "

M. Bourrienne makes the very natural reflection, that fourteen years later he neglected to calculate the force of frost and snow with the same prudent precaution.

This peace was made in opposition to the directory, and rumours have been current, and they find a place in the English histories of the man and the period, of offers of money, and even of a principality, made by the Emperor of Austria to Bonaparte, all which Bourrienne undertakes to denounce as utterly false. The character of the General was of far too elevated an order, and the estimation in which his glory as a conqueror and a pacificator was held by the negociators, utterly preclude the supposition of an offer of a bribe, however princely; the report might have its rise in an attempt to corrupt the fidelity of Bourrienne himself. In the park of Passeriano, the Marquis de Gallo approached the secretary and told him, that he had it in command to offer him an estate in Bohemia, with house and title, and a revenue of 90,000 florins, on the simple condition that he would communicate to him the General's *ultimatum*. Bourrienne, however, only communicated the proposal to his master. It was at this period that Bonaparte was dreaming of representative governments. He would say often, "*I wish the era of representative governments to date from me.*" It was because at that time he expected to reach no higher elevation: afterwards he substituted the phrase, "*I wish to be the chief of the most ancient dynasty of Europe.*"

On his return from Italy, the popularity of Bonaparte, at Paris, was carried to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. He knew how to estimate it.

" 'Bourrienne,' said he, (29th Jan. 1798,) 'I will not stay here; there is nothing to do; they won't come to any understanding, (mean-

ing that they would not admit him into the Directory.) I see that if I stay here I shall founder soon: every thing gets old here; my glory is already all gone: this little Europe does not supply it in any quantity; we must go eastward: all the great reputations come thence. However, I wish first to run down to the coasts to see if there is anything to be done. I will take you, Lannes and Sulkowski: If the success of a descent upon England should appear dubious, as I fear, the army of England shall become the army of the East, and I will set off for Egypt."

Here is the secret of the Egyptian expedition. It is commonly called an honourable exile, provided for him by the Directory. The Directors were, however, literally nothing in the affair, except in so far as they shut the doors against his admission to their order. Their apprehensions excluded him from office, but their feebleness was far too great to direct his movements: he was at this time the full master of his own, and those of his army. The time had not come when he could step into the government; he saw that it was approaching, and he wished to occupy himself in the mean while in some striking enterprize which would preserve his reputation in all its brilliancy. The expedition to Egypt was projected, contrived and executed by himself, without any further reference to the Directory, than the necessary forms of office required. When he wanted a signature, he drove to the Luxembourg and procured it. In this interval the examination of the coasts took place. Bonaparte visited Etaples, Ambleteuse, Boulogne, Calais, Dunkerque, Furnes, Newport, Ostend and the Isle of Walcheren, where he interrogated the sailors, the smugglers, the fishermen and boatmen, from morning till midnight, made his objections, and listened patiently to their answers. "It is too hazardous a blow," said he; "I will not risk it: we must not play such a game with la belle France." I saw myself at Cairo, adds Bourrienne. He asserts that neither Bonaparte nor the Directory entertained the least *serious* thought of invasion; and that the "immense preparations" of the English writers exist only in their imaginations, and as some justification of the real alarms of England at the time. The tour lasted eight days, and Bonaparte returned to Paris to arrange his expedition to Egypt.

A little time before his departure, Bourrienne asked him how long he proposed to stay in the East. "A few months, or six years; everything depends on events. I shall colonize this country; I shall bring over artists, workmen of every kind, women, actors, &c. We are only twenty-nine years of age; we must be thirty-five—that is no *age*. These six years, if all succeed, will be sufficient to take me to India." Bonaparte considered that he ought to be provided with a travelling library as well as a moveable academy of sciences, for such was the body of savans that accompanied his army, and he accordingly drew out a list of

the books he wished to take with him. It contains curious indications of his leading tastes. Under the head of *politics* we find the Old and New Testament, the Coran and the Vedam. Bonaparte never could spell, and his penmanship was as bad as his orthography. It was a riddle to make out this list of books—Duguesclin was written *Ducecling*, and Ossian was shadowed forth under the word *Ocean*.

A conversation which took place between Bourrienne and his master, immediately preceding their departure for the East, will serve to explain his motives and the circumstances under which he was acting.

"We were going together, in his coupé, to the Luxembourg, in order to procure the signature to some necessary regulations. He was extremely thoughtful. As we were going down the rue St. Anne, I asked him, without any object, and solely to break the long silence by saying something or other, whether he was still resolved to quit France. 'Yes! I have tried everything; they won't have me at any rate. I ought to overturn them, and make myself king; but we must not think of that yet—the nobles would not consent to it: I have sounded them; the time is not come—I should be alone. I will dazzle these gentry still!' I answered nothing but 'Well then, we shall go to Egypt.'"

The idea of the abandonment of the expedition at the moment of departure, supposed to have been entertained by Bonaparte, as well as the mysterious visit of Barras, and other circumstances connected with the expedition which may be found in the narratives of some preceding biographers, are ranged by Bourrienne in the class of fables, along with the ostracism and honourable exile into which the Directory proposed to drive him.

On board the *L'Orient*, the occupations, and even the amusements of Bonaparte, were characteristic of the activity of his mind. Every country that came in sight excited a crowd of historical recollections, and gave to his ideas a kind of poetical inspiration. His intellectual intercourse with Monge and Berthollet, and the other most instructed members of his suite, was incessant and delightful. One of his greatest pleasures was after dinner to pick out three or four persons to argue a proposition of any kind. One day he would suggest the question whether the planets were inhabited: at another time the age of the world; the probability of the destruction of the globe, by water or by fire; the truth or falsity of presentiments, and the interpretation of dreams. A circumstance which will not appear remarkable to those who have lived with Bonaparte, says Bourrienne, is, that he always gave the preference to the disputants who had defended an absurdity with talent, over those who had equally well maintained a rational proposition. He himself invariably gave out the text of the discussion, and most frequently made it turn upon questions of



religion, the different species of government, and the strategic art. He had an object in this beyond the temporary amusement it afforded; it enabled him to sound the capabilities of his officers and companions—a knowledge which he laid up for future use.

The musicians on board the *L'Orient* frequently played upon deck. Bonaparte, however, did not at that time love music enough to tolerate it in his own apartment; for it is remarkable that his taste for this art increased with his power, just as his love of the chase sprung up altogether after his elevation to the empire, as if, observes his secretary, he wished to prove that he was not only born with the genius of command, but likewise with the instinct of those pleasures which are supposed to be truly royal.

Bonaparte's carelessness of human life in the mass needs not to be pointed out; but how we are to reconcile it with his humanity in individual cases, of which instances are not rare? In the voyage to Egypt, as in all other voyages in a crowded vessel, a man frequently fell overboard. The commander-in-chief had no repose till he was saved. He invariably directed the ship to lay to, and ordered the individuals who had exerted themselves to be well rewarded. One night the crew were all alarmed by the cry of "a man overboard," which resounded from one end of the vessel to the other. Bonaparte ordered the ship to be laid to. It proved, however, in the end, to be nothing more than a quarter of an ox, which had slipped from the provision hooks. Bonaparte wisely ordered that on this occasion the sailors should receive a more than ordinary reward. "It might have been a man, and these fine fellows have not shown less courage and zeal than if it had." So spoke he who was on his way to immolate his thousands and his tens of thousands.

Bourrienne is continually destroying the pretty speeches which the imitators of Plutarch have put into his mouth, and in some instances, which he put into his own. In his first despatch to the Directory, Bonaparte relates that previous to disembarking on the coast of Egypt, a strange sail appeared on the horizon. In dread lest it should prove the forerunner of the English fleet, he exclaimed, according to his own report, "Fortune! wilt thou abandon me: I ask but five days, wilt thou refuse them?" The fact is, that when Admiral Brueys remonstrated on the danger of immediate disembarkation in a violent gale, and at so great a distance from the coast, (three leagues,) Bonaparte answered sharply, "Admiral! we have no time to lose; Fortune gives me but three days: if I do not avail myself of them we are lost." Bourrienne was constantly at hand, and all the details of the arrangements took place in his presence, and he affirms that neither on this, or any other occasion, did he ever hear Bonaparte appeal to his

fortune, though he often spoke of it; and that no strange sail did appear at the time. The frigate *La Justice*, which Bonaparte speaks of as being signalled, returning from Malta, had joined the fleet at Candia. The story is one of Bonaparte's own embellishments.

Speaking of the capture of Alexandria, the historian of the "Family Library," a little work which may be said to represent the English opinions of Napoleon, writes that Bonaparte, after taking possession of the town, abandoned the place for three hours to the unbridled license of military execution and rapine—an atrocity for which there was only one pretext, &c. He then quotes a part of the *General Order* of Napoleon, running thus. "*These people treat their women differently from us, but in all countries, he who violates is a monster. Pillage enriches only a few; it dishonours us, destroys our resources, and makes those enemies whom it is our interest to have for friends.*" Such, remarks the biographer, was the text of Napoleon's *General Order*, and such the comment of his first actions. This is a grave charge, not only of cruelty, but of unnecessary and mischievous cruelty; and they who may be inclined to give Bonaparte credit for general want of sympathy, will scarcely believe in his want of judgment. "Alexandria was not given up to plunder, as has been asserted and repeated:" for this we have the testimony of Bourrienne, who is by no means the advocate of Bonaparte, be it observed, but on the contrary, as will be seen, one of his severest judges. The pillage of Alexandria "would have been but a clumsy commencement of the conquest of Egypt, which possessed no fortified towns which it was desirable to intimidate by a striking example. Could Bonaparte have given up to be massacred the people whom he was all the time desirous of snatching from the domination of the Mamelukes? on the contrary, he marked his entry into Alexandria by acts of lenity and kindness. Berthier, in his official relation, has spoken on this point the exact truth." Bonaparte and Bourrienne entered side by side into the town, accompanied by others, through a narrow lane which only permitted two to walk abreast: they were fired upon by a man and a woman from a window: the guides in advance put an end to this annoyance, and the party passed. The town had surrendered, and neither violence nor plunder followed.

In recording the circumstances connected with the battle of Aboukir, Bourrienne is enabled to do an act of justice to the French admiral Brueys, whom Bonaparte has sedulously blamed for disobedience to orders, that he might save himself and his Fortune from the suspicion of having failed. It has always been doubted that he gave any directions to Brueys to quit the coast and sail to Corfu, as Bonaparte plainly asserted that he had; and Bourrienne makes the falsehood clear. *Malheureux Brueys*,

*qu'as tu fait!* exclaimed Napoleon, with an accent impossible to render, says his secretary, when he was informed of the destruction of his fleet by Nelson. The misfortune was tremendous, incalculable and irreparable. For an instant the firmness and courage with which he was accustomed to regard events forsook him; his brightest visions were destroyed; he felt that he was imprisoned with his army in a desert, that he was blocked up from all communication with France, and on this communication turned all his hopes and prospects.

Bourrienne has frequent occasion to inform us that little reliance is to be placed on Bonaparte's bulletins; and a memorable instance occurs in his despatch to the Directory, (to which we have already alluded,) describing this affair of Aboukir. Bourrienne in his simplicity had written a despatch which told the truth; and attributed blame to no one, closing the communication with a demand for succours, as in a case of need. This suited neither the circumstances nor the taste of his master. He smiled as he read the manuscript, and returned it to its author, saying, "This is too vague, too soft; it is not lofty enough: you must enter a great deal into details, and speak of those who have distinguished themselves, and then you do not say a word of Fortune; and according to you, Brueys is without blame; (he saw no harm in blaming the dead.) Oh! you do not understand the men; here let me do it—write"—and then he set out with one of his pompous official epistles, beginning with the details of preceding transactions, and finishing with some insinuations against Brueys, and but a slight mention of the total destruction of the fleet. Of the great and fatal event he had to communicate, he says little more than "*Ce n'est que lorsque la fortune voit que toutes ses faveurs sont inutiles, (on account of his triumphant success in Egypt,) qu'elle abandonne notre flotte a son destin.*" Bourrienne tells us that Bonaparte laughed himself at the turn he had given to this unhappy affair. He reckoned, however, upon implicit faith, and that the influence of his name would incline opinion in his favour. He never hesitated to disguise the truth when it might have tarnished his glory. Not to do so he called *niaiserie*.

The people of the East have a logic altogether eastern, which it behoves others to understand before they have dealings with them. An instance in point is recorded among other events which fell under the notice of Bourrienne. Sidy-Mahamed el Coraim, scherif of Alexandria, was accused and found guilty of treason against the republic of France, to which he had taken the oaths of fidelity. He was condemned to die, or to pay 300,000 francs; an alternative which a wealthy European in similar circumstances, would have been happy to accept from the hand of power. "You are rich," said Bourrienne to him; "make this

sacrifice." He chuckled, and said, "If I am to die now, nothing can save me, and I shall give my piastres for nothing: if I am not to die, why give them?" He carried his fatalism to the gibbet on the 6th of September, 1798.

Napoleon himself has been accused as given in some measure to fatalism—a charge at which Bourrienne laughs: he takes more pains to show the absurdity of all the stories that have been current respecting his conversion to Mahometanism. The anecdote concerning his behaviour in the sepulchral chamber of the Great Pyramid, and other similar stories, Bourrienne characterises as *le comble de la niaiserie*. The fact is, that Bonaparte never did enter the Great Pyramid, and consequently he never could exclaim as he entered, "Glory to Allah! There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet." The truth is simply this—that he caused several persons to examine the pyramid, outside of which he remained, and when they returned he desired them to give an account of what they had seen: there were as few muphtis and ulemas present as archbishops or popes. Once, and once only, Bonaparte clothed himself in Turkish robes. "He told me one day to go down to breakfast, and not wait for him: a quarter of an hour afterwards he came down, clothed in a costume he had had made for him: he was no sooner recognized than he was received by all with loud bursts of laughter. He took his place with composure; but he was so uncomfortable in his turban and his oriental robe, so awkward and restrained in an unaccustomed kind of dress, that he soon went to undress himself, and never attempted to give a second representation of his masquerade."

After the disaster of Aboukir to the revolt of Cairo, the Commander-in-Chief had little to do, and the time began to hang somewhat heavily upon his hands. He was without news from France, and with difficulty satisfied the singular activity of his organization. In the daytime he talked and talked (says Bourrienne) strange things of his great designs, or he read and made notes; in the evening Bourrienne read to him; and if the book happened to be the *Life of Cromwell*, he then expected scarcely to be permitted to go to bed at all. So interesting had the Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the East already begun to find the precedent of the Protector!

The misery of the retreat from Acre—when the plague was destroying the remnants of his army, and the wounded and exhausted portions of it were dropping by the road—made a deep impression on Bonaparte's feelings: he dictated to Bourrienne an order that everybody should walk, and that all the horses, mules, and camels should be given up to the sick and wounded. "*Carry that to Berthier*," said he. Bourrienne carried it, and he had

scarcely returned to the General's tent when Vigogne, his principal equerry, entered: "General," said he, "what horse do you reserve for yourself?" His burst of indignation was dreadful: in the first moment of his passion he struck the equerry a violent blow on the face with his whip, and then, in a voice which his secretary calls "terrible," he cried out:—"Let every soul go on foot, fool! I the first. Don't you know the order? Begone." There is no one so liable to be angry with others as he who is ill at ease with himself, and doubtless the sufferings around him sorely troubled a conscience not yet hardened by long years of successful ambition. The order was, however, humane, and the example he afforded creditable to himself, and encouraging to his soldiery.

At Jaffa two incidents occurred, or are said to have occurred, which have attracted great attention, and one of which was made for years matter of deep accusation. We allude not to the fusillade of the Athenian garrison, but to Bonaparte's visit to the hospital, and to the scheme of poisoning the sick of the plague with the view of shortening their sufferings, and preventing them from falling into the hands of the enemy.

In his visit to the hospital at Jaffa, Napoleon is said to have "breathed hope into the sufferers, and rebuked the cowardice of their attendants, by squeezing and relieving with his own hand the ulcers which no one had dared to touch." His latest English biographer exclaims:—"Pity that this *act of true heroism* must ever be recorded in the same page that tells the story of Jaffa." Supposing that the transaction really took place, it may be doubted whether it comes under the head of true heroism or culpable rashness. On the life of Bonaparte depended the safety and almost the existence of his army, and any unnecessary exposure of it became a flagrant injustice to his faithful and suffering troops. The story, however, like so many others respecting Bonaparte, is a misrepresentation of what actually took place, and destitute of foundation in the main point of the ulcer-squeezing. He did not even touch the plague-patients. Bourrienne will set us right upon this as upon so many other disputed questions. We will give his hospital scene, which is sufficiently striking.

"Bonaparte took a rapid view of the ruined ramparts of the town, and then went to the hospital. There were numerous patients, some who had limbs amputated, some wounded, many suffering from ophthalmia, who uttered horrible cries, and some labouring under the plague. The beds of these last were on the right on entering the first room. I walked by the General's side. I affirm that I never saw him touch a single plague-patient. And why should he have touched them? They were in the last stage of the disorder. No one spoke a word. Bonaparte knew well enough he was not incapable of catching the contagion. Is Fortune to be brought on the scene again? She had, in truth, but

male-favoured film of late. . . . Bonaparte traversed the wards rapidly, striking the yellow top of his boot with a jockey-whip which he held in his hand, repeating these words:—"The fortifications are destroyed. Fortune has been against me at St. Jean d'Acre. I must return into Egypt, to preserve it from the enemies who are about to attack it. In a few hours the Turks will be here: let all those, who feel the strength to rise, get up; they shall be carried on litters and horses." There were scarcely sixty sick of the plague. All that has been said of a greater number is an exaggeration. Their deep silence, their utter dejection, their general imbecility, announced their approaching end. To carry them in that state was evidently to inoculate the remains of the army with the plague."

Bonaparte ordered an immediate investigation into the state of these unhappy sufferers: the report was, that none could live above four-and-twenty hours. Their case was deliberated upon, and it was decided that their death should be anticipated a few hours by a *poison*. Bourrienne warrants the truth of the statement, and defends the step as one of wisdom and humanity. Napoleon at St. Helena also avowed the act, and reasoned, as he had done twenty years before, that were he in the same condition he "would have wished to be so treated—that he would have so acted to his own son." He confines the number to seven individuals, unnecessarily if there were more, for if the deed were good for one, it was equally so for five hundred.

When it becomes necessary to poison the indwellers of the hospital to save them from the vengeance of a cruel enemy, it may be supposed the state of the retreating army is not enviable. And yet Bonaparte preceded his return into the capital of Egypt with one of his lying bulletins. "I bring with me," said he, "many prisoners and many standards. I have razed to the ground the palace of Djezzar and the ramparts of Acre. There rests no longer stone upon stone: all the inhabitants have deserted the town by sea. Djezzar is severely wounded." Bourrienne blushed to write such falsehoods, and he made some observation as to the enormity of the lie. "My dear fellow," replied the General, "you are an ass."—"It is painful," adds Bourrienne, "to read in numerous works, of the triumphant entry of the army of Syria into Grand Cairo. Whoever said so, certainly was not there."

One of the debateable points of the life of Bonaparte is the immediate cause of his sudden departure from Egypt. The true history of it is contained in a few lines:—

"After the battle (of Aboukir) which was fought the 25th July, Bonaparte sent a flag of truce on board the English admiral. Our intercourse was full of urbanity, and such as might have been expected between two civilized nations. The English admiral returned some presents by the

flag in exchange for what we had sent, and the *Gazette Française* of Francfort of the 10th June, 1799. For ten months we had been without news from France. Bonaparte ran through the journal with an eagerness it is easy to conceive. 'Well,' said he to me, 'my presentiment has not deceived me. *Italy is lost.* The miserable creatures! All the fruits of our victories have vanished. I must go.' He called Berthier: he made him read the news: he observed that matters were going wrong in France—that he must go and see how they were: that he, Berthier, should go with him, and that for the moment he only, myself, Berthier, and Gantheaume, whom he sent for, should be let into the secret: he desired Berthier to keep it well, to show no particular elation of spirits, not to change his habits in any respect, to buy nothing, to sell nothing. He finished by saying he reckoned upon him, adding, 'I am sure of myself, I am sure of Bourrienne.' Berthier promised to be silent, and he kept his word: he had had enough of Egypt: he was burning with the desire of returning to France, and was afraid lest any indiscretion of his should ruin the whole scheme.

"When Gantheaume came, Bonaparte gave him the order to prepare the two frigates, the *Maison* and the *Carrière*, and two small vessels, the *Revanche* and the *Fortune*, with provisions for four or five hundred men for two months. He desired him to remain secret as to the object of the armament, which he confided to him, and to act with such prudence that the English cruisers should have no suspicion of his preparations. He fixed afterwards with Gantheaume the route he intended to take. He anticipated everything."

This is the simple truth according to the General's confidential secretary and friend, from whom nothing was concealed. What, then, becomes of all the stories that have been invented with relation to it? Of one Bombachi, who brought important news from Joseph? and of the secret that Madame Bonaparte sold to Fouché for a thousand louis?

A circumstance connected with the departure is characteristic of the astucious genius of Napoleon. General Kleber, to whom Bonaparte destined the command of the army, was invited to come from Damietta to Rosetta, where he was wanted to confer on matters of the utmost importance. Bonaparte appointed a rendezvous where he knew he should not be: he wished to avoid the reproaches and the rude frankness of Kleber. He therefore wrote all he had to say, and gave as his reason for not being found at the place appointed, that he had been induced to start suddenly by the fear of seeing the English cruisers appear. "Bonaparte," says his secretary, "knew well when he wrote to him that he should be gone before Kleber received his letter;" but the crookedness of the policy pleased a genius naturally disposed to trickery.

The voyage was melancholy, and afforded a striking contrast to the sanguine cheerfulness of the expedition on its way to the

East. There were no longer any scientific discussions, no original and spirited debates, no more highly-coloured anticipations of success. All was dark; both the view of what they had left behind, and the prospect before them. The fate of the army in Egypt was as uncertain as the fate of Bonaparte himself in France, or as the condition and fortunes of the country itself. He walked backwards and forwards on the deck, incessantly occupied with watching the execution of his orders. The appearance of the slightest sail renewed his anxiety: the fear of falling into the hands of the English never quitted him. For the sake of distraction, they were reduced to cards, which supplied the place of philosophical discussions. *Vingt-un* was the favourite game of the General, and even in this trifling amusement he showed his character. He loved *vingt-un* because it was of all others the most rapid in its progress, and because it gave him an opportunity of *cheating*. He laughed a good deal at his roguery, especially when he was not found out, and the spirit of the courtier had already made such progress in his suite, that they often voluntarily shut their eyes upon his small generalship. Gain, as it may be supposed, was not his object; at the end of the game he restored his winnings; it was his fortune that he could not bear to frown upon him any more in a game of cards than on a field of battle. Fortune owed him an ace or a ten as she owed him fine weather on the day of an engagement, and if she did not give it, nobody was to see it. Bonaparte also played at chess, and was a very poor player, in spite of its supposed similarity to the game of war.

Bad weather drove the two frigates into Ajaccio, the General's native place. Here it absolutely rained relations, according to his own expression: every other child had been held to the foot by him, or in some remote degree claimed to be held a cousin. The crowds of kindred were amazing; but Bourrienne says, "that he never took greater delight in counting his crowns at the height of his fortune, than he did on this occasion in pointing out the limits and situation of his father's small domains." The detention of eight days in Corsica was a severe trial of temper; at length they sailed.

"The voyage was prosperous and undisturbed till the next day; but on that day, just as the sun set, we signalled an English squadron of fourteen sail. The English, having advantage of the light, which we had in our faces, saw us better than we could see them. They recognised our two frigates as Venetian built; but luckily for us, the night came on, for we were not far apart: we saw the signals of the English for a long time, and heard the report of the guns more and more to our left; and we thought it was the intention of the cruisers to turn us on



the south-east. Under these circumstances Bonaparte had reason to thank fortune, for it is very evident, that had the English suspected our two frigates of coming from the east and going to France, they would have shut us out from the land by sailing between us and the continent, which to them was very easy. Probably they took us for a convoy of provisions going from Toulon to Genoa; and it was to this error and the night that we were indebted for being let off without any worse consequence than that of being well frightened.

"During the cruel night which followed this evening of fear and tribulation, the most lively agitation reigned on board the *Mairom*. Ganthaulme especially was in a state of anxiety which it is impossible to describe, and which it was painful to witness; he was quite beside himself, for our disaster appeared inevitable; He proposed to return to Corsica. 'No! no!' replied Bonaparte, imperiously. '*No! spread all sail; every man at his post. To the north-east! To the north-east, sail!*' This order saved us, and I can affirm, that in the midst of a terror almost general, Bonaparte was solely occupied in giving orders; the rapidity of his judgment seemed to grow in the face of danger. The remembrance of this night will never be effaced from my memory: the hours of it were long; none of us knew upon what new dangers the sun would shine.

"However, the resolution of Bonaparte was taken; his orders were given, his dispositions made. Already in the evening he had resolved upon throwing himself into the long boat, (which he had provided with the best rowers of Corsica); already he had fixed upon the persons admitted to share his fate; already he had indicated to me the most important papers, and which it was necessary to save. Happily our terrors were vain, and our arrangements useless. The first rays of the sun discovered the English fleet sailing to the north-east, and we took the direction of the wished-for coast of France.

"The 8th of October, at eight o'clock in the morning, we entered the roads of Frejus. The sailors not having recognized the coast during the night, we did not know where we were. There was at first some hesitation, in order to ascertain whether we should advance. We were by no means expected, and did not know how to answer the signals, which had been changed during our absence. Some guns were even fired upon us by the batteries on the coast; but our straightforward entry into the roads, the crowd upon the decks of the two frigates, and our signs of joy, did not permit them to doubt long that we were friends. Scarcely were we in the port, scarcely had we approached the landing place, when the rumour spread that Bonaparte was aboard one of the two frigates. In an instant the sea was covered with boats; in vain we begged them to keep at a distance; we were carried off and landed; and when we told the crowd of men and women who were pressing about us of the risk they ran, they all cried, *We prefer the plague to the Austrians.*"—vol. iii. p. 19.

So much for the fortune of Napoleon, which however we are disposed, with Bourrienne, to call his genius.

"We often talk," says he, "of the luck which some people are favoured with, and which accompanies them through life: without attaching faith to this sort of predestination, when I think of the numerous and various dangers which beset him, and from which in his different enterprises he escaped, of the risks he ran, the hazards he faced, I can understand how it is that others entertained this belief; but having myself for a long time studied the 'man of destiny,' I have remarked that that which he called his *fortune* was in fact his *genius*; that his good luck resulted from his keen insight into things, from the calculations he made rapid as lightning, from the simultaneity of his actions and his conceptions, and from the conviction which he himself held that *boldness* is often *wisdom*."

The destruction of the French fleet at Aboukir by Nelson put to flight some of Napoleon's grandest visions; he had been dreaming of dating an *order* of the day on the plain of the Pyramids, and three months afterwards from "the rich and populous city of London." Similarly, on landing at Frejus, he was intoxicated with the idea of instantly proceeding to the army of Italy, and striking a blow at the head of it, the news of which should be received at Paris at the same time, or immediately after, with the intelligence of his great victory over the Turks at Aboukir, his last feat of arms in Egypt. The joy which this conception gave him Bourrienne designates by the word *enivrement*. The truth is, that Napoleon's idea of glory was a *coup-de-theatre*—hoaxapocus on a splendid scale—a trick which should confound the calculations of reason, and strike the imagination. When he learnt the miserable state of the French fortunes in Italy, he was obliged to give up the notion that had so pleased his fancy. "The evil is too great: there is nothing to be done," said he, and set off to Paris.

The revolution of the 18th and 19th Brumaire drove the Directors from their post, and established Napoleon and two brother consuls in their stead. Bourrienne will inform the world of the manœuvres which brought about this important movement. The springs of most political changes are base; they were never of a meaner kind than moved the minds of the actors on this occasion. A compound of corruption and violence placed the foot of Napoleon on the first step of the throne. The grand reputation of Bonaparte won over the soldiery: the people had become disgusted with the feeble and depraved individuals who governed them: the leaders of the councils, and the other persons of influence of the time, were either gained by the profound dissimulation of the new Cromwell, or deterred by his threats, excepting, indeed, an honest and obstinate few, who proved too small in number, or too little skilled in the arts of intrigue, to oppose an

effectual resistance. Among these stands distinguished the upright and disinterested Bernadotte; at that time an unbending republican, now the King of Sweden, the most ostensible remaining monument of the French Revolution. Napoleon himself, however, had nearly ruined his own cause by his maladroitness before the two councils: it required the cogent argument of the bayonet to repair his blunders. He was no orator; he could address his soldiery, and was master of a few energetic appeals which never failed to reach the hearts of his military auditors: but in a deliberating assembly of civilians he was utterly unequal to the task of eloquence, and even in imperial times did not much improve. The memorable scenes, which took place on the 19th Brumaire, before the Assembly of Ancients and the Assembly of Five Hundred, demonstrate the truth of this fact: like most passages in his life, they have been misrepresented; he was successful, and consequently was always enabled, the day after, to disseminate any interpretation which pleased him. Had he not been able to repair his blundering before the Ancients by his authority with the troops, it would have gone hard with him. The activity, the courage, and the presence of mind of his brother Lucien served him equally with the Council of Five Hundred. Without his assistance it is probable that the career of his brother would have been closed. Bourrienne was a witness of the interview with the Council of Ancients: it is good to compare his circumstantial narrative with the formal misrepresentations of history. In the pages of the biographer a well-turned speech supplies the place of the broken phrases really employed by Napoleon on this memorable occasion.

"I went on the 19th to St. Cloud, with my friend La Valette. As we passed across the Place Louis XV., now Louis XVI., he asked what was going to be done, and what was my opinion of the event that was about to take place. Without entering into any detail, I said to him, 'My friend, we shall sleep to-morrow at the Luxembourg, or we shall end ~~here~~.' At that moment, who could be certain which of the two things would happen? Success has legitimized as a noble enterprize that which the most trifling circumstance might have turned into a culpable attempt.

"The sitting of the Ancients, presided by Lemercier, opened at one o'clock. A warm discussion took place on the state of affairs, on the dismissal of the Directors, and the immediate election of others. Considerable heat was manifested; reports were brought to Bonaparte every moment, and he at length determined upon entering to take a part in the debate. His entry was abrupt and angry—that did not give me a favourable idea of what he was going to say. The passage by which we entered, and led us right into the middle of the hall, was narrow: we turned our backs upon the door. Bonaparte had the president at

his right; he could not get a front view of him. I was on the general's right; our coats touched. Berthier was on his left.

"All the speeches that have been arranged since the event differ from each other, as they well may; for he delivered none, unless the broken conversation with the president may be called such—a conversation carried on without any dignity or self-possession. The only words that could be distinguished were *brothers in arms*—the *frankness of a soldier*. The questions of the president followed one another rapidly; they were clear. Nothing could be more confused, or more unintelligibly uttered, than the ambiguous and crooked answers of Bonaparte. He talked without connection of *volcanoes*, *secret agitations*, *victories*, *violated constitution*. He even censured the eighteenth Fructidor; of which he had been the most active promoter, and the main support. He pretended to be unacquainted with *everything* up to the moment that the Council of Ancients had called him to the succour of his country. Then came *Cæsar—Cromwell—Tyrant*. He repeated over and over, *that is all I have got to say to you*: and he had said nothing. He said that after his return from Italy he had been called upon to assume the chief authority by the wish of the nation, and then by that of his comrades. He pronounced the words *liberty—equality*; for which it was very clear he had not come to St. Cloud: He had scarcely uttered these words when a member of the Ancients, called Linglet I believe, interrupted him bluntly, and cried out, 'You forget the constitution.' At that his countenance lighted up; and we could make out nothing more than *eighteenth Fructidor—thirtieth Prairial—hypocrites—intriguers—I am not so—I am going to tell you—I will abdicate power as soon as the danger which threatens the republic shall be passed*. Bonaparte, believing that all his allegations were admitted as proofs, summoned up some assurance, and accused the two directors, Barras and Moulins, saying that they had proposed to put him at the head of a party whose object it was to put down the men of liberal ideas.

"At these words, the falsity of which was revolting, a great clamour arose in the hall. A general committee to hear these revelations was loudly called for. 'No! No!' cried others, 'no general committee; conspirators have just been denounced: it is fit that France should know everything.'

"Bonaparte was then invited to enter into the detail of what he had just declared against Barras and Moulins, and the proposition that had been made to him. 'You ought to conceal nothing.' These interruptions, apostrophes and interrogations threw him into confusion; he thought himself lost. Instead of entering into explanations of what he had seen, he began to accuse afresh—whom? the Council of Five Hundred, who wanted to re-erect the scaffolds, revolutionary committees, the revolution again. The murmurs became more violent, and his discourse was still more destitute of order and connection. One moment he addressed himself to the representatives of the people, altogether stupified; at another to the soldiers in the court, who could not bear a word; then, without any transition, he spoke of the *thunder of war*, and added, that he was accompanied by the God of War and the God of Fortune. The president calmly repeated to him, that he saw no subject of deliberation,

absolutely none; that all he said was vague. 'Explain yourself,' said he; 'disclose the plots into which you were invited to enter!' Bonaparte once more repeated all he had said—and how it was repeated! No one can form an idea of it without having been present. There was not the slenderest connection in all that he stammered out—for so it must be called—with the most inconceivable incoherence. Bonaparte was no orator. It may easily be supposed that he was more accustomed to the roar of battle than the clamour of the tribune. His place was before a battery, rather than the chair of the president.

"I saw the bad effect that this wordy stuff was producing upon the assembly, and of the progressive want of possession in Bonaparte. I said to him in an under tone, plucking him gently by the lappel of his coat, 'Go out, general; you no longer know what you are saying.' I made a sign to Berthier to second me in engaging him to leave the place, when all of a sudden, after having blundered out a few more words, he turned round, exclaiming, '*Let those who like me, follow me.*' The sentinels at the door offered no resistance to his going out; the person who preceded him quietly opened the two curtains which closed the door, and the general instantly leaped upon his horse, which was in the centre of the troops stationed in the court. In truth, I do not know what would have happened if the president, seeing him retire, had said; 'Grenadiers! let no person leave the hall.' I have a strong conviction, that instead of sleeping next day at the Luxembourg, he would have finished his career on the *Place de la Revolution*."—vol. iii. p. 87.

The interview with the Five Hundred was of a still more stormy character. Napoleon, in his proclamation, speaks of conspirators armed with dagger and pistol, and represents himself as only saved from assassination by the interference of his guard.

"Les stylets qui menaçoient les députés sont aussitôt levés sur leur libérateur; vingt assassins se précipitent sur moi et cherchent ma poitrine; les grenadiers du Corps Législatif que j'avais laissés à la porte de la salle, accourent, et se mettent entre les assassins et moi. L'un de ces braves grenadiers (Thomé) est frappé d'un coup de stylet dont ses habits sont percés. Ils m'enlèvent."

It is humiliating to find that all this is an invention of the next day, and that the attempts at assassination were confined to the tearing of Thomé's coat, which was laid hold of by some deputy, enraged at the profanation of the hall by the entrance of grenadiers.

The revolution of the 19th Brumaire gave Napoleon all that was necessary for his final and permanent elevation: it put the reins of government into his hands. Up to that point he was an adventurer whose fortune depended on the issue of a throw. Armed with the authority of the state, his progress was sure and steady to the absolute controul of all the resources of the country. Subsequently to the 18th Brumaire, Bonaparte

assumed different titles, which had more or less reference to the continuation of his power in himself and his heirs; but under various names his actual power was pretty much the same. The destruction of the Directory was the last acclivity he had to surmount: the rest of his history is the elevated table-land of his life; we all know that it led to a precipitous descent. Bourrienne, as far as his work has hitherto appeared, only accompanies us to the assumption of the Imperial title; and he ceased to be 'secretsaire intime,' even before that epoch. Between, however, the elevation of Bonaparte to the Consulship, and the moment when Bourrienne quitted his service, occurs an eventful and important period, respecting which the information in these Memoirs is both copious and curious. It is more desultory and unconnected than the previous part, which traces pretty closely the rise of Bonaparte, step by step; but it is more amusing, yields more characteristic anecdotes, and is more illustrative of the motives and actions of the historical personages who figure during the extraordinary period of the Consulship of Napoleon. Above all, however, they set before us in true and striking colours the portrait of him who played the first part in the great drama of the times. He has often been drawn, but he never sat for his likeness before, or at least, no artist had ever such long and tranquil opportunities of catching his resemblance. We will follow Bourrienne's method, and attempt to paint by examples. But we warn our readers that the effect of all we can condense in a small space, of characteristic circumstances, must fall far short of the sure and gradual effect of Bourrienne's details. We have read all that has been written of Napoleon in later years, and yet it would really seem to us that Bonaparte, First Consul, has not yet been known. The period must be borne in mind; for, as Bourrienne remarks, age goes for much in men's histories. The Emperor and the Consul are very different modifications of the same character; the same substance in different stages of a chemical process. Bourrienne guarantees the resemblance of his portrait only between 1792 and 1804.

It is rare to find men governing themselves by any abstract rule or principle; we are most of us creatures of chance, nearly all of circumstance. In Napoleon, as in other great men, however, one may detect certain dominating moving causes, which may be seen to have shaped their course through life. Whether these causes are the result of reflection, or whether they arise from the influence of dispositions implanted by nature, it will be found that they do not, as in the instances of common men, take their rise from circumstances, but shape and mould the accidents of life with the materials of advancement. We have seen why Bona-

parte went to Egypt; he was apprehensive of growing stale: reputations continually succeed one another, and though the conqueror of Italy was the idol of the moment, he knew that in France, glory suspended, like bright armour hung up, soon grows rusty. The impression of the necessity of continually renewing his laurels, in order to preserve his influence, may not only be detected in this and many other instances, but we learn from Bourrienne that he made a principle of it, and that here is probably to be found the secret of many otherwise perplexing points of his history. He would say to Bourrienne, "My power hangs by my glory: my glory is derived from the victories I have gained. My authority would fall were I not to give it for a base, more glory, more victories. Conquest has made me what I am—conquest alone can keep me so." He considered that to be stationary was to be sinking, and hence his unceasing desire to march *en avant*. "A new government," he would further remark, "must dazzle and astonish: the moment its *éclat* ceases it is lost." There is so little truth and reason in this principle of action, that we are disposed rather to consider it as a self-deceptive apology for that which was at the bottom of it, which was in fact the result of his organization—the *besoin d'activité*. It is absurd, observes our author, to look for repose on the part of a man who was motion itself. In the passion of activity we may look for the spring of Napoleon's greatness: we may also look to it for the cause of his downfall at a time of life when age, luxury, and success all combined to retard that accelerating velocity which previously had carried him through everything in triumph. We have already observed upon the simultaneity of his conception and execution, in other words, his rapidity of performance, which will account for much, but not for all. In the anecdote which Bourrienne tells us of the conception of Marengo, there is felicity of combination, as well as facility of execution. This is the story which Bourrienne calls the *guerre des épingles*; the picture is admirable.

"The 17th of March, in a moment of gaiety and good-humour, he (Bonaparte) told me to unroll the great map of Italy, by Chauchard. He stretched himself upon it, and made me put myself by his side. He then, with great seriousness, began to prick here and there numerous pins, with heads of black and red sealing-wax. I observed him in silence, and waited the result of this inoffensive campaign. When he had finished placing the enemy's troops, and arranged his own in the positions in which he hoped to lead them, he said to me, 'Now where do you think I intend to beat Melas,' (the Austrian general)? 'The devil take me,' said I, 'if I understand anything about it.' 'You are an ass,' said Bonaparte; 'look here a little. Melas is at Alexandria, his head-quarters; he will remain there till Genoa surrenders. At Alexandria he has his magazines, his hospitals, his artillery, his re-

serves. Passing the Alps here (pointing out the great St. Bernard), I fall upon Melas, I cut off his communications with Austria, and I meet with him here in the plains of Scrivia, (placing a red-headed pin at San Julian.) Observing that I considered this manœuvre of pins as a pastime, he commenced his round of little abusive apostrophes, (such as *niais, nigaud, bête, imbecile, &c. &c.*) which were with him nothing but a kind of affectionate familiarity, and then set to work again upon his pins. We rose from the map after about a quarter of an hour: I rolled it up, and thought no more of the matter. But when, four months after, I found myself at San Julian, with his portfolio and his despatches, which I was obliged to gather up in the confusion of the day; and when the same evening at Torre-di-Galifolio, which is but a league thence, I wrote under his dictation the bulletin of the battle—I frankly avowed my admiration for his military conceptions. He smiled himself at the exactness of his foresight."

The man who could four months beforehand predict the position and circumstances of a great battle in a foreign country, might have afforded their due share of praise to the instruments of his success. It was not so with Napoleon; he could spare no glory; he was always jealous of his generals and officers. To Kellermann, who by a moment of inspired bravery saved, or rather won, this very battle of Marengo, he could only say, "You made a tolerably good charge;" while he exaggerated the praise of others, whom no one else was likely to distinguish. From the same greediness of glory, or perhaps from some meaner passion, he never could be brought to allow that he had erred. True greatness can afford to be wrong, but there was a dash of charlatanism in all the success of Napoleon that dreaded the light. Hence, perhaps, his extraordinary sensitiveness on the subject of publication, and his wrath against the slightest sallies of ridicule. He could not tolerate public discussion; the newspapers of Paris were his mere slaves: he never looked at them, for, as he observed, "they only say what I tell them." His dislike of discussion affected even the tribunate; it was a part of the consular constitution which he bore with impatience, and quickly suppressed. "What will they say at Paris?" was an incentive to some of the meanest as well as some of the finest of his actions. It produced great victories, and led him even to intercept notes of invitation to dinner, which at one time nearly occupied a bureau for itself. The extensive ramifications of his police are not to be considered so much as the precautionary support of his government, as the means of satisfying his appetite for knowing all that was said about him: it was the motive of his walks about Paris with Bourrienne, in a sort of undress, when he would enter shops, and while his companion cheapened goods, he himself would inquire what the good people thought of the *farceur*. He was



never so supremely happy as when he was once driven out of a shop by an old woman, and he and his secretary obliged to take to their heels, because the First Consul had spoken disrespectfully of himself. He was not content with one police, or one establishment of spies; he set police against police: and while even the adroit Fouché was his minister, he had other sets of spies under the direction of Junot and other persons. It may be supposed that he reaped every morning a pretty harvest of falsehood in the shape of reports. It was Fouché's amusement to trick the secret agents with false intelligence, and put into their mouths allegations which sometimes created no small confusion in the camp. On one occasion Junot's report bore, that Bourrienne himself left the Tuileries at such and such an hour of the night; that he betook himself to a certain hotel in the Faubourg of St. Germain, and there held divers discourses, the burthen of which was, that Bonaparte had resolved to make himself king. At the time indicated, Bourrienne was writing under the dictation of Napoleon, and, as the Consul well knew, had never left his elbow. Junot was condemned for a blockhead, and Fouché, who confessed the trick to Bourrienne, laughed in his sleeve: but Bonaparte was not cured of his partiality for police-reports. It sometimes happened that the police was more inconvenient to its master than to his enemies, as may be seen in Bourrienne's account of the curious transaction respecting the publication of a pamphlet, which was intended to *feel* the way to the throne.

"In December, 1800, during the time that Fouché was on the look out for the real contrivers of the attempt of the third Nivôse (the infernal machine), a little pamphlet, entitled '*PARALLEL BETWEEN CÆSAR; CROMWELL AND BONAPARTE*,' was sent to the First Consul. He was absent when I received it. I read it, and saw that hereditary monarchy was openly preached. I had no information respecting this pamphlet, but I was sure that it came, as it actually did, from the office of the minister of the interior, where it was distributed in great profusion. After reading it, I put it on the table: Bonaparte entered some seconds after, took it up, and pretended to run through it. 'Have you read this?' 'Yes, general.' 'Well! what do you think of it?' 'I think, general, that it will do a great deal of harm; it appears to me out of season, for it prematurely reveals your designs.' The First Consul took the pamphlet, and threw it on the ground, as he was in the habit of doing with all the absurdities of the day when he had cast a rapid glance over them. I was not the only one who entertained this opinion of the pamphlet, for the day after, the prefects nearest to Paris sent up a copy to the First Consul, with complaints of the evil effect which it had produced. . . . After having looked at this correspondence, he said to me, 'Bourrienne, send for Fouché; let him come here with all speed, to render me an account of this affair.' Half an hour after, Fouché made a

third in our little cabinet. He had scarcely entered when the following dialogue took place; on the one hand carried on with the greatest warmth, and on the other with imperturbable coolness, and a touch of the sardonic. 'What is this pamphlet? what do they say of it in Paris?' 'General, there is but one opinion of it, which is, that it is extremely dangerous.' 'Well, then! why have you let it appear; it is an insult?' 'General, I owe some delicacy to the author.' 'Delicacy! What is it you mean? You ought to throw him into the Temple.' 'But, general, your brother Lucien has taken this pamphlet under his protection; the printing and publication took place by his order; in short, it proceeded from the ministry of the interior.' 'What is that to me? it was your duty, as minister of the police, to arrest Lucien, and lock him up in the Temple;—idiot that he is! he can do nothing but compromise me.' After uttering these words the First Consul left the room hastily, and closed the door after him with violence. Remaining alone with Fouché, I took an opportunity of asking an explanation of the half-smile that was playing about his lips during Bonaparte's wrath; I saw clearly that he had something in reserve. 'Put the author in the Temple!' said Fouché to me; 'that would be a difficult matter. Alarmed at the effect this pamphlet was likely to produce, as soon as I saw it I went to Lucien; to show him the extent of his imprudence. Instead of answering me, he went to seek the original manuscript, which he showed me—and what do you think I saw? corrections and annotations in the hand-writing of the First Consul!'

On the very subject of this pamphlet, the First Consul gave a striking proof of his love of espionage. He arranged a dinner with his brother Joseph, for the express purpose of *pumping* Bourrienne himself. Joseph was the spy, and Fouché was present. Bourrienne talked freely of the matter, as to those to whom he could communicate nothing they did not know. Bonaparte was quickly instructed. The next day Bourrienne observed his master's manner to be exceedingly cold, and he showed his displeasure, or rather his loss of confidence, by saying, "Leave my letters in the basket, I will open them myself."

"This unexpected sally surprised me; but as I had nothing to reproach myself with, I determined to be amused with the distrust which he chose to show without giving his reasons. I put at the bottom of the basket all the letters which I recognized as coming from the ministers, all the reports which came for the Consul to my address, and I covered them over with letters of no consequence, or at least, which from my habit of reading them, and the character of the addresses, I judged to be such: requests for a choice of numbers in the lottery, in order to avail themselves of the First Consul's *good fortune*; prayers that he would stand godfather to children; solicitations for places; announcements of marriages and births; ridiculous eulogies; disgusting anonymous productions, &c. &c.

"The opening of all these letters, to which he was not accustomed, tried his patience, and he opened very few. Often the same day, but

always the next day, there came a fresh letter requiring an answer to the one of the night before, and complaining that it had not been received before. The First Consul broke the seals of about twenty letters, and left the rest; for judging with tolerable accuracy by the form, stamp and seal, that these letters required the answer to the former ones, I put them under all the rest.

"Not wishing to carry this little piece of malice too far, nor remain in the false position in which the gossiping of Joseph had placed me, I resolved to put an end to it. The fourth day, after the business of the evening was done, which had been sulkily got through, and interrupted by unpleasant little sallies, I let Bonaparte go down and go to bed. Half an hour after I went to his apartment, which I was permitted to enter at all hours. I had a taper in my hand; I took a chair, and put the candle on the bed-side table. He roused himself, as did Josephine. 'What is there new?' said he to me, with surprize. 'General,' I answered, 'I come to declare to you that it is impossible for me to stay any longer with you; my place is not tenable without perfect confidence. You well know how devoted I am to you; if you have to reproach me with anything, let me at least know the cause: the situation I have been in for the last three days is too painful to me.' 'What has he done then?' demanded Josephine. 'That is no affair of yours.' Then turning towards me, he added, 'Well then, I have reason to complain of you. I know that you have talked of affairs of moment in a manner that does not suit me.' 'I can assure you that I have talked to no one but to your brother. He put me on the track, and most undoubtedly he is far too much *au courant* for me to inform him of anything. I talked of a thing equally well known to both one and the other: he has reported to you just what he pleased, but I cannot act in a similar way towards him, accuse him as he has accused me, and betray the confidence he reposed in me. Ought I, general, in speaking freely to your brother, to look to find in him an inquisitor.' 'Yes! I avow it. After what Joseph reported to me, I considered it right to put my confidence in quarantine.' 'It has lasted three days.' 'Come, Bourrienne, it is ended: let us talk no more of it. Open my letters; you will find them sadly in arrear; it was too tedious a business for me; and then, I somehow or other always fell upon fooleries.'

"I seem to hear and see the good Josephine half-raising herself in bed, and saying with the most amiable sweetness, 'What! Bonaparte, is it possible that you could suspect Bourrienne, who is so attached to you—who is your only friend: how have you suffered them to lay a trap for him like this—a dinner arranged on purpose! My God, how I detest thy police!' Bonaparte then began to laugh, and said jokingly, 'Sleep, sleep, and mind thy frippery; women understand nothing of affairs of government.' When I retired it was nearly two o'clock."

But Bonaparte believed not in friendship, and he did not think he possessed even one friend: neither did he; he was incapable of feeling it, and consequently of inspiring it. In the case of Desaix he may be said to have made the nearest approach to

it: but on looking into the able, but at the same time unambitious character of Desaix, it becomes pretty obvious that the foundation of his warm feelings for that general was laid in a high opinion of his talents, joined with a conviction that they would never become dangerous or obtrusive to him. Bonaparte's favourite maxim was, that there are two levers by which men are to be moved—*fear and interest*. This he would often repeat, and he made no scruple of avowing his incapability of either loving or being loved. He has often said to Bourrienne—

"Friendship is but a word: I love no one; no, not even my brothers—Joseph perhaps a little; and then, if I do, it is by habit, because he is the eldest of us. Duroc! Ah yes! him too I love; but why? his character pleases me. He is cold, dry, severe; and then Duroc never sheds tears. As for myself, I care little about it; I well know that I have no true friends. As long as I am what I am, I can make as many friends to all appearance as I want. You see, Bourrienne, we must leave whimpering to the women; it is their affair; but I—no sensibility for me, I must be firm; unless the heart is *firm*, no one ought to meddle with affairs of either war or politics."

But although he did not believe in friendship, he believed in honour. It was the moral principle on which he seemed to have the greatest reliance; for it is a modification of the influence of opinion on the human heart, and to all the shades of this power he was himself feelingly alive. When he granted the interview to Georges Cadoudal, a man who avowedly by all means, fair and foul, sought his life, he would not permit himself to believe that he would betray the honourable confidence implied by a private audience. He took no precaution, and when Rapp, who was in an anti-chamber, repeatedly pushed open the door of the saloon, in which Bonaparte and Georges were walking up and down, Bonaparte as repeatedly closed it. Bourrienne tells a singular story in point of a young Pole whom the First Consul distinguished in one of his visits to the College of Louis le Grand, surnamed the *Prytaneum*. He was a son of General Miackzinski, who died fighting under the colours of the Republic. When he left the college he entered the army, and was pointed out to Bonaparte as he was reviewing his troops on the plain of Sablons; he was then sixteen or seventeen. The First Consul said to him, "I knew your father, he was a brave man; act like him: in six months you shall be an officer." Six months passed: Miackzinski wrote to the First Consul to remind him of his promise. He waited a month; no answer. Then Miackzinski wrote again, as follows: "You told me to be worthy of my father; I will be so. You told me I should be an officer in six months: it is now seven months ago. When you receive this letter, I shall be no

more: I do not choose to serve a government, the chief of which breaks his word." Young Miackzinski kept his. After despatching his letter, he retired to his room and blew out his brains. A few days afterwards his commission arrived. Bonaparte had not forgotten him; the delay had arisen in the forms of the war-office. Bonaparte was greatly affected by this event; it was precisely of a nature to touch him: with such men for soldiers he knew he could conquer the world. "Oh these Poles!" he cried; "they are all *honour*! My poor Sulkowski! I am sure he would have done as much." Sulkowski was a favourite aide-de-camp, who was killed in Egypt; the very soul of honour, brave, able, well informed, and devoted to his general. Bonaparte lost four aide-de-camps during the short time he was in Egypt. One of them, Croisier, appearing to Bonaparte to lack the proper degree of boldness at the proper moment, he burst out against him in one of his violent and humiliating attacks of abuse and contempt. The word "coward" escaped him; Croisier determined not to survive it; he sought death on several occasions, but did not succeed till the siege of Acre. He was in attendance on Napoleon in the trenches there, when such a sharp look out was kept by the garrison, that if an elbow or feather showed itself above or beside them, it was instantly grazed by a bullet. Croisier watched his opportunity, and jumped upon the platform. "Come down, I command you," cried Napoleon, in a voice of thunder; but it was too late, the victim of his severity fell at his feet. Murat, the chivalrous braver of all danger, had also his *moment de peur*, which lost him the countenance of his general until displeasure could no longer resist the brilliancy of his achievements. It was at the siege of Mantua, in the first Italian campaign, that Murat was ordered to charge a body of troops that were making a sortie from the garrison. He hesitated, and in his confusion declared himself wounded: he was removed from the presence of the general; he was in every way discounted: in Egypt he was sent on the most distant and dangerous services; in short, he more than reconquered his character before the battle of Aboukir, on which occasion Napoleon himself was obliged to declare he was *superb*. The brave Marshal Lannes one day severely reprimanded a colonel who had punished a young officer for a *moment de peur*. "That man," said he, "is worse than a poltroon who pretends that he never felt fear!"

We have spoken of Napoleon's sensibility to individual suffering when it did not interfere with his military or political projects; in that case, he steeled himself against the weakening influence of humane feelings, according to the maxim which we lately quoted respecting the necessity of a hard heart for him who meddles with

either war or politics. From policy or from sensibility, however, Bonaparte was fond of the power of pardoning, and felt grateful to those about him who brought to his consideration those cases to which mercy might be safely extended. The instances are numerous.

"I had escaped," says Bourrienne, "for a few moments to meet Mademoiselle Poitrincourt. On entering I found the First Consul in the cabinet, surprized to find himself alone, as I was not in the habit of quitting it without his knowledge. 'Where have you been then?' said he. 'I have just been to see a relation of mine, who has a petition to lay before you.' 'What is it about?' I told him of the melancholy situation of M. Defeu (an emigré who had been taken with arms in his hands). His first answer was terrible. 'No pity,' cried he, 'for the emigrés; he who fights against his country is a child that wishes to murder his mother.' The first burst of wrath passed over, I began again; I represented M. Defeu's youth, and the good effect it would have. 'Well,' said he, 'write, "The First Consul orders that the sentence of M. Defeu be suspended."' He signed this laconic order, which I sent off instantly to General Ferino. I informed my cousin of it, and was easy as to the consequences of the affair. The next morning I had scarcely entered the First Consul's chamber before he said, 'Well, Bourrienne! you say nothing more of your M. Defeu: are you satisfied?' 'General! I cannot find terms in which to express my gratitude.' 'Ah! bah!—But I do not like to do things by halves; write to Ferino, that I desire M. Defeu may be set at liberty immediately. I am making an ingrate—well! so much the worse for him, Always apply to me in matters of this kind; when I refuse, it is because it is impossible to do otherwise.'"

We had been led to expect some elucidation of the affair of the Duc d'Enghien from these Memoirs; they, however, communicate no new facts. At that time Bourrienne had left the service of Napoleon, and can contribute nothing to the history of this tragical catastrophe beyond some pertinent reasoning on the real author of it. He makes no scruple of loading Bonaparte himself with the entire atrociousness of the project. There is no doubt that he could be cruel when he thought it necessary to his interests to be so; and that being poorly endowed with sympathy of any kind at any time, it required but a shadow of danger to his political existence to justify in his eyes any act, however bloody, however inhuman. The only probable motive which has been, or can be, attributed to Napoleon, is the determination to commit himself and his friends to an eternal opposition to the return of the Bourbons, and to strike a seasonable terror into the emigrés, who were again, on occasion of the breaking out of the war, beginning to combine their intrigues against the authority of him who was on the point of passing from the condition of Consul to

that of Emperor. The return of the Bourbons, though it had become utterly improbable at the time when it actually took place, in the years of the Consulship was an event continually in the minds of men. It was even agitated in the interior of the Consular palace itself. The First Consul's secretary and Josephine, his wife, were both favourable to the measure; and Bonaparte himself was beset even in his private apartments with entreaties, or at least significant allusions, to the magnanimity of renouncing supreme authority in favour of the legitimate claimant. It is well known that Louis XVIII., in a dignified but complimentary letter to Bonaparte, claimed his throne at his hands. The St. Helena Memoirs communicate the fact, and give the substance of the First Consul's answer. In the Memoirs of Bourrienne we find an exact copy of the correspondence, and an account of the reception it met with from Napoleon.

"The First Consul was greatly agitated at the reception of this letter. Although he every day declared his resolution to have nothing to do with the princes, he was still reflecting upon whether it was necessary to answer it or not. The number of important affairs (20th Feb. 1800) which occupied him at the time, seconded his indecision, and he was in no hurry to reply. I ought to say that Josephine and Hortense conjured him to give the king hope; that that bound him to nothing, and would leave time to see if he could not in the end play a far higher part than that of Monck. Their entreaties were so urgent, that he said to me, 'These devils of women are mad; the Faubourg St. Germain turns their heads; they have made the royalists into Gods. But that is nothing to me; I'll have none of them.' Madame Bonaparte told me that she urged him to this step, lest he should think of making himself king, which always excited in her a presentiment of misfortune that she could not banish from her mind. . . . In the numerous conversations which I had with the First Consul, he discussed the proposition of Louis XVIII., and its consequences, with great sagacity: he said, however, 'The partizans of the Bourbons are very much mistaken if they think I am a man to play the part of Monck.' The thing rested there at first, and the letter of the king was left on the table. In the interval Louis XVIII. wrote a second letter.

" 'It is a long time since, general, you ought to be aware, that you have acquired my esteem. If you doubt the force of my gratitude, choose your place, fix the lot of your friends. As to my principles, I am a Frenchman—Clement by character, I should be still more so by reason. No! the conqueror at Lodi, Castiglione, Arcole, of Italy and of Egypt, cannot prefer a vain celebrity to true glory. But you are losing precious time. We have the power of ensuring the glory of France; I say we, because I have need of Bonaparte for that, and he cannot do it without me.

" 'General! Europe observes you, glory awaits you, and I am impatient to restore peace to my people.

' Louis.' "

This letter also remained for some time unnoticed. At length Bonaparte determined to write an answer. He made a rough copy; Bourrienne suggested some grammatical changes, which were made. This disfigured original was then signed; it was not, however, after the alterations, in a state fit to send, and it laid for some time longer on the table; it was despatched at last. The substance was, that Louis ought to abandon all hope of a return to his throne, for it was only by marching over the bodies of a hundred thousand Frenchmen that he could arrive at it.

Some days after the receipt of the letter from Louis XVIII. Bonaparte and his secretary were walking in his favourite alley at Malmaison, which was only separated from his cabinet by a small bridge; he was in a good humour, for affairs were going on well, and he commenced a confidential conversation on the return of the Bourbons. His remarks prove that he had deeply weighed all the peculiarities of his situation, and had calculated the probable consequences of the restoration of the legitimate family with his ordinary acuteness and more than ordinary coolness. He broke off the dialogue with—"My part is taken. Let us talk of it no more; but I well know how the women torment you. Instead of agreeing with them, however, you ought to open their eyes and undeceive them about their ridiculous presentiments. Let them leave me alone, and attend to their knitting." The women went on knitting, remarks Bourrienne, he went on writing; Bonaparte made himself Emperor—and died at St. Helena.

Josephine's horror at the idea of her husband making himself king might be explained by her fear lest it should engage him in some project of founding a dynasty by means of his proper offspring. Poor woman! this was a melancholy privation, which cost her many tears and much physic; she had an idea that medicine might restore her fertility. Her anxiety on this subject was fearful; she seemed to have foreseen the event that actually took place. The necessity of having children was not an unfrequent subject in the mouth of Bonaparte; and Joseph, his brother, had the depravity, on occasion of Josephine's visit to the baths of Plombières, to advise her in the coarsest and strongest manner to leave no measures untried which might possibly procure pregnancy. The dialogue is reported at length from the mouth of Josephine, who confided her grief and indignation to the ear of her husband's secretary. The proposal to Josephine may be put on a par with the brutal attempt to carry off Marie Louise at Blois, as related by Madame Durand and Bausset. Indeed the Bonaparte family do not appear to any advantage in the close view which Bourrienne affords us of their respective characters and conduct. It was in their incapacity that Bonaparte saw the ne-



cessity of offspring. France, he well knew, would have tolerated none of his brothers in his place; on the contrary, he used to say, as first consul, that unless he lived thirty years, his principal generals would contend for the supreme authority and involve the country in civil commotion. "It is a pity," said the fatal Fouché in confidence to Bourrienne, "that his wife does not die; for sooner or later he must take a wife who will bear children. His brothers are revoltingly incapable; his death will be a signal of dissolution, and the Bourbon party will make head." During his life, however, Bonaparte put an end to the hopes of that family by the death of the Duc d'Enghien; he effectually put an end to the entreaties of the women. It is remarkable, and we have it on the authority of Josephine, as reported by Bourrienne, that he could not bear to speak of this catastrophe, and that when he did so, it was in a vague and uneasy manner, which showed his dislike of the subject.

Bourrienne did not remain with Bonaparte until he assumed the imperial purple. It is possible that he did not find his old schoolfellow duly penetrated with respectful awe. Bourrienne gives us to understand that he was no flatterer; he appears to have been independent in his manner of thinking, and fond of putting his master in what he thought the right road. A general may bear this, and even a consul approve; but when the temples begin to ache for the diadem, it is a signal of a great change from the man to more than mortal. It is felt, that no equal even in independence of thought ought to be tolerated, much less admitted into familiar intercourse. We are told that Bonaparte himself assigned as a reason why he could not keep Bourrienne in his service, that people began to say that he could not do without him; a saying the falsehood whereof he thought proper to prove. It is more probable, however, that the true reason of Bourrienne's quitting, was the one indicated above, namely, that he had become spoiled by power, and could no longer suffer near him a kind of comrade and friend rather than a servant. He had made attempts to subdue the pride and self-esteem of his old school-fellow. One morning Bourrienne entered the cabinet and found a workman placing a bell ~~over~~ his chain; the object of which was, that when Bonaparte wanted Bourrienne in his room of audience for a fact, or a date, or a paper, as often happened, he might ring for him. Bourrienne made the bell-hanger descend and leave his task; he then went up to Napoleon, not yet risen, and told him what he had done. The First Consul had the meanness to shelter himself under a subterfuge; he pretended that the keeper of the cabinet had misunderstood him, that he had only intended to have the bell mended which ran *through* the cabinet, and which

served to call the attendant in waiting. This was not a circumstance to escape the memory of Napoleon: he always made men pay for degrading him even in his own estimation and by his own act. It is a remark of Bourrienne, that no man ever suffered himself to be entreated by Bonaparte, or consented to any proposal with reluctance, who was not made to pay for it. The quarrel which ultimately led to Bourrienne's dismissal is an illustration of this unamiable trait in his character. Some note from Napoleon had not duly reached Talleyrand: irritable and impetuous, he taxed Bourrienne with neglect, passionately and erroneously: Bourrienne had caused it to be placed in the hands of the proper officer, but Talleyrand was not to be found. In ringing for the gargon de bureau, to ascertain the fact, the First Consul broke the bell-rope and wounded his finger against the marble chimney-piece, a small circumstance, which gave additional fuel to his wrath; he lost all sense of decency—shut the door violently in Bourrienne's face—and permitted himself to apply to his secretary one of the grossest expressions of a language which abounds in terms of abuse. The secretary, in his turn, forgot himself, and opened the door only to repeat the phrase with interest: he then ascended to his chamber, and penned a note to the Consul, in which he begged to be permitted to retire from the performance of his arduous duties. During this scene Talleyrand was present, and looked on with his ordinary sang-froid. When Napoleon read the note, Duroc was with him: the comment was brief—*il boude*, said the master,—*accepté*. And until his passion had subsided, he permitted Bourrienne's preparations for departure to go on, and only interfered in them to show a disposition to brutal unkindness. But Bonaparte had no one to supply the place of Bourrienne. Duroc attempted it, and fairly declared he neither would nor could fulfil the duties of the post. For the moment, therefore, Bourrienne was to be retained, and his master employed those little arts of cajolery which succeeded with him in so many instances. Bourrienne was leaving the Tuileries, when he was told Napoleon wished to see him: he entered the cabinet—

“The First Consul met me smiling, and pulling me by the ear, said, ‘Are you still in a pet?’ and he led me in this manner to my ordinary place. ‘Come, place yourself there.’ It is necessary to have known the man, to judge of my position: he had, when he liked, a seducing charm which carried you along with him. I did not feel the power of resisting him. I could answer nothing, and I resumed my ordinary occupation.”

Napoleon, however, quickly placed M. de Menneval under the instruction of Bourrienne, under pretence of assisting him:

as soon as he conceived that M. de Menneval was equal to the task, Bourrienne was dismissed with little ceremony, on the ground of some false charge of gambling in the funds; and, by Napoleon's subsequent meanness regarding him, made to pay dear for a moment of excusable loss of temper. This, it must be remarked, is Bourrienne's own account of the story: his enemies have doubtless another version of it. We must, however, declare that the complexion of Bourrienne's narrative, both in this and other instances, is that of truth and sincerity. It would be idle to say that he was an exception to the universal rule of mankind: he has his own manner of viewing events; and his manner of telling them is coloured at least by that self-love and that desire to stand well with the world, which is inseparable from our nature. In the midst of his most elaborate efforts at candour, and it is true that he is *laboriously* candid, we can, we imagine, perceive some little self-seeking. It is only just, however, to say, that his work bears innumerable marks of being written chiefly for the propagation of truth; and that all the tests of internal and external evidence that we have been able to apply, go to confirm the fairness, the accuracy, and the intelligence of the writer.

The position of Bourrienne, in the cabinet of Napoleon, necessarily proves the possession of no ordinary talents—no small acquirements. Even after their rupture, Bourrienne was selected for the embassy to Hamburg, at that time a post of difficulty. And if there were any doubt of his *capability* to appreciate the character and powers of Napoleon, the *Memoirs* themselves will abundantly satisfy the most fastidious reader. They are in every respect the work of an able man, and we have given our opinion that they are also the production of an honest one. Napoleon is not represented in an amiable light: the question is—is it a true one? We may say of it, as is often observed of portraits of persons whom we have not seen—it looks a likeness—it bears all the strong marks of reality.

Like most French books, the *Memoirs* of De Bourrienne appear in livraisons, and they are not yet concluded: all that portion, however, has appeared, to which, in the narrative of the secretary, the greatest interest is necessarily attached; namely, that which relates Bourrienne's experience in the actual service of his master. When he leaves the cabinet, he becomes an ordinary observer; and though able and acute in his remarks on passing events, he is no longer freely admitted behind the scenes. With the parts that have appeared, the work must, therefore, in a great measure, lose the character of a revelation.

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ART. II.—*Walstein. Tragédie en cinq Actes. Par P. Ch. Liadières; représentée sur le Théâtre Français le 22 Octobre, 1828. Paris, 1829. 8vo.*

"THEY certainly do not manage these matters better in France," Sterne would have said, if he had lived to read Schiller's *Wallenstein*, and then to "assist" at a representation of M. Liadières' *Walstein*, at the Théâtre Français. This is the second time that this great subject has fallen into French hands. The first who ventured to grapple with it, twenty years ago, was one perhaps as well qualified as any man in France for the task. With a vigorous and masculine intellect, an extensive acquaintance with the literature of other countries, and those enlarged and tolerant principles of taste and criticism which that acquaintance infallibly bestows;—peculiarly conversant with the literature of Germany, himself a German in many matters of sentiment and opinion;—it would have been difficult to name a Frenchman more likely to convey to his countrymen a correct idea of the Trilogie of Schiller than Benjamin Constant.\* Yet even he, though with a protest against the dramatic necessity which binds his free-will, and compels him, even while perceiving and admiring the better course, to take the worse, is forced to sacrifice to the Moloch of French criticism, and to take unwarrantable liberties with the original, which his better judgment condemned, as he has himself, in a late essay on the subject, most candidly admitted. Still with all its defects, and they are numerous, his play is both dramatic and poetical, for it is in substance Schiller's: *Wallenstein*, in his strength or in his weakness, is still shadowed out before us, though with a dimmer colouring and a more faltering hand; and as much is done for the poetry of the original as is consistent with the wretched medium through which it must be conveyed, and the unavoidable mutilation which ensues, when a dramatic poem of three separate parts is cut down to the dimensions of a single five-act play.

In M. Liadières' hand the subject takes a different form. Evidently incapable of appreciating in the slightest degree the great work, the name of which he has borrowed, or of understanding the principles upon which Shakspeare and Schiller have constructed their dramas, he makes it his boast that he has created a *Wallenstein* for himself, in which Schiller has neither part nor lot, and which in fact bears no more resemblance to the *Wallenstein* of history than M. Liadières' Alexandrines do to poetry.

\* *Wallstein, Tragédie en cinq actes et en vers, précédée de quelques réflexions sur le Théâtre Allemand, et suivie de notes historiques, par Benjamin Constant de Rebecque. Paris et Genève, chez Paschoud. 1809. 8vo.*

According to his view, the Wallenstein of Schiller and of history was a poor undignified, undramatic personage, not capable of being produced on a respectable stage; but M. Liadières, with a truly Samaritan spirit, has "clothed" the nakedness of the original character "with a dramatic colouring," given him "a little of a chivalrous physiognomy," and fitted him with a decent French garment for the Parisian boards. True, some ill-natured people may be more struck with M. Liadières' intrepidity than with the success of his handiwork, and may be inclined to say, the new dress, after all, looks rather like a suit of shabby-genteel tinsel. But what of that? Has not his *Tragédie* been "*accueillie avec faveur par le public*," and does not all the world know that from the judgment of a Parisian public there is no appeal?

And yet we think most people in M. Liadières' situation would have paused a little before risking the experiment of an improved Wallenstein. He *has* read the play, for he has done Schiller the honour of immortalizing some passages of his drama, by transferring them to his own. He is also perhaps traditionally aware, that Schiller is in his own country admitted to be at the head of modern dramatic literature; that the verdict of his countrymen has been confirmed by the voice of Europe; and that even in France there may be found clever persons who go the length of admitting him to be a man of genius. We suppose too he may be aware—at least the information is accessible enough—that this great work was most patiently and elaborately considered by its author; that he had studied the character of Wallenstein and the aspect of his time while engaged in the composition of the "*Thirty Years War*," long before the idea of applying it to dramatic purposes occurred to him; that nearly seven years were spent upon its composition, during which his views underwent many modifications, and the work itself great alterations; and that it was only after the subject had been tried in every possible light, both as to its main features and its accessories, that it was finally given to the public in its present form. Most persons, we say, who were aware of these particulars, would have paused a little to consider whether Schiller might not have the best reasons for treating the subject as he did, and whether after all the aspect which nature and the German poet had given to Wallenstein was not more appropriate than the "chivalrous physiognomy" which M. Liadières proposed to substitute in its stead. They would have endeavoured, by a similar course of study, to make themselves masters of that process of thought by which Schiller had ultimately been guided to his choice, and would have been certain at least that his views were wrong, before they set about mending them. For a Wallenstein, whatever M. Liadières

may think of it, is not to be created, as the French artiste made his successful pair of boots, in a fit of enthusiasm; and the chances are, after all, in favour of the vulgar opinion, that a little mind, with a little study and a little space, will hardly produce so good a tragedy, as a great mind after a long course of preparatory meditation and patient experiment.

Such considerations, however, have no terrors for M. Liadières, who fears nothing in nature but Parisian criticism.

“Take any shape but that, and his French nerves  
Shall never tremble.”

The Trilogie of Schiller, he informs us, is endurable only by the phlegm of a German; the slow march of the biographical tragedy is too tedious for the exuberant wit and defective patience of a Frenchman; its episodes, its painting of manners, its mixture of characters, he regards as mere impediments to the main action; and therefore M. Liadières comes to the conclusion that he must make root-and-branch work with Schiller's play; and as his predecessor, B. Constant, had reformed it indifferently well, that he, as the guardian of French classical taste, must reform it altogether. How thoroughly he has done so, we may by and by perceive.

It is not our intention here to enter into any comparison of the merits of what M. Liadières styles the Biographical Tragedy, and that which he himself patronizes by precept and example. We prefer leaving it, as M. Liadières professes to do, to time to decide the question: in the mean time, as the decision must ultimately turn on the point which system has produced the greatest number of good plays, we think the comparison of M. Liadières' play with that of Schiller may contribute something towards its practical solution.

M. Liadières' play is of course, according to the time-honoured rule of Horace and the French stage, a single piece in five acts, Schiller's, it is well known, consists of three parts, the Camp of Wallenstein, the Piccolomini, and the Death of Wallenstein. With the two latter the English reader is, or may be sufficiently familiar from other sources. The first, however, is nearly unknown to the English public, having been omitted by both the translators of Wallenstein, though with a strong expression of regret that a portion of the drama so characteristic, so graphic, so essential for disposing the mind fully to enjoy what follows, should from its peculiarities be untranslatable. Without for a moment supposing that we are able to supply the deficiency, we still think that even an imperfect idea is better than none; and are not sorry that the appearance of M. Liadières' drama gives us

an opportunity of incidentally directing the attention of our readers to the subject, and of introducing to them some of the more characteristic portions of this warlike overture in an English dress. It has been our aim in these to be literally faithful both to the sense and to the rhythm of the original, and at the same time, if possible, to preserve something of the wild freedom which Schiller has infused into his verses.

THE CAMP OF WALLENSTEIN, besides its direct bearing on the progress and catastrophe of the drama, is extremely interesting in another point of view, as distinguished by a peculiarity which is rare among the later works of Schiller. It is a piece essentially of bustle, action, and strictly characteristic dialogue, encumbered with no unnecessary or misplaced reflection. Herein, perhaps, lay the chief defect of Schiller's dramatic character, that the passion and the energy that had been so conspicuous in his youth, had with advancing years been too much overmastered by thought and reasoning, till his plays, partaking of the sobriety of his mind, became, in parts at least, too didactic and philosophical. It is in this respect that his inferiority to his great model, Shakspeare, appears so conspicuous. In Shakspeare's plays, from the earliest to the latest, we perceive no traces of any change in his habits of thought; we see no gradual decline of fire and passion, no gradual rise of reasoning and speculation; but a mind, from first to last, passionate or reflective, as the character and the occasion call for it;—wild and stormy with the Moor, revelling in laughter with Falstaff, in magic fancies with Ariel and Oberon, in melancholy musings with Hamlet and Jaques. Something of this intense power of adaptation and plastic variety was undoubtedly owing to his course of life, which, though a humble, was on the whole a gay and happy one. Not in calm study and solitary thought, not in sickness or sorrow, were those imperishable pictures conceived and executed; but in the current of life, in the whirl and eddy of the world, in the centre of mighty London, in the neighbourhood of the court of the maiden queen, in the society of the renowned in arts and arms, did his visions, now gay now gloomy, crowd upon him, and were fixed by his magic pencil at once and for ever. Schiller's career was different. Want had in his best days been occasionally his portion, sickness his companion; persecution had tried him with petty slights and domestic annoyances; the study of history and of philosophy, deep and extensive, while it had increased his acquaintance with man, had diminished his confidence in lofty theories and magnificent pretensions; had exalted his veneration for system, order, custom, harmony, and bent more and more the stormy energies

of the will beneath the controul of the intellectual and reflective powers. Even in his *Don Carlos* we perceive the growth of those cosmopolitan sympathies, those more subdued modes of thinking, that temperance of feeling which study and experience had forced upon him; the tempest of his mind is not wholly past, but it is passing, the waves are settling to their level, the sun looks out again. But long before the *Wallenstein* was undertaken, the revolution is complete. Calmer views, juster notions of man and of the relations of society, have succeeded to and replaced the visions of youth; the world he sees is no longer to be shaken from its basis by the force of individual will, nor systems made and marred by a burst of enthusiasm. Time and custom keep their noiseless and unalterable course; the greatest, the most energetic of human beings, even while he believes himself most free, is chained by a thousand petty and almost invisible necessities, controlled in his actions by the actions of the most insignificant of his fellow men, fettered in his very thoughts by the influence of habit and prejudice. Tranquillity is the result of this conviction; for why should a man disquiet his spirit and waste his energies in labouring to remedy what the constitution of things has made irremediable? So enthusiasm dies away, fiery energy and determination begin to appear but a hopeless struggle against fate, our sympathy with thoughts that breathe and words that burn grows cold and declines; and with the power of strongly feeling such emotions, the power of strongly conceiving and depicting them likewise disappears. The influence of this state of mind appears too visibly in *Wallenstein*. The wild, irregular force which had overpowered the mind in his *Charles*, *Fiesco*, and *Ferdinand*, is entirely gone; and here in its stead we have the chastised and sober magnificence arising from harmony and arrangement of parts, consistency of character, truth and profundity of reflection; but here and there also in the more active parts a languor, a want of force, a substitution of general reflection for those immediate and individual considerations which in the moment of peril and anxiety might be supposed to engross the mind of the speaker, to the exclusion of other ideas. Dignified and poetical, no doubt, Schiller always is; great in his conception of character, graceful in his execution; for these qualities philosophical experience does not take away, but rather increases, concentrates, and refines. The empire of the mournful too remains to him, for its province also expands with age; the loss of friends, the decay of hopes, the thousand chequered calamities of life, deepen and increase the experience of the feeling; and the poet who, even in early youth, could find or conceive such pictures of suffering as Schiller had drawn, was hardly likely to



want materials for his pencil when years had gone over him. And thus it is, that while the character of Wallenstein himself seems sometimes to fade away in a haze of philosophical reflection, so that we too often perceive that it is the poet himself who is speaking to us through that unsubstantial form, the mournful episode of Max and Thekla—breathed out from the full heart and unchanging sympathies of the poet—stands out in firm reality, bathed in the “purple light of love,” bright with the glow of innocence and the romance of youth.

It was fortunate for Schiller that the Camp of Wallenstein was a subject the best calculated for correcting this over-contemplative tendency of his mind. Here action, and action alone was admissible; reflection and philosophy were out of the question. The military life of the time as displayed in the everyday routine of the camp at Pilsen; its rude joys and griefs; its dissolving principles of selfishness and oppression, private envy and national dislike; its connecting principles of common admiration and fear of their great leader, the conviction that this life of pillage and riot depended on his fortunes, and the recollection of dangers shared together; the tricks, the squabbles, the intrigues, the boisterous jollity of the camp, were to be portrayed with the literal fidelity of a portrait. And faithfully and vigorously has the task been performed. Schiller never was himself a soldier, but his father had been a surgeon in the Bavarian army, and perhaps he may have had his conceptions assisted by his early recollections of his father's campaigns. Certain it is, however, that his pictures of the inmates of the camp are distinguished by the same truth and individuality which characterize the inferior agents in Shakespeare's dramas; with the common resemblance which similar habits and discipline produce, they combine a skilful discrimination of the differences produced by national character, rank, situation, and temper. The Uhlan, the Croat, the Austrian, the Lombard, the Irishman; even the peculiar character of different regiments—are marked by slight, but expressive touches, and their rough and soldier-like accents sound in our ears not as if they were dictated by the poet, but as if we were actually walking through the real camp of Wallenstein, listening to its jokes, its counsels, and its brawls, and jostled from side to side amidst the tumult and confusion of that motley—and yet withal melancholy scene.

It was not, however, with the view of showing his own powers of exhibiting a literal copy from nature that Schiller prefixed this military introduction to his piece. It was to get quit of a difficulty which he foresaw in the management of the subject, and which seems also to have proved the great stumbling-block to M.

Liadières, though his expedient for getting rid of it is a little different.

The only portion of Wallenstein's life, which was adapted for dramatic purposes, was evidently the short period preceding his murder, when, insensibly, but inextricably involved in the web of those intrigues which he had at first entered into only as a means of securing his own ascendancy and the permanence of his command, he takes the desperate step of joining the Saxons, and rearing the standard of revolt against the emperor. But in this closing portion of his life, while the coils of treachery are drawing closer and closer round him, Wallenstein is apparently but a weak and wavering being, always planning and purposing, never acting, or acting only by halves; now with his mind seemingly made up, now shrinking at the thought in what a fearful light his treason will be viewed; or watching in the movements of the starry heavens for those signals of action which his mind should have drawn from the visible and increasing peril of his own position upon earth. It was necessary then, during the large portion of the drama which would necessarily be devoted to the development of these intrigues and this irresolution, that Wallenstein should preserve our respect, and that we should be in some measure prepared to anticipate the change that takes place, when, after his ruin is apparently sealed by his proscription and the desertion of his army, he for the first time presents himself to our view, the fearless and unshrinking Wallenstein of former days.

" 'Tis o'er at last; and now 'tis well; the pain  
Of doubt hath vanished like an evil dream;  
My breast is free, my soul is clear again;  
Night must it be ere Friedland's star will beam."

To accomplish this end with effect only one of two methods seemed to be practicable; either that which Schiller ultimately adopted, or to have presented Wallenstein to us during the more energetic part of his career, when stemming with his strong hand the onset of Gustavus. But this plan would have laboured under the unavoidable defect, that the early part of the drama would have been disconnected with the latter both in time, place, and bearing; and accordingly Schiller preferred the more novel and judicious plan of prefacing his play with a military prologue, by which the mind should be prepared fully to appreciate the scenes that follow; which should be linked to the drama by its direct connection with it in time and place, and which should at once present us with an outline of Wallenstein's character, and of the position which he occupies at the commencement of the piece. Thus long before the scene rises on Wallenstein himself and the higher agents of the drama, we have caught in this prologue, as

on an intervening curtain, the shadows of those forms that are behind it; have witnessed in dim reflection some movements of those spirits of evil and good that are impelling him to the precipice or withdrawing him from it, and traced by sudden glimpses the colossal figure of Wallenstein himself as he moves predominant among these troubled spirits, and lights up the military waste around him with a fitful and lurid splendour. Without seeing him, without hearing him, we are made everywhere to feel his presiding influence in this den of thieves; in peril, in revelry, in council, his name is in the mouth of every group that glides past us in this armed procession; the ramparts of Nuremberg, the field of Lützen, the memory of a hundred sieges and battles are brought vividly and constantly before our eye, till we rise from the perusal of this introduction with a deep feeling of admiration for that unseen and mysterious leader, whose watchword echoes from the Baltic to the Adige, who fetters all minds by the talisman of terror, and who is the object of universal reverence where nothing else divine or human seems to be respected.

It is only too from the detailed picture of his Camp that we can comprehend either the possibility of Wallenstein's conceiving his daring project, or the rapidity with which the fabric of his military power, which seems so colossal and compact, crumbles into ruin, and vanishes like a magical exhalation. For only with such instruments, so destitute of the ordinary feelings which bind man to man, would he have been daring enough to make the attempt, or so speedily and totally forsaken when it fails.

"His power it was that did his heart pervert,  
His camp alone elucidates his crime."

We wander among its inmates, and our wonder ceases. For here, upon the plains of Pilsen, after fifteen years of rapine and warfare, are congregated, locust-like, the outcasts of the earth; the representatives of every country, without a hearth or home; a "peculiar people" with no relationship but the brotherhood of arms, no property but the "universal sun," no government but martial law; linked together by no ties of birth, language, loyalty or patriotism, but only by those of common interest, danger, discipline, terror, and toil. Fit tools are these Free Lances in the hands either of Wallenstein's own ambition, or the treachery of his enemies, beings to whom all work is equal which prolongs their short-lived existence and ascendancy, and to whom the names of King and Kaiser, Religion and Allegiance, are but unsubstantial terrors. "Strangers they stand," says Buttler, himself a soldier of fortune,

"upon the soil they tread,  
For Service is their only house and home.

They fight not for their country's cause—for thousands,  
Like me, were born beneath another sky ;  
Not for the Emperor—more than half deserted  
From foreign services to ours, and fight  
Indifferent if beneath the Double Eagle,  
Beneath the Lion, or the Fleur-de-Lys."

The piece opens about the period when Wallenstein, perceiving the gradual decline of his influence at court, had summoned the different leaders of the imperial troops to a conference at Pilsen, under pretence of discussing the practicability of the Emperor's orders to relieve Ratisbon in the depth of winter, but in reality to take measures for securing their assistance in the event of his being driven to the step, which he was even then beginning to contemplate, namely, to seize upon Bohemia, which he already overawed from his armed lair at Pilsen, and to erect it into an independent kingdom for himself.

The first scene presents us with a portrait of the baneful effects of pillage and oppression on the peasantry of the country, and the certainty with which one evil action gives birth to another.

*"Sutler's Tents with Stalls and Booths ; Soldiers in all colours and uniforms throng about ; all the tables are filled ; Croats and Uhlans cooking at a fire ; Sutler Woman serving out wine ; Soldier-boys throwing dice on a drum-head ; Singing is heard in the Tent. Enter a Peasant and his Son.*

SON.

Father, no good can come, I fear,  
Of our stay with the surly soldiers here ;  
They are saucy comrades each and all,  
And broken bones may next befall.

FATHER.

What then, my boy!—they will not eat us,  
Though they knock us a little about and beat us.  
See ! new recruits are come to join,  
Fresh from the banks of the Saal and Mayn,  
They have lined their pockets with gold and gains,  
And we'll lighten them with a little pains.  
These lucky dice a captain left,  
By his comrade's sword of life bereft,  
They fell to me, and to-day we'll try  
If they keep their old propensity.  
But like woeful wights we must play our part ;  
Your roaring fellows are frank at heart,  
And lightly led by the nose may be,  
For their gold came light, and it goes as free.  
If our goods from us by the bushel go,  
We must win them back by the spoonful so ;

If the soldier's sword keeps the Boor in trim,  
The Boor is too sharp a blade for him.

*(Singing and shouting in the Tent.)*

Hark how the rascals roar and shout !  
While the peasant's hide must pay for all !  
Eight long months have this rabble rout  
Driven us out, both from bed and stall ;  
Far and near, goods nor gear,  
Bird nor beast have they left us here,  
"Till the starving Boor for his hungry maw  
Has nothing left but his bones to gnaw.  
What worse forsooth was our lot before,  
When the bell in the land the Saxon bore !—  
Yet these are the Emperor's troops, they tell us—

SON.

Here comes a pair, but their looks proclaim  
There's not much gain to be made of them.

FATHER.

Ay ! these are your born Bohemian fellows !  
Blades of Count Terzky's carabineers,  
Who have lain in these quarters now for years.  
Worst are they, where all are ill,  
Strutting, swearing, swaggering still ;  
And seem to think we have cause to pride us,  
If they drink a glass of our wine beside us.  
But yonder, boy, on the left, I see  
Beside the fire three riflemen,  
From the fair Tyrol they seem to me.  
Come, Emmerick !—these look like our men :  
Give me your easy, rattling gull,  
Whose coat is good, and his pockets full."  
*(They move towards the Tent.)*

As the worthy Boor is retiring with this praiseworthy resolution, he is met by the serjeant-major of Count Terzky's Carabineers, a trumpeter and a Uhlan. The goodnatured Uhlan, decoyed by the peasant's tale of want, at once conducts him towards the tents to procure him some refreshment ; while the other two advancing begin to discuss the probable cause of the arrival of the generals at Pilsen, and the appearance in the camp of the imperial commissioner Questenberg. The character of the serjeant-major soon develops itself. Solemn and formal, stiff as his own staff, filled with high ideas of his own dignity and that of his regiment, but with some grumblings at his services being passed over ; with a kind of half reverence for the Bible as well as the Order-Book, an aversion to the brawling, boasting and coarser licentiousness of the camp, he is no bad representative of the better class of Wallenstein's soldiery. This worthy and his noisy

coadjutor the trumpeter have already begun to perceive, from the appearance of things in the camp, that ominous events are approaching, and at once engage in a conjectural speculation as to the reasons which have induced Wallenstein to summon the generals to Pilsen. Their dialogue is interrupted first by a little knavish episode which takes place before their eyes, in which a knowing sharpshooter dexterously cozens a dull-headed Croat out of a pearl necklace—an exploit the profits of which the trumpeter shares, and at which the camp morality of the serjeant finds it convenient to wink; and then by the entrance of a gunner, two of Holk's Jaegers, and one of the camp sutler-women. Some of the party soon discover that they had been old acquaintances.

"FIRST JAEGER.

See! See!

Well met!—a jolly good company.

TRUMPETER.

What soldiers may those green coats be  
That strut so smug and so daintily?

SERJEANT.

They're of Holk's Dragoons; their lace I'll swear  
Was never paid for at Leipzig fair.

SUTLER-WOMAN (*bringing wine*).

Welcome, good sirs!

FIRST JAEGER.

Why, blood and thunder!

Gustaf of Blasewitz, or I wonder!—

SUTLER-WOMAN.

The same i'faith, and thou I know  
Art long-legged Peter of Itzeho,  
'The same who in one gay evening spent,  
In Gluckstadt town, with our regiment,  
All his father's yellow-boys, and then—

FIRST JAEGER.

Shouldered the rifle and dropt the pen.

SUTLER-WOMAN.

So, so! we are old acquaintance then!

FIRST JAEGER.

And to meet in Bohemia once again!

SUTLER-WOMAN.

Aye! here to-day, and to-morrow gone;  
As the stormy breath of war blows on,  
And sweeps and shakes us from place to place,  
I've wandered many a weary pace.

FIRST JAEGER.

Belike, old girl! 'Tis the fate of war.

## SUTLER-WOMAN.

I've been up as high as to Temeswar,  
 Where I jogged in the rear by the baggage car,  
 As we hunted Mansfeld fast and far.  
 Before Stralsund I pitched my tent  
 With the duke, where my trade to the devil went.  
 I marched with the succours to Mantua,  
 And back with the troops under FERIA;  
 Then met with a Spanish regiment,  
 And took by the way a short turn to Ghent;  
 And now to Pilsen I've wandered over,  
 In hope old debts I might yet recover,  
 If the duke would but lend a helping hand.  
 See, yonder is my market-stand."

After some inquiries on the part of the Jaeger, as to the mode in which the sutler-woman had disposed of one of her old lovers, she is called out by her niece to attend some of her noisy customers in the tent. After she goes out, the Jaeger is beginning to moralize on the transitory nature of beauty, though, as might be anticipated, he soon cuts short his meditations by administering to himself the sort of consolation he had generally found to be the best antidote against the cares of life.

## " FIRST JAEGER.

That girl is not so much amiss;  
 And that aunt of her's—I mind, by Jove,  
 When even the best of our regiment strove,  
 And fought for love of her handsome phiz!  
 Strange to think of the folks we've seen,  
 And how brief the time of their bloom has been,  
 And the ups and downs that must intervene!  
 [Turning to the serjeant and trumpeter.  
 Comrades, I drink your health—we'll take  
 A seat beside, if ye're nothing loth.

## SCENE VI.

THE TWO JAEGERs.—SERJEANT.—TRUMPETER.

## SERJEANT.

Thanks, brother; room we'll gladly make,  
 And welcome too, to Bohemia both!

## FIRST JAEGER.

Snug's the word in your quarters here;  
 With the foe, i'faith we had colder cheer.

## TRUMPETER.

Ye look not like it, ye're spruce enough.

SERJEANT.

Aye! aye! In Meissen and on the Saal,  
We hear strange stories of ye all.

SECOND JAEGER.

Poh! brother; nonsense all and stuff—  
The Croat had swept the field too clean;  
He left but stubble for us to glean.

TRUMPETER.

And yet this collar of pointed lace,  
And these hose that sit with so tight a grace,  
These linens fine, this cap and feather,  
Don't look so like starvation neither:  
These show like luck at least, I say—  
I wish such windfalls came our way.

SERJEANT.

But then we're the duke's own regiment,  
And honour and high respect may claim.

FIRST JAEGER.

For us that's no great compliment;  
We too, methinks, bear Friedland's name.

SERJEANT.

Aye, aye! Ye belong to the common mass.

FIRST JAEGER.

And are ye, forsooth, of a better class?  
The difference lies but in the coat,  
And mine's as good as your own, God wot.

SERJEANT.

You're much to be pitied; but then to be sure,  
You have lived all your days with the rascal boor.  
The fine conceit, the proper tone,  
Can be caught by the general's side alone.

FIRST JAEGER.

Much good your schooling seems to have done!  
Like him, to be sure, ye can spit and cough;  
In these to a hair ye have hit him off.  
But his spirit, his genius—these, I'm afraid,  
Are not to be caught on your guard-parade.

SECOND JAEGER.

By the Lord! ask for us wherever ye will,  
Friedland's Wild Hunt is our title still;  
And we shame not the name, for boldly we go  
Right through the country of friend and foe;  
Through the rising grain, through the ripened corn,  
Who knows not the blast of Holk's bugle-horn?  
In a moment far, in a moment near,  
Swift as the deluge we're there or here,



As the fire breaks out at the midnight deep,  
 In the silent houses when all men sleep :  
 No fight can save, and no flight avail,  
 Order and discipline both must fail.  
 Then strives in our arms the struggling maid,  
 In vain ; for war is a ruthless trade !  
 Ask where ye will, I tell but the truth,  
 In Voightland, Westphalia, or in Bayreuth,  
 Wherever our troopers have once rode through,  
 Their children, and children's children too,  
 When hundreds and hundreds of years are o'er,  
 Shall talk of Holk and his Jaeger corps.

SERJEANT.

Heyday ! Does the soldier's glory lie  
 In nothing but riot and revelry ?  
 'Tis promptitude makes him, address, and skill,  
 Clear eye, cool judgment and rapid will.

FIRST JAEGER.

'Tis liberty makes him—and that's enough—  
 That I should listen to hear such stuff !  
 For this did I run from the rod and the school,  
 To be tied to the oar like a slave and tool ?  
 Or 'scaped from the warehouse, the desk and the pen,  
 To meet my old plagues in the camp again ?  
 No ! I'd float with the stream, and idly stray,  
 And see something new upon each new day ;  
 To the whim of the moment I'd yield at once,  
 Nor backward, nor forward I'd cast a glance ;  
 'Twas for this to the Kaiser I sold my bacon,  
 So by him let the care of my hide be taken.  
 Order me on while the shot is pouring  
 Over the Rhine, deep, rapid, and roaring ;  
 Though every third man to the deuce is blown,  
 Without more ado I am up and on.  
 For this I'm his man ; but I beg, d'ye see,  
 That in all things else ye would leave me free.

SERJEANT.

Well ! well ! to be sure, if that's all your demand,  
 The business, I take it, is done to your hand.

FIRST JAEGER.

When I think what a fume and a fuss was made,  
 By that plague of a fellow, Gustavus the Swede !—  
 Why, his camp was a chapel, long pray'rs were said ;  
 At morning *reveillé*, and evening parade ;  
 And if on a frolic we chanced, by the powers !  
 He would hold forth himself from his saddle for hours.

SERJEANT.

Aye ! he was a man of a godly stamp !

FIRST JAEGER.

Not a wench to be seen in his saintly camp.  
If she came, slapdash to the church she must tramp—  
I could stand it no more—I was off in a trice.

SERJEANT.

Your Swede now-a-days is a thought less nice.

FIRST JAEGER.

So next to the League I rode quietly down,  
Who were mustering and marching for Magdeburg Town;  
There things were different as things could be,  
All went blithesome and merrily!  
Wine and wassail, women and play,  
By my faith but that was a jovial day!  
Old Tilly knew well how to manage the thing,  
He pinched his own carcase, but gave us our swing;  
And so long as he had not the piper to pay,  
Live and let live was his easy way.  
But at last his lucky days ran out,  
He never got over the Leipzig rout;  
His plans all foundered, his means were spent,  
And all to rack and to ruin went.  
Where we wandered, where we rapped,  
Friends looked frowning, doors were slapped.  
Scared and hunted from pillar to post,  
We found that our old respect was lost.  
So service I next with the Saxon took,  
Where the pay seemed to wear a more promising look—

SERJEANT.

And joined him just in the nick to touch  
Bohemia's plunder.

FIRST JAEGER.

No faith, not much!

Our hands were so tied, we had little to do,  
And durst not demean us like foemen true.  
We were plagued with the Emperor's castles to guard—  
We must stand upon trifles, and speak by the card;  
The war in our hands but a child's play was,  
So our hearts, ye may think, were but half in the cause:  
With none, forsooth, must we break outright;  
Small glory, in short—and the gain as light;  
So sick of the business at last I grew,  
I had like to have handled the quill anew,  
When all of a sudden what sound should come  
To my ear but the beat of the Friedlander's drum!

SERJEANT.

And how long will ye stick to your present post?

FIRST JAEGER.

Ye jest!—So long as *He* rules the roast—

No fear, old boy, I shall long to flee;  
 Where better than here could a soldier be?  
 For war's the star by which we steer,  
 And the cut of power is on all things here;  
 And the soul that life to the mass hath given  
 Bears on in its sweep, like the blast of heaven,  
 The meanest trooper in all our throng.  
 So with heart of grace I can step along,  
 And tread, like my betters, a burgher down,  
 As our general treads on the prince's crown.  
 Here all goes on as in days of old,  
 When the blade alone in the balance told;  
 We know but one crime that can't be forgiven,  
 And that's to murmur when orders are given.  
 What's not forbidden you're free to do,  
 And no man asks, Of what creed are you?  
 There are but two things in the world I wot,  
 What belongs to the army and what does not,  
 And I walk by the martial law alone.—

SERJEANT.

Aye! now you have it—I like your tone—  
 You speak like a trooper of Friedland's own.

FIRST JAEGER.

He bears not his baton as 'twere a trade,  
 A trust in his hand by the Emperor laid!  
 For him and his service when cared he a jot?  
 What gain at his hands hath the Emperor got?  
 The pow'r and the strength that he wields at command,  
 Has he used it to shelter and shield the land?  
 No, a soldier-kingdom is Friedland's game;  
 For this he would set the world in flame,  
 And burn down all that oppose his aim!

TRUMPETER.

Peace! who dare venture such words to mutter!

FIRST JAEGER.

Whate'er I think, I'll make free to utter:  
 The word is free—so the general says.

SERJEANT.

Why faith, that's true; 'twas his very phrase;  
 I was close beside him: 'The word is free,  
 The deed is dumb, obedience blind.'  
 Aye, these were the very words, you'll find.

FIRST JAEGER.

I wot not if these were the words that took place;  
 But that was his meaning—so stands the case.

SECOND JAEGER.

Good luck will never desert his side,  
 Though she frowns at times on the best beside.

Old Tilly outlived his fame at last.  
 But beneath the Friedlander's flag to be  
 Is as good as a promise of victory;  
 He has spell-bound fortune, she must stand fast.  
 We feel that we fight, when his banner's unfurled,  
 By the side of the powers of another world;  
 For friend and foeman have both found out,  
 That Friedland deals in a devilish way,  
 And keeps an imp of his own in pay.

SERJEANT.

Aye, Aye! he's charmed, that's past a doubt:  
 On the bloody day of the Leipzig rout,  
 Where the Swedish fire the fastest poured,  
 Calmly and coolly he rode about;  
 His hat through and through with balls was bored;  
 Through boots and jerkin the bullets flew,  
 I saw myself where the shot went through;  
 But pike nor bullet could ever get in,  
 Where the damnable salve had once greased his skin.

FIRST JAEGER.

What marvel next have we got to hear?  
 An elkskin jacket he wears—that's all  
 That guards his carcase from steel or ball.

SERJEANT.

Not so!—"Tis witches' ointment, solely  
 Cooked and kneaded with spells unholy.

TRUMPETER.

No doubt!—There's witchcraft in't, that's clear.

SERJEANT.

They say, too, he reads in planet and star  
 The things that are coming both near and far;  
 But *I* know better how things are done:  
 A little gray man, at the dead of night,  
 Through bolts and bars to his room glides on.  
 In vain have the centinels challenged this sprite;  
 And something of moment was sure to be near,  
 When little Gray-doublet was seen to appear.

SECOND JAEGER.

Aye, Aye, he's sold himself to Hell,  
 And that's the reason life wags so well."

This spirited and characteristic scene is next broken by the sudden entrance of a young recruit, a bottle of wine in his hand, a tin cap on his head, and his heart full of joy at the golden prospects of a military life. It is in vain that a citizen, who has followed him to the camp, endeavours to persuade him to return, by recalling to his recollection the situation of his old grandmother and his forsaken sweetheart; the soldiers, with brutal

jest, turn all his arguments into ridicule, and the recruit stands firm to his resolution. In the gaiety of his heart he sings the pleasures of the life in which he is about to enter.

"Drum and fife,  
And warlike chime;  
Wandering life,  
From clime to clime;  
With war horse to ride,  
Stout heart that can guide,  
Broad sabre beside,  
We hie far and wide;  
As light and as free  
As the finch in its glee.  
By thicket or tree,  
By sky and by sea,  
Huzza! by the Friedlander's banner I'll be."

The serjeant-major now advances, and reads him a lecture on the duties of his new situation; the importance of the character he has assumed; and the prospects which are open to the soldier who happens at the same time to be a favourite of fortune. This lecture is delivered with all due solemnity, though sometimes interrupted by the commentaries of the by-standers. We can afford room only for the commencement.

"SERJEANT (*advancing gravely and laying his hand on the Recruit's helmet.*)

You have weighed, I hope, what your're going to do;  
You have doffed the old Adam and put on the new.  
With the helm on your head, the blade on your flank,  
Henceforth you take place in a dignified rank,  
And a loftier spirit must study to bear.

FIRST JAEGER.

And of all things, comrade, your cash don't spare.

SERJEANT.

You have paid your passage in Fortune's ship,  
And the sails are spread for your future trip;  
The world's before you, to pick and to choose,  
If you play for its stakes you must venture to lose.  
Your cit jogs on, for better for worse,  
In the same dull round, like a dyer's horse;  
But the soldier has all things to hope, I trow,  
Where war is the watchword on earth as now!  
Look here at me,—in this coat I wear  
The Emperor's baton you see I bear;  
All government on earth, you know,  
From staff and baton forth must go;  
The sceptre itself, so majestic,  
What is't but a baton after all?

The man who can but once a corporal be,  
Has his foot on the ladder of sovereignty,  
And may mount step by step to its topmost height.

FIRST JAEGER.

Aye! provided he can but read and write."

The serjeant proceeds to enforce this lecture by the examples of Buttler, and of Wallenstein himself, one of whose early frolics at Altdorf is thus recounted with especial admiration by the Jaeger.

"He began with little and rose to great;  
At Altdorf, even in his student's gown,  
He bore himself, by your leave to say,  
In such a riotous, roystering way,  
In a trice he had knocked his *Famulus* down,  
And anger'd the Nuremberg gentry so,  
That will he,—nill he,—to jail he must go.  
The jail was new built, and the magistrates meant  
To give it its first inhabitant's name;  
So what did he do, but wisely sent  
His dog before him the honour to claim;  
And after the dog it's-called to this day,  
That looked like a humoursome fellow, I say;  
And of all the great deeds that our master has done,  
For fun and for frolic, I like this one."

In the course of this lecture, the entrance of the sutler-woman's niece has produced a squabble among the hot-headed dragoons, one of whom, presuming upon his prescriptive rights, has thought proper to resent some attentions which the Jaeger has paid to this toast of the camp. The dispute is scarcely composed by a general dance, in which all parties join, when the harmony of the scene is again interrupted by the sudden appearance of a new actor upon the scene, in the shape of a Capuchin, who pronounces a most strenuous invective against the proceeding in question, and against the general habits and conduct of the camp, seasoning his philippic with a peculiar condemnation of Wallenstein. The sermon which follows; the allusions to Wallenstein which it contains; the different ways in which they are received by the Croats, and by the other part of the auditory; are characteristic and important, as marking the feeling of the religious party towards Wallenstein, who had always been opposed to them, and their influence over the Croats and the ruder and more undisciplined members of this armed confederacy; while the discourse derives additional interest from the circumstance, that it is almost entirely an actual anthology from the writings of the Jesuit Abraham de Santa Clara. Many of its puns and quibbles, as all

our German readers must be aware, are quite untranslatable, literally at least; and we can only approximate to them.

*"Bag-pipers play a waltz, first slow and then quicker; the first Light Horseman dances with the Servant Girl; the Sutler-woman with the Recruit; the Girl runs off, the Light Horseman after her; and lays hold of a Capuchin Friar who is just entering."*

## CAPUCHIN.

Huzza! Halloo! and Dudeldumdey!  
 Rare doings these, and shall I be away?  
 Do you call yourselves Christians, when such are your works?  
 Are ye better than mere Anabaptists and Turks?  
 Do ye dare on the Sabbath to raise such a rout,  
 As if the Almighty had got the gout,  
 And to punish your wickedness couldn't look out?  
 Is this a time to swagger and shout?  
 To banquet, dance, and drink about?  
*Quid hic statis otiosi,*  
 Why do ye stand with your hands across ye?  
 When the Furies of war on the Danube are loose—  
 When Bavaria's bulwark is down at last,  
 And the Swede in his clutches holds Ratisbon fast—  
 Is it thus in Bohemia ye swill and snore,  
 Filling your bellies and nothing more?  
 You've been dreaming of bottles much more than of battles;  
 Clattering your gums much more than your guns.  
 Jigging and swigging is all your concern—  
 Ye snap up the oxen, but leave Oxenstiern.  
 And yet 'tis a time of tears and drought,  
 Signs and wonders in heaven are wrought;  
 And blood-red yonder, the clouds among,  
 The mantle of warfare is downward hung,  
 And the comet's tail, like a fiery rod,  
 From the windows of heaven looks frowning abroad;  
 Earth groans beneath the wrath of God.  
 The ark of the church is floating in blood.  
 The Romish empire draws fast to its tomb.  
 Rome will soon be in little room.  
 Our native Rhine runs blood, not wine;  
 For cloistering there's nought but roystering;  
 Our bishoprics and abbacies  
 Are shrunk, I ween, to very shabby sees;  
 From convent and from monast'ry  
 The nuns are fled, the monks are gone astray;  
 Where bells were tolling, and mass was chaunting,  
 There thieves are trolling, and robbers haunting!  
 And the German states, once so fair to see,  
 Are estates of sin and of misery!

Do ye ask me, whence all this proceeds?  
 It comes of *your* vices and *your* misdeeds;  
 Of the heathenish lives that ye lead in camp;  
 For master and men, ye are all of one stamp.  
 Sin's the magnet, at whose command  
 The iron's drawn into the land;  
 Where wrong is wrought there ruin's near,  
 As sure as the onion draws the tear:  
 After the U must come the V,  
 Such is the order in A, B, C.

*Ubi erit victoria spes,  
 Si offenditur Deus?* Can good come to pass  
 When thus ye turn tail on the priest and the mass,  
 And in pot-houses only ye shew your face?  
 The woman of whom the Scriptures speak,  
 She found the penny she went to seek;  
 Saul met with his father's asses anew,  
 And Joseph his worthy brethren too;  
 But he who thinks to meet in camps  
 With the fear of the Lord or common shame,  
 May seek long enough ere he find the same,  
 Though he poke about with a hundred lamps.  
 The soldiers were not so bad of old,  
 For by th' Evangelist we're told,  
 To the Baptist's sermon off they ran,  
 Confessed and were baptized to a man.  
*Quid faciemus nos?* Said they,  
 Into Abraham's bosom which is the way?  
*Et ait illis;* and what does he say?  
*Neminem conculcatis,*  
 No man shall ye roughly handle;  
*Neque calumniam faciatis,*  
 Nor deal in backbiting and scandal.  
*Contenti estote*—grumble not—  
*Stipendiis vestris*—at the pay you've got,  
 And let evil doings be sent to pot.

The law has said thou shalt not swear,  
 Nor take the name of the Lord in vain;  
 But where will ye light on such swearing again  
 As your own in Friedland's head-quarters here?  
 If for every thundering oath ye twang  
 So glib from the tip of your blasphemous tongue,  
 The bells in the steeples round were rung,  
 The bellmen all might as well go hang;  
 Or if that for every evil prayer,  
 That from your unwashed mouths ye vent,  
 A single hair from your heads were rent,  
 Ere night ye would show but a shaven crown,  
 Though your poll were as bushy as Absalom's own.



Joshua of old was a soldier too,  
 And King David, we know, his Philistine slew,  
 But where in the Scriptures, old or new,  
 Have ye read that they swore and blasphemed like you ?  
 Don't ye think, without straining your jaws, ye might try,  
 ' God save us ! ' instead of ' damnation ! ' to cry ;  
 But with what liquor the cask we fill,  
 With the same must it froth and run over still !

Again, it is written—Thou shalt not steal !  
 So neither we do,—ye may boldly say,  
 For ye rob and plunder in face of day.  
 With vulture claws, with wile or trick,  
 From the strongest coffer the gold ye pick ;  
 The calf is not safe the cow within,  
 Ye take the hen and the egg therein.  
*Contenti estote*, the preacher said,  
 Can't you do with your rations of army bread ?  
 But why must the servant bear the blame  
 Of the ills that from the master came ?  
 If the members are bad, the head's the same,  
 "Twould puzzle us all *his* religion to name."

The soldiers who have patiently submitted to his abuse while it was directed against themselves, take fire instantly at this allusion to Wallenstein, and a tumult ensues, one party threatening him with violence if he proceeds, the other urging him to continue his sermon. He resumes, with an allusion to Wallenstein's audacious boast at the siege of Stralsund, and to the weakness which made him turn pale at the crowing of a cock.

" A braggart Bamarbas in sooth,  
 Who would take all fortresses forsooth ;  
 And boasted, with ungodly mouth,  
 That Stralsund town should be his at last,  
 Tho' to heaven itself 'twere with chains made fast.

TRUMPETER.

Will no one stop his infernal bawl ?

CAPUCHIN.

A wizard I say, a conjuring Saul—  
 A Holofernes and Jehu abhorred ;  
 A Peter denying his Master and Lord,  
 And like him quite aback when he hears the cock crow !

BOTH JAEGERs.

Be off, Sir Priest, or your hour is come !

CAPUCHIN.

A fox as cunning as Herod I trow.

TRUMPETER AND BOTH JAEGERs.

Die, villain, at once, or else be dumb !

CROATS (*interfering*).

Fire away! Father, there's nothing to fear,  
Get on with your sermon and let us hear.

CAPUCHIN.

A Nebuchadnezzar himself for pride,  
A heretic rank and sinner beside;  
His name he tells us is Wallenstein,  
And truly he is to us all-a-stain,  
A stumbling-block of which all complain;  
And no peace can the Emperor hope to command,  
Till of Friedland himself he has freed the land."

(*He has been gradually retreating while pronouncing these last words, which he does in a louder voice, while the Croats keep off the other Soldiers.*)

Scarcely has the Capuchin retired, when a new uproar arises in this scene of tumult. The peasant, who had been introduced by the Uhlan into the tents, has been detected in the use of his false dice, and being seized in *flagrante delicto*, is about to be summarily hanged, as *Bonaparte* used to say, *pour encourager les autres*. From this scrape he is rescued by the interference of a cuirassier of Pappenheim's corps, the regiment which, after the fall of that general at Lutzen, had chosen young Piccolomini for their colonel on the field of battle; while the attention of the camp is further engaged by the unexpected and disagreeable intelligence, that eight thousand horse are about to be drafted off from their pleasant quarters at Pilsen to join the army of the Cardinal-Infant in the Netherlands.

"SUTLER WOMAN.

What, what! must it always be up and away?  
I came from thence but the other day.

SECOND CUIRASSIER (*to the Dragoon*).

You too; of Buttler's, must ride with the rest.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Send away the Walloons!

SUTLER WOMAN.

The pride of our crew!

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

And to march with that fellow from Milan too!

FIRST JAEGER.

With the Infant! It's more than flesh can endure.

SECOND JAEGER.

With a priest! that's the Devil and all to be sure!

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

So then from our Friedland they'd have us to part,  
Who loves of the soldier so much to make,

With the haughty Spaniard the field to take,  
The niggard, whom all of us hate at heart !  
I'm blown if I go—I'm for off at once.

TRUMPETER.

Why the Devil should we after Cardinals dance ?  
To the Emperor it was that we sold our bacon,  
And not to the Spanish red hat I reckon.

SECOND JAEGER.

On Friedland's word and credit I ween,  
My service I took in the trooper line ;  
Wer't not for love of our Wallenstein,  
This Ferdinand never our faces had seen.

FIRST DRAGOON.

'Tis Friedland that made us the men we are,  
We'll follow no guide but his fortune's star.

SERJEANT-MAJOR.

Give ear now, good people, and listen to me ;  
There's more in this matter than you seem to see ;  
I look through a stone rather farther than you,  
And it's plain they've an end of their own in view.

FIRST JAEGER.

Attention there ! Hark to the word of command !"

The serjeant now proceeds with due gravity, after clearing his brain with a glass of Melneck, to unfold to his auditors his suspicions that the object of the court in drafting off this force was gradually to weaken, and ultimately to break up the army entirely ; and his conviction that every thing would speedily go to ruin unless Wallenstein was supported by them with heart and hand. His oration is received with general applause, and almost all concur in resolving to stand or fall with Wallenstein and his fortunes. One Arquebusier, indeed, ventures to suggest that, after all, they are the Emperor's soldiers, not Wallenstein's, and that Wallenstein himself is but a subject as well as themselves ; but this heretical opinion is very speedily over-ruled ; and it is decided that the army must support its own dignity by refusing to obey the order for its march to Flanders. "The soldier," argues the first Cuirassier,

——— " must learn his own value to know,  
And hold his head high as a soldier ought,  
Or better the business he never had sought.  
If for life and death I must hazard the throw,  
I take leave to rate myself higher too ;  
Not like the vile Croat, who serves but for pay,  
And stands to be shot at for so much a day.

BOTH JAEGERS.

Aye ! honour is dearer than life, that's true.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

This sword of our's is no plough nor spade,  
T'were folly to delve with its iron blade;  
For us comes no seed-time, no harvests rise;  
Forlorn and homeless the soldier hies,  
Wandering over the face of the earth,  
Warming his hands at another man's hearth;  
From the stir and glitter of cities fair,  
From the mirth of the village he's doomed to roam,  
The vintage gathering—the harvest-home,  
He sees at a distance but may not share.  
No riches or gain can the soldier expect,  
Then what has he left him but self-respect;  
He must have something he calls his own,  
Or on rapine and murder at once he's thrown.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

Aye, aye! 'tis a wretched life, we must own!

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Not I—by my faith—I'd exchange it for none.  
Far and wide through the world I've been,  
And all in turn I have tried and seen;  
In Spain, in Naples, in Venice I've served,  
But though Fortune still bilked me of what I deserved,  
Though merchant and knight have past in review,  
Though I've looked on the craftsman and jesuit too,  
Of all the gay doublets I've chanced to see,  
There was none like my own steel coat to me.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

Well! in that now I can't exactly agree.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

The man that seeks in the world to rise  
Must bustle about him, and stir and poke,  
If he looks after honours and dignities  
He must bend his neck to the golden yoke!  
Would he enjoy a father's blessing—  
Children and grandchildren's caressing—  
Let him drive some honest trade in peace,  
I—I—had no mind for a life of ease.  
Free I would end as I have begun,  
Robbing no mortal, and heir to none;  
And smile, from the back of my nag, to see  
The coil and turmoil that is under me.

FIRST JAEGER.

Bravo! I'm of your opinion quite.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

So! to you then it seems quite proper and right  
To ride over other men's heads outright.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Comrade! the times are bad, d'ye see,  
 So the sword and the balance can't always agree;  
 But don't, I pray ye, mistake me so far,  
 As to think that I lean to the sword alone.  
 I'm just as humane as my neighbours in war—  
 Though I won't submit to be drummed upon.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

And who's to blame but the soldier, pray,  
 That the Boor is in such a woeful way?  
 This war, with its plagues and its wants severe,  
 Is wearing now to its sixteenth year.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Why, brother, the Lord above our head  
 Can't please all people at once, I'm afraid:  
 One prays for the sun of which others complain,  
 One bawls for dry weather, another for rain.  
 You see but want and misfortune there  
 Where life, to my thinking, lies bright and fair.  
 The Boor and the Burgher are suffering I know,  
 And sorry I am that it should be so;  
 But how can I help their mischance? for here  
 It's just the same as in charging the foe,  
 Our horses gallop, and on we go,  
 No matter who lies in our mid career;  
 He *may* be my brother—my own dear son,  
 My heart may break at his moaning cry,  
 But over his body I must ride on,  
 Nor stop even to lead him aside to die."

The resolution ultimately adopted by this council of war, is to draw up a memorial stating their determination to stand by Wallenstein, and their refusal to march to Flanders, which young Piccolomini is to deliver. "Aye, aye," says the second Jaeger,

" 'Twill do. Let's all agree

Piccolomini shall our spokesman be.

ALL.

Piccolomini shall our spokesman be.

SERJEANT-MAJOR.

A glass before ye go with me—  
 A health to Piccolomini.

SUTLER WOMAN (*serving it out*).

No scores for this!—I give it free,  
 And hope good luck to your plans to see.

CUIRASSIER.

The soldier shall sway!

BOTH JAEGER.

The peasant shall pay.

DRAGOONS AND RIFLEMEN.

Flourishing gay shall the army stand.

TRUMPETER AND SERJEANT-MAJOR.

And long shall Friedland the army command.

SECOND CUIRASSIER sings.

Arouse ye, brave comrades, to horse, and ride,

Ride on to the field and to freedom,

In the field is the worth of a man still tried,

True hearts must be sought when they need 'em ;

He can hope no aid from another's hand,

By himself alone he must fall or stand.

*(The Soldiers advance from the back ground during the Song and join in the Chorus.)*

DRAGOON.

Away from the world has fair liberty fled,

We meet but the master and mastered,

And falsehood and cunning are crowned instead

By the race of the knave and the dastard :

He who death in the face with a smile can view,

The soldier alone is the freeman true.

FIRST JAEGER.

The troubles of life he can cast aside,

Shake hands with all care and sorrow,

In the face of his fate he can boldly ride,

He meets him to-day—or to-morrow :

And if met to-morrow—why then to-day

Let him taste life's pleasures while yet he may.

*(The glasses are refilled :—and emptied.)*

SERJEANT-MAJOR.

From heaven itself comes his easy pay,

He needs not to toil or to strain for't—

The farmer he gropes in the ground away,

And delves in earth's bowels with pain for't ;

He delves and shovels till life is past,

And digs till he digs his own grave at last.

FIRST JAEGER.

The horseman and horse in bower and stall

Are guests that are seldom slighted,

When the lamps are bright in the bridal hall,

He comes to the feast uninvited ;

He woos not with gold, with vows, or sighs,

But by storm he carries away the prize.

SECOND CUIRASSIER.

Why weeps the fair maiden, why mourns she so ?

That her loyer hath left her behind him ?

What home on earth can the soldier know ?

What true love ere can bind him ?

His restless fate it hurries him on,

Ere his heart can fix he is here and gone.

## FIRST JAEGER.

*(Taking the two next him by the hand—the others do the like, and form a semicircle.)*

Then rouse ye, brave comrades! to horse and away,  
 Breathe free in the field, ye true-hearted!  
 Youth smiles around us, life sparkles gay,  
 Then drink ere its foam hath departed;  
 And he that startles at life or limb,  
 No prize in life's lottery was meant for him."  
*(Before the Chorus is concluded the curtain falls.)*

Such is the singular introduction by which Schiller has given us a key to Wallenstein's character, and prepared us to detect the fire and energy of that intellect which at first burns concealed under a covering of irresolution. M. Liadières has gone more simply to work. "Walstein peint tout entier, ambitieux, jaloux, inquiet, superstitieux, décidé dans ses paroles, incertain dans ses actions, incapable de prendre un parti, lorsqu'il a tout préparé pour le succès, serait-il un personnage dramatique?" And though he does not answer the question in words, he does in fact, by throwing aside the superstition, the irresolution, even the ambition and jealousy of the character; furnishing him with new motives for his treason, surrounding him with other domestic influences, and thus, as he seems to think, strongly heightening the interest of situation and the dramatic effect of the piece. This is a notion which could have occurred to none but a Frenchman.

Schiller presents Wallenstein to us as a being of vast intellect, obscured only by the superstition which was the characteristic of the age; of passions naturally violent, but controulled and rendered subservient to his ambition by a stern judgment; a deep student of mankind, familiar with every aspect of danger, and self-relying in all; in whose heart the domestic affections, though banished as it were into a corner, still live on clear and constant; whose trusting friendship is credulity itself; whose heart is still influenced by the memory of old attachments. The man so constituted is placed under circumstances of peculiar difficulty. Warned by his former fall, he has, without actually intending to be a traitor, been extending for his own security the web of his intrigues in all directions. But a double evil has thus been done; the suspicions of his enemies have been increased, the integrity of his own conscience has been sullied; for though his hands are yet clean, the thought of treason has gradually become less fearful to his mind; it begins to haunt him against his will; he has rashly called up a spirit, and it will not depart from him, but floats before him, daily more distinct, and beckons him onward with more earnest and seductive gestures.

At last the discovery of his intrigues drives him to the step which is the crisis of his fate. Return is no longer open to him; his own acts rise up like a wall behind him to cut off his retreat. The deed which had haunted his thoughts so long, but only as a dim and remote possibility, is now to be *done*, or he sinks into nothingness and ruin. But how dreary is the forward prospect? Like the criminal journeying towards the Upas, an irreversible sentence urges him on, but he recoils at the waste through which he must pass, and sickens by anticipation at the gales which are soon to blow upon him from the poison-tree. For now he is entering on an untrodden field. He had braved the laws of the Empire and the rights of his fellow-subjects with impunity; for conscience easily reconciles herself to political delinquencies. But the private ties that bind man to man are sacred and immutable, distinctly written on his heart, and fenced by holy fears; and he knows that an unerring instinct prompts each human being to visit with aversion every outrage offered to them. Yet he is now to turn his arms against his Emperor, his benefactor; to contend against the majesty of power consecrated by possession; to fight against all which habit and education have rendered sacred in the eyes of the people. Already in the melancholy appeal of Max he has heard the feelings of reprobation with which his crime must be viewed by every noble mind; and a fearful looking for of judgment here and hereafter weighs him down. Every better feeling rises up in arms against his design, and seems to wave him back, as with a flaming sword, from the precincts of the sanctuary he is about to violate.

Is it wonderful then that he wavers and falters; that he sees the inevitable gulf before him, but struggles at every step of his progress? Is there no theatrical effect in these shiftings and waverings; no moral lesson to be drawn from this paralysis of a great mind under the influence of conscience?

Yet of this source of deep interest M. Liadières has entirely deprived himself. *His* Wallenstein does not waver, for the thought of treason has never occurred to him. When prompted to it by his followers and friends, he repels the proposition with indignation. He is merely the injured general who submits with tranquil dignity to the unjust commands of the Emperor. How then, the reader may ask, does he ultimately yield to the temptation? He is influenced partly by the ambition of his wife, and partly by a supposed insult offered to his family at court. Both these motives are absurd. To suppose Wallenstein influenced by any other ambition than his own, or acting merely to gratify the vanity of his wife, is to suppose him no longer Wallenstein. The other motive, too, derived from his supposed indignation at



the insult to his wife is most infelicitously introduced. Schiller, in his *Piccolomini*, had introduced a conversation between Wallenstein and the duchess, on her return from court, as to her reception, which the duchess describes as respectful, but cold, formal, and chilling even its kindness. This cold respect and freezing kindness suit with the character of Ferdinand's policy and of his court; but M. Liadières unaccountably represents him as receiving the duchess with insulting laughter and bitter taunts.

"Au milieu de la foule obscure, délaissée,  
Seule avec mon enfant, dont les yeux tout en larmes  
A d'avidés regards dévoilaient nos douleurs,  
Je voyais l'Empereur et sa cour inhumaine  
Par des rires bruyans insulter à ma peine, &c."

This improbable and ill-managed incident is made the main-spring of Wallenstein's revolt. He who had resisted every other consideration, yields to this at once.

"Reine, séchez vos larmes  
Vos vœux sont accomplis—plus de cris, de murmures.

• • • • •  
Dans ma tente en secret vous pouvez introduire  
L'envoyé Suédois."

If the general conception of Wallenstein's character is so feeble, and his motives to revolt so improbable, M. Liadières has shown still less judgment in the management of his catastrophe, which is as poor an attempt at a coup-de-théâtre as we ever recollect to have met with. Every reader of Schiller must recollect the overpowering effect produced by the fifth act of the *Death of Wallenstein*, where Wallenstein, deserted by his army and followed only by Buttler, who like an evil spirit clings to his side, takes refuge in Egra; the scene with the countess, in which the recollection of *Piccolomini* comes suddenly across his mind as he gazes forth on the tempestuous night, and he wishes like him to be at rest.

"He is the happy one. His course is run.  
For him there is no future more. His life  
Lies foldless all and clear before his eye,  
No spot lurks darkly still: no hour for him  
With evil-boding stroke can knell again."

Then the presentiments of the countess; the recollection of the fate of Henry IV.; the snapping of the chain which had been the first gift of the Emperor in the war of Friuli; and the calm confidence with which, overmastering the depression pro-

duced by these omens, he retires to that rest from which he is destined never to awake; altogether form a conclusion hardly equalled, certainly not excelled, within the compass of the drama.

The whole of this M. Liadières throws aside. Superstition will not do with the French stage, and all those allusions to the more mysterious influences of our nature, which to minds of sensibility are so striking and effective, must be scrupulously avoided. But M. Liadières goes farther. According to his emendation, the death of Wallenstein is after all owing to a mere accident! Buttler, who had instructed two murderers to despatch him, is melted by the expressions of regret which Wallenstein pours out for having injured him; he confesses his intentions; he runs out to countermand his orders. But Albert, (the Piccolomini of the piece,) to whom it seems he had avowed his intention of murdering his general, meets and kills him before his errand is accomplished; and Wallenstein, going out, is assassinated by the murderers, who know not that Buttler had changed his mind. In every way this is preposterous; the reasons which Wallenstein assigns for his conduct are absurd; the supposition that Buttler should disclose his intention to Albert not less so. Or if he acquainted him with his resolution before, why did he not when they met a second time communicate the change which had taken place? And even if all this had been more natural, the idea of so wantonly complicating the play with a mistake of this kind seems unaccountable.

But if M. Liadières has made sad havoc with the finer features of Wallenstein's character, he has still more effectually destroyed the dramatic illusion resulting from the episode of Max and Thekla, whose sad story runs like a bright thread of silver tissue through this black web of ambition, selfishness, and treachery. Thekla, in the hands of M. Liadières, is a poor timid, commonplace French girl; who neither acts nor thinks in the course of the piece; who is introduced from the first as the intended bride of Albert, and who, to the last, knows nothing of the fatal events which have occurred to interrupt her happiness. Nay, we think it highly probable that a very pleasant arrangement is made after all; for both of them are alive and well at the end of the piece; neither of them, it would seem, blessed with any very romantic delicacy of feeling; and probably, like Chimène, Thekla contrives to reconcile matters very comfortably with the son of the man who had been directly the occasion of her father's fall, and remotely of his murder. Schiller's Max, driven forth by duty from all he holds dear, rushes into the field, and finds the death he seeks; Albert's emotions are more *selon les règles*. His father acquaints him that he is promoted.

*Albert.* Walstein fût mon idole, et l'Empereur m'excuse,  
 Il me comble d'honneurs, et moi—je les refuse.  
 Oui ! tous ces vains honneurs sont pour moi sans attraits—  
 Et vous pouvez à Vienne—apporter mes regrets !

What a sacrifice !

How differently has Schiller conceived the character and fates of these two hapless beings, whose destinies are bound up in those of the interested and savage beings around them—who walk among them, but are not of them—and seem to us, from the first, inhabitants of another world, who must soon re-ascend to that heaven from which they had their birth !

M. Constant has so beautifully and truly expressed the views of Schiller on this point in a late essay on the subject of his own imitation of Wallenstein, that we cannot resist the temptation of substituting some portions of his masterly analysis of the character in place of any observations of our own.\*

"The admiration with which the character of Thekla is viewed in Germany, is connected with their manner of considering love, which is very different from our own. We look upon it only as a passion, of the same nature as others; whose effect is to mislead our reason; whose end is to procure enjoyment. The Germans perceive in it something of a religious and sacred character; an emanation of the divinity—an accomplishment of the destiny of man upon earth, a mysterious and omnipotent bond between two souls that exist only for each other. Under the first point of view, love is common to man and to the animals; under the second, it is common to man and to God.

"Hence it follows, that many things which appear to us unsuitable, because we perceive in them merely the effects of a passion, are in the eyes of the Germans legitimate and even respectable, because they recognise in them the operation of a celestial sentiment.

"Where love is but a passion, as in the French stage, it can interest only by its violence and its delirium. The transports of the senses, the ravings of jealousy, the struggle between desire and remorse; these constitute tragic love in France. But when love is, on the contrary, as in the German poetry, a ray of divine light, sent to warm and purify the heart, it combines force with calmness; from the moment it appears, we see that it rules over all that surrounds it. It may have to contend with *circumstances*, but not with *duties*; for it is itself the first of duties, and the guarantee for the fulfilment of others. It cannot lead to guilt, it cannot descend to crime, or even to stratagem; for thus it would bely its nature, and cease to be itself. It cannot yield to obstacles; it cannot be extinguished; for its essence is immortal; it can return only into the bosom of its Creator.

"It is thus that Thekla is represented in Schiller's play. She is no common-place girl, divided between attachment for a young man and

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\* *Mélanges de Littérature et de Politique.* Par Benj. Constant, p. 286.

submission to her father; disguising or repressing the feeling by which she is ruled, until she has obtained the consent of him who has the right of disposing of her hand; terrified at the obstacles which threaten her happiness; experiencing herself, and impressing the spectator with a feeling of uncertainty as to the result of her love, and the line of conduct she will adopt if her hopes are deceived. Thekla is a being elevated above our common nature, to whom love has become existence, whose destiny it has fixed. She is calm, because her resolution is impregnable; confident, because she cannot be deceived in the heart of her lover; solemn, for she feels that what is done is irrevocable; open, because love is not to her a part of life, but life itself. Thekla, in Schiller's play, is upon a totally different plan from the other personages of the piece. She is a kind of aerial being, floating amidst the crowd of ambitious beings, traitors, and savage warriors, who are impelled against each other by ardent and positive interests."

M. Constant goes on to express his regret, that he had not boldly ventured to transfer the character of Thekla, in all its parts, to the French stage; and seems to say, that if his imitation of Wallenstein were now to be recomposed, it would be on a very different plan from the former.

But we must really come to a close. We did intend at first to exhibit some parallel passages, where M. Liadières has more immediately imitated or translated from Schiller; but in kindness to himself we shall not. For invariably, if there be a brilliant poetical image or masterly expression in Schiller, it evaporates in his hands. His mind seems to be a sort of filtering-machine; throw into it any given quantity of poetry; let it be stamped with all the strength of a great mind, and warm with all the glow of fancy; and he shall reproduce it in half an hour from his own slender scrannel pipe, "weak as water and cool as a zephyr."

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ART. III.—*Itinéraire Descriptif de l'Espagne; troisième édition, revue, corrigée, et considérablement augmentée*, par M. le Comte de Laborde. 6 tom. 8vo. avec un atlas in 4to. Paris. 1827—1829.

THIS is an improved and enlarged edition of a valuable work. It is not, however, our intention to enter upon any examination of a publication so well known, or to compare the present edition with those by which it has been preceded. We merely use its title in order to give us an opportunity of laying before our reader some new, and, as we think, instructive details with respect to the present situation of the Spanish people. It is singular, indeed, how little is known in this country of the state of industry, arts, and manufactures in the Peninsula. Most of the works that have appeared of late years on Spanish affairs have been

almost entirely filled with accounts of manners and customs, or with political speculations, that have already ceased to excite the least interest. We have indeed one admirable work on Spain—the *Travels* of the Rev. Joseph Townsend—a work that will bear an advantageous comparison with any work of a similar description either in the English or any other language. But Mr. Townsend visited Spain so long ago as 1786 and 1787; and, considering the extraordinary events of which she has since been the theatre, it is obvious that many very material changes must have taken place in the industry and condition of the inhabitants. We therefore think we shall be doing an acceptable service to our readers, by laying before them the substance of information that has been communicated to us by an English gentleman, just returned from Spain, who has travelled all over the country, whose pursuits brought him into contact with the best-informed persons, and on whose candour and veracity every reliance may be placed; supplying at the same time a few details derived from official documents, and recent Spanish works not much known in this country. We shall confine our remarks to those subjects which seem to be of the greatest importance, and most clearly indicate the condition of the people. We begin with

I. *State of Agriculture—Condition of the Agriculturists.*—The greater part of the land of Spain belongs to the nobility, the church, and towns or corporate bodies. The destructive influence of this vast accumulation of property in a few hands, and of the inalienable tenures under which it is principally held, have been forcibly described by Mr. Townsend, (vol. ii. p. 237,) and by Jovellanos in his invaluable *Memoir on the Advancement of Agriculture*, drawn up in 1795. Throughout the principal part of the country agriculture is in the most wretched state imaginable. None, or next to none, of the lands in Leon, Castile, Estremadura, and Andalusia, are inclosed; a circumstance which may be ascribed partly to the carelessness and ignorance of the proprietors, partly to the poverty of the occupiers, and partly and principally, perhaps, to the destructive privilege enjoyed by the proprietors of the great sheep-flocks, of driving them from the provinces in the north to those in the south for winter pasture. The *mesta*, or code of laws with respect to the migration of the flocks, is assuredly one of the most oppressive and ruinous that has ever been devised. Inclosures have been prohibited, that the migration of the flocks might not be interrupted; in some provinces it was even forbidden to convert any pasture land into tillage; and it was only so late as 1788 that individuals occupying lands in the track of the flocks, were authorized to inclose kitchen gardens, and grounds appropriated to the culture of vines

and seeds. Estremadura has suffered particularly from this scourge.\*

Farms throughout Spain are small, with hardly an exception, and the farmers are in a state of unexampled misery. Notwithstanding the lowness of rents, and the cheapness of living,—for they generally live worse than the labourers in the towns,—they are unable to make the smallest advances on account of their farming operations, and are obliged to raise whatever funds they require by mortgaging their crops. This is not only true of tillage farmers, but also of the growers of oil and wine, who frequently cede the anticipated produce of their lands for less than three-fourths of its value. Farm-houses are rarely seen, except along the east coast. The farmers live in huts of the meanest construction, crowded together in villages, so that farm buildings, often so expensive in other countries, cost almost nothing. The operations of treading (thrashing) and cleaning the corn, are performed in the open air, and the grain is left in heaps in the field until it can be sold. The corn speculators and proprietors of Castile have caves (*silos*) dug in the rock or the earth, in which the grain is preserved until a market opens for it; being often kept in this way for five or six years without much loss. The implements used in husbandry are of the rudest description, especially in Old Castile and Leon, where the soil is sandy and easily cultivated. In Andalusia and along the coast of the Mediterranean, where the soil is more tenacious, implements of a better description are in use, but they are still very rude indeed, compared to those employed in Britain. The use of *fanegars* is nowhere known in the country; but they have been imported from England into a few of the sea-port towns, whence corn is occasionally shipped.

Land is not supposed to yield the proprietors more than from  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 per cent. It is exceedingly difficult to estimate the rent of land by the English acre, from the great uncertainty and irregularity of the measures. The term *fanega* or *fanegada*, is used to indicate the extent of arable land on which a fanega, or 90lbs. of wheat may be sown—an extent which varies, not only in every province, but in almost every village. The law, indeed, fixes the fanegada at 576 square *estadales*, and the *estadal* at 12 square feet (Spanish,) but the *estadal* varies from  $5\frac{1}{2}$  to 15 feet, and the fanega from 100 to 625 square *estadales*. The *aranzada* is also a measure used for estimating vine and olive lands. It is fixed at 400 square *estadales*, but varies from 300 to 600. In some provinces it is estimated by the number of vine or olive plants, but this valuation is not more regular than the others, varying from 60 to 500 plants. The traveller tries in vain to find a

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\* Minano, Diccionario Geografico, &c. tome iv. p. 102.

rule by which he may compare the Spanish measures, practically in use, with the English acre. There are no books capable of guiding him, and the best-informed Spaniards can give no satisfactory information on the subject. In Old Castile three aranzadas of vine lands pay, on an average, a rent of 1 fanega of wheat; and wheat lands pay from 1 to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  fanegas the fanegada. The average value of a fanega of wheat is 3s. 6d. Three aranzadas yield in good years about 72 gallons (Imperial) of wine, worth 40s. or 50s.

The tenant pays tithe, *primicias*, *frutos-civiles*, &c., and when these are deducted, he has little more than half the produce left to pay rent and labour, and support his family. Government, in order to encourage proprietors to cultivate their own lands, relinquish the *frutos-civiles*, or tax of 6 per cent. of the produce, on such estates as are farmed by the owner. In Biscay estates are more divided, and the provincial government grants a portion of the reserved land to every applicant, on condition of his building a house, and cultivating a certain part of it. The rich irrigated lands round Granada, Murcia, and Valencia, are let in very small portions, seldom exceeding 10 acres, but often not more than one or two. They yield two, three, and even four crops in the year, principally vegetables, maize, and red pepper; and are far more valuable than the corn lands of Andalusia and Castile. The fanegada lets, according to circumstances, at from 12s. to 24s.

There are very few territorial families in Spain distinguished by their wealth. Even the great land-owners, such as the Dukes of Medina-Celi, Alba, Altamira, Ossuna, Montellano, Frias, Benavente, Del Infantado, San Carlos, &c. whose rentals are said to amount to from 500,000 to a million of dollars, are mostly all embarrassed. The custom of the country compels them not only to keep up numerous establishments, but to support all the domestics of their deceased relations, in addition to an army of their own; at the same time that it prevents them from employing them in the cultivation or improvement of their estates. Thus their revenues are wasted without any public advantage, and contribute only to spread a taste for idleness.

It may readily be supposed, from the preceding statements, that the farmers have neither the means nor the enterprise required to undertake an improved system of husbandry; and though they had both, the want of a market for their produce, or of a motive to attempt improvements, would hinder them from being made. In the greater part of Spain the produce of the soil, even with the slovenly culture applied to it, is more than sufficient for the demands of the people. Canals for irrigation are more wanted than any thing else; but such is the general apathy and poverty,

that no advance is made in the execution of useful projects of this sort planned long ago, and recommended by several successive governments. The only agricultural improvements worthy of notice have taken place in the provinces of Biscay, Navarre and Arragon; each of which has its own separate administration and laws, and where, consequently, the oppressiveness of the government is less felt. The public charges in these provinces are also much lighter; the Arragonese have long refused to pay full tithes, giving only a portion equal to  $\frac{1}{20}$  or  $\frac{1}{30}$  of the produce. Agriculture has made very great advances in the Biscay provinces during the last six or seven years. Before that period, they drew more than half their supply of corn from Castile; but now (1828) their production very nearly, if not entirely, equals their consumption. With the exception of the plain of Vitoria, there is not perhaps another plain of a league in extent in the whole province; hence their system of husbandry is only fit for a mountainous country. The plough is but little used, the greater part of the work being done by the hoe and spade. Every inch of arable ground in the vicinity of the roads seems to be carefully laboured. The produce is rye, maize, wheat, barley, and oats. In good years Navarre exports a small portion of its produce. In the plains of Leon, Castile, and Andalusia, agriculture is almost entirely confined to the growth of wheat. There is no rotation of crops. The wheat is sown at the commencement of the rains, after a slight ploughing. On the banks of some of the rivers, in low lands and round villages where the wells are good, beans and other vegetables are cultivated, and occasionally maize. The latter, however, requires too much water to succeed well in Castile. It is a rare circumstance to find even a single hovel between the farm villages, which in Castile are from one to two leagues asunder; but in Andalusia the traveller frequently passes over from 10 to 20 miles without seeing either. The most careful cultivation is to be found in the *huertas* of Granada, Murcia, and Valencia. Their extent is considerable; and the waters of the Xenil, the Segura, and the Xucar, rarely fail of affording a sufficient supply for their irrigation. These are, therefore, justly looked upon as the gardens of Spain and produce not only every variety of fruits, but every kind of vegetable and plant useful either as food, or as material for manufactures. The mild red pepper, cultivated in the *huerta* of Murcia, is celebrated over all Spain, and forms a very considerable article of trade with the interior. Rice is the chief produce of the *huerta* of Valencia. Mulberries are extensively cultivated in them both.

There are several societies in Spain, assuming the title of "Friends of the Country," for the encouragement of agriculture



and the arts; most of them were founded in the reign of Charles III. and were warmly patronized by Campomanes, the most enlightened minister of whom Spain has to boast, and by Count Florida Blanca. Hitherto, however, they seem to have rendered but little service, if we except that of Madrid, to whose exertions the publication of the famous Memoir of Jovellanos (*Reforme de la ley Agraria*) is principally to be ascribed.

II. *Foreign Corn Trade—Obstacles to the transport of Grain from the interior to the coast.*—In 1820 grain and flour were both allowed to be freely exported, and in 1823 this privilege was extended to all productions, (*frutos*) the growth of the soil. There is in fact, no obstacle whatever, except the expense of carriage, to the conveyance of corn from the interior. The usual difficulties attendant on the transport of other merchandize are diminished in the case of corn by the establishment in most districts of *positos*,\* or public granaries, where it may be placed until it can be disposed of, or forwarded to its destination, without paying the municipal duties of the towns. But in order better to understand the corn trade of Spain, it may not be amiss to take a short survey of the different provinces. In the north we have Galicia, Asturias, part of Leon, Santander, the Biscay provinces, and the kingdom of Navarre, which, taken one with another, hardly produce corn sufficient for their own consumption. Arragon produces more than it consumes; but the corn district being in the centre of that kingdom, the canal of the Ebro enables the produce to be conveyed with so much facility to Catalonia, that the price is generally high. The northern and southern divisions of Arragon are mountainous, and import corn. Catalonia does not in deficient years produce a supply for more than half its population. The kingdom of Valencia exports rice; but both that and Murcia import wheat. Of the central provinces, Cuença and Guadalaxara are greatly deficient, and Soria, Segovia, Avila, and Madrid, may be reckoned as producing less than their consumption. La Mancha produces an excess in favourable seasons only, and the kingdoms of Granada and Jaen do not produce, at an average, corn equal to the wants of their inhabitants. Thus we have only a part of Old Castile and Leon, Estremadura, the western part of Andalusia, and the province of Toledo, left to furnish an extra supply to make up the deficiencies of the other parts of Spain, and to answer the demands of foreign countries. Prices in different districts vary according to their productiveness,

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\* These *positos* or granaries were originally established during the reign of Charles III. and were intended to serve as depôts in which the farmers were obliged to place a certain quantity of grain as a reserve against seasons of scarcity. Previously to the French invasion there were above 5000 of these establishments dispersed in different parts of the country. When a scarcity occurred, the corn in the *positos* was sold at a reduced price, and the money given to the farmers.

and proximity to markets. With the exception of Catalonia, Valencia, and Murcia, corn is conveyed on the backs of mules and asses, or in small carts drawn by oxen. The provinces now mentioned import the greater part of their supplies by sea, being too distant from the exporting provinces to admit of importation in the ordinary way. The difference of price ought, one should think, to be in proportion to the distance, and the difficulty of the road. It may be remarked, however, that the quality of wheat varies so greatly, that in some markets it is quoted on the same day at 18s. and 34s. a quarter. This circumstance renders it impossible to trace the effect of contiguity to market in the monthly quotations of prices given in the Madrid Gazette. The rate of carriage is also subject to perpetual change from the greater or lesser quantity of goods, and the prospect of a return load. Under ordinary circumstances, it may be calculated at from 7s. to 9s. an English quarter, for a distance of 25 leagues, or 100 English miles. Seville is almost the only shipping port for the exportation of the surplus produce of the kingdoms of Seville, Cordova, and Estremadura. Cordova, however, yields but little. It is from the country south and east of Seville, that the finest grain is procured; and were these immense and fruitful plains properly cultivated, the produce might supply all Spain. But the population is so scanty, and possesses so little industry, that the price of wheat is there generally above the average of the other agricultural districts. In proportion as prices advance at Seville, supplies come from a greater distance, from the plains of Badajos, and even from Truxillo and Caceres. Estremadura occasionally finds an outlet for its surplus produce in Portugal, the price of wheat being usually much higher in that country; but its free introduction is prevented.

The kingdoms of Old Castile and Leon are justly considered the granaries of Spain. They have their outlets in the north by various ports from Gijon to St. Sebastian, the principal being Santander and Bilbao. The provinces of Burgos and Palencia are the nearest points from which these ports get any considerable supply; the distance being from 130 to 140 English miles from each. The elevated and rich *campos*, which extend from Logrôno to Burgos, and thence on each side of the Arlanza and Pisuerga, and along the Canrion and numerous other streams which water the provinces of Palencia, Valladolid and Zamora, yield immense quantities of wheat; and farther to the west and on the south side of the Douro, the provinces of Toro and Salamanca may be considered as forming a portion of the richest wheat-country in Spain, or perhaps in the world. The crop is often so abundant for a series of years, that the produce of the fields at a distance from the villages, is sometimes

allowed to rot on the ground, the expense of conveying it home being considered beyond its value! It was calculated, that the accumulated surplus of four or five successive years of good crops in the *silos* and granaries of these plains, amounted at the close of the harvest of last year (1828) to 6 millions of fanegas, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  million Winchester quarters. The ordinary cost of carriage does not exceed that already mentioned, viz. 7s. or 8s. a quarter for every 100 miles, but the means of transport are so defective and badly organized, that when any extraordinary demand for exportation takes place, the rates advance enormously. Thus in September, 1828, the usual price was 7s. or 8s., but in consequence of extensive demands from England and France, it rose two months after to 14s. and 16s. per quarter.

The roads from Medina del Campo and Rio Seco, Valladolid, &c. to the ports are pretty good, but from Salamanca and Zamora they are hardly practicable for loaded carts. The ox-carts carry each from 30 to 32 fanegas, or  $6\frac{1}{2}$  quarters, a stout mule  $2\frac{1}{2}$  fanegas, or half a quarter. There are a few wag-gons employed, which carry from 90 to 100 fanegas, (18 or 20 quarters) but their number is inconsiderable. Taking Burgos and Palencia as the two central points whence the shipping ports have to draw their supplies, the average distance is about 135 English miles. In order to deliver 100,000 quarters monthly in these ports, 5000 carts, with two oxen each, would be required; making the journey in  $8\frac{1}{2}$  working days, including all delays for loading, discharging, and weighing, as well as for repairs, (the carts having wooden wheels only, and subject to continual accidents) at six quarters each - - - 90,000  
and 5000 mules making four journies per month,  
with half a quarter each - - - - - 10,000

Total per month 100,000

To keep Palencia and Burgos constantly supplied, at least an equal number of carts and mules would be necessary to bring the grain from the more distant places; and it may well be questioned whether such a number of carts, oxen, and mules, could be procured in the whole of the adjoining provinces, even allowing that every other kind of commerce were abandoned for the time. Perhaps, by a very great effort, 50,000 or 60,000 quarters might be delivered monthly in the ports of Gijon, Bilbao, and Santander; but when we allow for the carriers required to conduct the other business of the country, it will be seen that even this would demand more exertion than could under ordinary circumstances be accomplished. And in confirmation of what has now been stated, it may be mentioned, that during last January,

when the greatest activity prevailed in the conveyance of wheat on account of the exports to England, about 3000 fanegas were daily delivered in Bilbao from the interior, being at the rate of about 18,000 quarters a month, working on Sundays.

We subjoin an account of the prices of the various sorts of corn, and of wine, and oil, for the year ending with August, 1828, deduced from the official returns published in the Madrid Gazette.

Table of the average prices of Corn,\* &c. in the various Provinces of Spain, during the year from Sept. 1827 to Sept. 1828.

		AVERAGE PRICES IN EACH PROVINCE FOR THE WHOLE YEAR.									
PROVINCES.		Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Rye.	Maize.	Rice.	Gar- banzas.	Wine.	Oil.	
MARITIME.	North.	Guipuscoa .....	35½			28					
		Biscay .....	38	19½		24½	31			15	48
		Santander .....	32½				23½		102	18	34½
		Gallicia .....	40	27		22	32½			14½	42½
	South.	Seville .....	39½	15	11	19½	30		68	20	23
		Cadiz .....	40	19½			37½		72½	25	23
	East.	Malaga .....	36½	17½			26½	22	77	14	23
		Valencia .....	43½	17		27	27½	22½	102	11	41
	North.	Catalonia .....	53½	20½	23	31	27½	25	68	14	31
		Aragon .....	34½	14	9	34	14½	32½	104	8	31
		Navarre .....	29	16½	15	14½	23½		80	6	39
		Avila .....	30½	12½	9		27½			18	45
		Soria .....	26½	13½		13			80	17	44
		Burgos .....	24½	11	7½	10			98	22	44
Valladolid .....		21	8½	5	10			109	9		
Salamanca .....		18	9½	6	12½			94		40	
INLAND.	Centre.	Estremadura .....	19	11		11½		74	29	34	
		Toledo .....	19	9½		10			70	14	25
		La Mancha .....	34	8½		16				22	
		Cordova .....	28½	14½					60	17	19
	South.	Jaen .....	22	10		19			47	14	19
		Granada .....	32	17			20			20	24
	Monthly average for all Spain .....		32	14	11½	18½	26½	25½	86	16	33
	Monthly average in the Mari- time Provinces of the		North	36½	24		23	29½		15½	43
			South	38½	17		19½	31	22	66	19
			East	48½	19	23½	29½	25½	24	96	13
Average of Maritime Provinces .....		41	20	22	26	29	23½	86	15	34	
Monthly average in the Inland		North	26	14	10	13	24	33	96	14½	
Provinces of the		South	28	9		14			14	27	
		Centre	27	13½		20		60	17	24	
Average of Inland Provinces .....		27	12	10	13½	23	33	88	16	32	

\* This table is made up from notices published monthly in the Madrid Gazette, but the prices cannot be considered as accurate. Each province makes the return in the weights,

The *Arrieros*, (carriers, or muleteers,) have long been accustomed to travel only on certain roads, and hardly any reward will tempt them to go out of their beat. On this account corn from the interior has usually to be loaded and unloaded three or four times before it reaches its destination. The honesty of the carriers and muleteers is put to the proof every day, and it is but justice to say, that goods entrusted to them are very rarely lost; though between distant places packages frequently pass through the hands of six or eight different carriers, without any receipt or road bill. The carriers are also the travelling merchants of the country, supplying the markets of the interior with every kind of produce in demand. In Spain there are no extensive corn merchants as in England and other countries, whose operations, being conducted on a large scale, tend to equalize prices throughout the country, and from one season to another. The *Arrieros* engross this branch of commerce, contenting themselves with a moderate remuneration for the mules and servants employed. The merchants in the seaports speculate only on exportation to other countries, rarely on sales in the interior. The *Arrieros*, with their servants and families, living entirely by this petty traffic and the conveyance of goods, form a very large proportion of the entire population.

III. *State of the Roads—Provision for their repair and construction—Canals.*—The *caminos reales*, or king's highways, are not numerous in Spain, nor are they all kept in good repair. Taking Madrid as a point of departure, there are two good roads to Burgos, one passing through Valladolid, and the other through Aranda de Douro. From Burgos the road is continued by Vitoria and Irun to France. Both these roads are in tolerable repair; even the line from Burgos to France, taking into account the mountainous nature of the country through which it passes. From Valladolid an excellent new road has been made by Palencia and Reynosa to Santander. There are two roads to

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measures, and money used in it; many provinces either send no return or do so very irregularly; the prices vary very materially in different towns in the same province. Some of the returns include the *Alcabala*, or gate duty, and others do not; and the Castilian *arroba* and *fanega* vary from 2 to 7 per cent. in different provinces. For these reasons an accurate table of prices cannot be obtained. Whenever two prices were stated in the returns, the *highest* has been chosen as indicating the finest quality.

Wheat, barley, oats, rye, maize, and garbanzos, are all reduced to the Castilian *fanega*, of which five are nearly equal to an English quarter. The prices are stated in *reals vellon*, and consequently represent pretty nearly *shillings sterling per quarter*.

Rice is sold by the *arroba* of 25½ English lbs. Wine also per *arroba* of, equal to 2½ Imperial gallons; oil per *arroba*, equal to 2½ Imperial gallons.

The prices of the different kinds of produce given in the above table are considered below the average of the last three or four years.

Bilbao, one by Miranda and another by Vitoria. To the north-west there is a *camino real*, through Galicia to Corunna and Ferrol, but in such a state of disrepair as to be impassable in numerous places for loaded carriages or carts; but attempts are now making to improve it. There is only one *camino real* leading to Estremadura, and that is in so bad a state that it has been hitherto found impossible to establish a stage coach upon it; but operations are now in progress upon this road also, and it is expected that in the course of this year a diligence will be set on foot between Madrid and Badajos. To the south there is only one *camino real* over the Sierra Morena to Seville, through Andujar and Cordova. The whole line is in a pretty good state; but the portion from Seville to Cadiz is not upon the same footing as the rest.

There are two great roads from Madrid to the east, one through the province of Cuenca to Valencia; but it has long been in such a wretched state as to be entirely abandoned to the muleteers and ox-carts of the villages. The other, which is in a better condition, goes far to the south of the direct line, passing through Albacete and Almanza in Murcia. This is the route of the diligence to Valencia and Barcelona, and of the heavy waggons for these cities. The direct line to Barcelona is by Guadalajara and Saragossa; but although there is a *camino real* in this direction, it is in such a state as not to admit of carriages travelling beyond a walking pace, nor of the passage of loaded waggons.

In Catalonia the roads are comparatively numerous and excellent, and there are stage coaches between most towns of consequence. The road from Saragossa to Barcelona has lately been put into better repair, and a diligence was established upon it in the beginning of the present year.

In some places lines of road of some leagues in length have been completed many years ago; but they are nearly useless, in consequence of the original plans having been abandoned from want of funds and industry. The other roads which are traced upon the map may be divided into three classes, viz.—1st. Roads which have originally been made and covered with road metal. 2dly. Roads across the plains and through the vallies, formed by the tracks of the country carts, and which have only, in a few places, been artificially constructed. And 3dly. The mule roads or paths, worn by the feet of the mules travelling over the mountains during a long series of years.

The first class have almost all been neglected, and are with difficulty passable by light-loaded carts. The second being totally without bridges, are rendered impassable by the rains. The

third are numerous, and are well adapted for traversing the mountainous ridges which, crossing the country in every direction, render all conveyance by carts or waggons difficult, and often impossible. The course of these roads, through mountainous ranges, involves the necessity of crossing many torrents; and in numerous instances, indeed, the road, if so we may call it, lies in the bed of the torrent. Hence, during the rainy season, they are very dangerous and are subject to much interruption.

A new road has very lately been completed between Leon and Gijon, not, however, without having experienced the most determined opposition from the land-owners of the Asturias, who dreaded the facility which it would give to the introduction of the cheaper corn of Leon and Castile, and the consequent deterioration of the value of their estates. The portion of this road intended to connect Leon with Valladolid is not yet completed. The road already mentioned, through Cuenca to Valencia, is at present under repair, and is expected to be opened in the course of two or three years.

The revenue applicable to the construction and repair of the roads is derived, 1st, from chains or toll gates; and 2dly, from local taxes. Upon all the practicable roads, tolls are established at the distance of ten or twelve English miles. They are farmed in the same way as in England. The tolls levied vary somewhat in some of the provinces; but the following may be considered as near the average:—

Carriages and waggons with four wheels,  $\frac{1}{4}$  (farthing).  
 Ditto ditto two ditto,  $\frac{1}{10}$ th of a penny.  
 Each horse or mule pays in addition,  $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{3}{8}$ ths of a penny.  
 Each single horse or mule, the same.  
 A pair of oxen in a cart, 1½d. to 2d.

It is believed that government derives a greater revenue from the tolls than it expends upon the roads. The local tax is only levied in such provinces as are traversed by new roads, and is paid either by an additional postage on letters, or by an additional duty on wine, oil, and other articles consumed in towns and villages. Sometimes both are levied. The principal lines of road are under the superintendence of a Board established in Madrid, under the presidency of the Minister of Finance. It directs repairs, upon reports made to it by the different provincial intendants and postmasters. The intendants are charged with the recovery of the toll dues and taxes. No funds seem to be appropriated to roads of the second and third class, although small sums are levied from travellers upon them. The general board has pub-

lished abstracts of its operations during the years 1826 and 1827, from which it appears that the sum expended in 1826 in repairing and improving 3,100 miles of old road and 17 bridges, and in constructing and repairing 175 miles of new road and 18 bridges, was £92,400. In 1827 £89,240 were expended.

Nothing, perhaps, can more strikingly evince the backward state of Spain, as to the means of internal communication, than this return. Though about three-and-a-half times as large as England, the outlay on account of old and new roads does not certainly amount to *one-twentieth* part of the sums expended for the same objects in this part of the United Kingdom!

In Biscay and Navarre the roads are under the superintendence of the provincial administration; and, as might be expected, are more numerous, better constructed, and more carefully managed than in the rest of the country. The merchants of Bilbao, San Sebastian, &c. have contributed greatly to the improvement of the roads in their vicinity, having, in the first instance, raised the funds by shares, the whole of which were afterwards bought up by the deputation, or junta of the province.

The subject of canals is intimately connected with that of internal communication. No country in Europe experiences the want of this means of transport more than Spain, and looking at the map merely, one would suppose, that in none were there greater facilities for the construction of canals. But the nature of the country, the imbecility of the government, and the ignorance and poverty of the people, oppose almost insuperable obstacles to their formation. Still, however, some advances have been made; and the government of Ferdinand may, in this respect, be advantageously contrasted with that of Charles II. During the reign of the latter, a company of Dutch contractors offered to render the Mançanares navigable from Madrid to where it falls into the Tagus, and the latter from that point to Lisbon, provided they were allowed to levy a duty for a certain number of years on the goods conveyed by this channel. The council of Castile took this proposal into their serious consideration, and after maturely weighing it, pronounced the singular decision, "That if it had pleased God that these two rivers should have been navigable, he would not have wanted human assistance to have made them such; but, as he has not done it, it is plain he did not think it proper that it should be done. To attempt it, therefore, would be to violate the decrees of his providence, and to mend the imperfections which he designedly left in his works."\*

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\* Clarke's *Letters on the Spanish Nation*.—p. 284.



But such undertakings are no longer looked upon as *sinful*; and many have been projected since the accession of the Bourbon dynasty, though few have been completed. The canal of the *Ébro* is the only one at present so far advanced as to be useful for the purposes of irrigation and navigation; but it is only partially completed, and during dry seasons it suffers from the want of water. The most important project of this sort at present on foot is the canal of Castile. Its main branch is intended to lay open the country between the Douro and Reynosa, and facilitate the transport of grain from the *campos* of Castile. It passes by Valladolid, Palencia, and Aguilar del Campos; a small part of it has been executed and is now in operation. A branch of this canal is to penetrate to Rio Seco, whilst another is intended to extend to Burgos. The sandy nature of the soil, and the deep channels of the rivers intended to feed it, (the Canrion, Pisuerga, and Arlanza,) oppose serious obstacles to its completion. The king has lately charged a company, at the head of which is the captain-general of Castile, with the execution of this undertaking; and it is probable that the late extraordinary exportation of grain for England and France, the advantages of which it has been productive, and the prospects which it opens, will afford facilities for the arrangements and operations of the company, which it could not have met with at any other period. Another company has undertaken, what the Dutch contractors formerly offered, to render the Tagus navigable from Aranjuez to Lisbon, the free navigation of this river having been stipulated at the congress of Vienna. It proposes to establish steam-boats of a small draft of water upon it, and anticipates the completion of the plan in about two years.

The Guadalquivir was once, it is said, navigable, for flat-bottomed vessels, as far as Cordova; at present vessels only reach Seville. The floods to which this river is subject—the waters suddenly rising sometimes upwards of twenty feet in perpendicular height, must, it is to be feared, nullify any attempts to render it navigable. There are, however, several projects of this sort on foot; but none of them is likely to be speedily executed.

IV. *Population*.—In most of the seaport towns there has of late years been a considerable improvement in the buildings and an increase of population. In the northern provinces the houses are at present fully occupied, and rents have advanced considerably. In passing through Old and New Castile, Andalusia, &c. the traveller is apt to suppose that the population is decreasing, even where it is, perhaps, increasing with considerable rapidity. This arises from the circumstance of the houses being chiefly

built of sun-dried bricks, which last only a few years, so that the villages have a ruinous appearance, and seem to be half deserted. In Madrid and Valladolid rents are low; but this is not so much a proof of a diminution of population, as of the poverty of the people. In Seville and Valencia, which are surrounded by walls, an increase of population would be speedily felt; and would cause a demand for houses and a rise of rents. But rents in both these cities are low, and there are numerous houses to let. In Granada there is an evident improvement in the streets and buildings. The inhabitants of this city, indeed, and of Granada in general, are distinguished for their industry; and in consequence above 400,000 individuals have been added to the population of the province since 1788, being an increase of about *two-thirds* the number then existing in it. The increase in Valencia and Catalonia has been similar.

But independently altogether of the conclusions to which an individual may come in travelling through the country, or of the returns as to particular provinces, there is the best evidence to prove that the population of Spain has increased very considerably during the last forty or fifty years, and particularly since the peace of 1815. According to a census made by order of government in 1787 and 1788, the population of Spain amounted to 10,043,968. A census was again taken in 1797, when it was found to amount to 10,541,221. It is, however, believed that the numbers given in this census are underrated; for, as certain taxes affect corporations and districts of the country proportionally to the number of inhabitants, it was for their interest to make defective returns. In 1821, the Cortes made an effort to obtain authentic accounts of the number of inhabitants, which they estimated at about 11½ millions; but very little dependence can be placed on the returns made to them. More recently, however, this subject has been carefully investigated by Doctor Miñano, in the article *España*, in the fourth volume of his *Diccionario Geografico, &c. de España y Portugal*. Having obtained many original documents, and compared together the official returns as deduced from conscription lists, tax tables, &c. Miñano estimated the population of Spain in 1826, at 13,732,172. We prefer, however, subjoining the following estimate of the population in 1827, as given in Hassel's Historical and Statistical Almanack for the present year; the character of the compiler warranting the conclusion that it is the most correct hitherto published.

## Present State of Spain.

Kingdoms and Provinces.	German Square Miles.	Inhabitants.	Inhabitants to a Square Mile, at an average of the whole kingdom.
Madrid .....	61.88 .....	297,812 .....	1652
Toledo .....	412.86 .....	485,203 .....	
Guadalajara .....	91.60 .....	157,838 .....	
Cuenca .....	531.51 .....	382,577 .....	
La Mancha .....	354.96 .....	257,210 .....	
Burgos .....	361.13 .....	611,768 .....	
Soria .....	191.81 .....	267,537 .....	
Segovia .....	163.12 .....	221,579 .....	
Avila .....	120.93 .....	153,479 .....	
Leon .....	377.38 .....	311,755 .....	
Palencia .....	81.56 .....	153,482 .....	
Toro .....	92.81 .....	126,581 .....	
Valladolid .....	152.44 .....	245,607 .....	
Zamora .....	74.82 .....	92,821 .....	
Salamanca .....	264.94 .....	272,982 .....	
Asturias .....	173.45 .....	464,565 .....	
Galicia .....	748.10 .....	1,585,419 .....	
Estramadura .....	674.33 .....	556,780 .....	
Seville .....	423 .....	970,087 .....	
Cordova .....	195.75 .....	327,256 .....	
Jaen .....	209.25 .....	276,905 .....	
Granada .....	459.81 .....	1,097,893 .....	
Murcia .....	370.69 .....	493,192 .....	
Aragon .....	693 .....	856,219 .....	
Valencia .....	361.59 .....	1,255,095 .....	
Majorca, Minorca, &c. ....	82.69 .....	242,899 .....	
Catalonia .....	573.30 .....	1,116,461 .....	
Navarre .....	115.31 .....	288,244 .....	
Biscay .....	59.63 .....	144,875 .....	
Gulpuscoa .....	29.25 .....	135,838 .....	
Alava .....	50.91 .....	92,807 .....	
Totals.	8,446.90	13,953,959	

Miñano's estimate for 1826, was,

Lay Inhabitants .....	23,490,032
Clergy .....	147,345
Soldiers .....	100,732
Sailors .....	14,064
	<u>13,732,172</u>

The actual population of Spain may consequently be estimated at rather more than *fourteen millions*.\*

The increase during the present century cannot be com-

\* It is singular that M. Laborde should not, when treating of the population of Spain, in the 5th volume of the new edition of his work, published in the course of the present year, have said one word as to the account of the population now laid before the reader. Even if he had not seen the work of Miñano, he might have learned from the tables published by M. Balbi, that the population was very little, if anything, under 14,000,000. M. Laborde, however, reckons it only at 12,000,000, and the detailed statement which he has published, carries it only to 10,730,000. This it must be confessed is a very slovenly and careless mode of proceeding.

puted at less than *three* millions, being about a fourth of the total number of inhabitants in 1800. And the fact of so considerable an increase having taken place, notwithstanding the almost insuperable obstacles in the way of every sort of industry, the multiplied abuses which infect every department of the public economy, and the spoliations incident to a prolonged and bloody contest, proves how rapidly Spain would advance, were she subjected to a government strong enough to enforce the administration of justice, and enlightened enough to put down flagrant abuses, and to release industry from the trammels and burdens by which it is weighed down.

Don Antonio de Capmany has the merit of having clearly demonstrated the fallacy of the often repeated statements with respect to the immense population, and flourishing commerce and manufactures of Spain, in the reigns of Ferdinand and Isabella, the Emperor Charles V. and Philip II. He has shown, from contemporary authorities, that at the period when Spain is said to have been most populous, she was very often subject to the most dreadful famines, and that there was then the same constant complaint with respect to the idleness of the people and the miserable state of agriculture that there is in our own days.\* It is admitted, indeed, that both industry and population declined during the reigns of Philip III. Philip IV. and Charles II. It is, however, certain that the progress of Spain, since the accession of the Bourbon dynasty in 1701, and particularly during the reign of Charles III. has been more than equal to her previous decline,† and that were she now subjected to a vigorous government like that of Charles V. she would be capable of greater exertions than those which distinguished her in the most brilliant period of her history. The truth is, that Spain has sunk to her present state of utter insignificance, not because she has absolutely declined, but because she has not made the same progress as others. The bigotry, intolerance, and ignorance of her government, and her vicious institutions, have gone far to extinguish every germ of improvement, and have held her in a comparatively stationary state, while all her neighbours have been making prodigious advances. Look at the immeasurable difference between the England of this day and the England of the age of Queen Elizabeth! Had the latter been as powerful as George IV. we apprehend she would have looked upon the armadas and

\* See the *Questiones Criticas* of Don Antonio de Capmany,—pp. 1—73.

† See the Supplemental Volume added by Don Andres Muriel to the French Translation of Goxe's *Memoirs* of the Spanish Princes of the House of Bourbon, particularly the *Compte Rendu* of Count Florida Blanca.

manifestos of Philip II. with about as much contempt as we should look upon those of his imbecile successor Ferdinand.

V. *Taxes*.—The *alcabala* in its original form of ten or fourteen per cent. on the sale of every article consumed in the towns and villages no longer exists, being now paid in the shape of gate duties or *octrois* (*derechos de puertas*). These duties are levied upon the same articles, and the amount of duty on each has been varied according to circumstances; in a few instances it has been diminished, but in the greater number much increased. The same duties are not imposed in the different towns; almost every one having a peculiar rate for itself. In general the rate is fixed by the *ayuntamiento* or council of the town; but his majesty's approbation is necessary before it can be carried into execution. Most foreign manufactured goods pay about thirty per cent. *ad valorem*, some as much as sixty. Wine pays a duty which in many places is equal to cent. per cent. upon its value; and oil from thirty to seventy per cent. The *alcabala* presses severely on every class, but chiefly on the poor, and is the object of universal complaint. The *ayuntamiento* receives a certain per centage upon the amount collected at the gate of the town for local objects; the rest goes into the Royal Treasury. In small villages it is levied only on necessities, as meat, fowls, eggs, oil, corn, &c. In towns which are not walled, or have no gates, a tax called the *equivalente* is levied, that is, the inhabitants are assessed in such a sum as the *alcabala* would probably produce, calculating from the revenue afforded by other towns of the same size. The *alcalde* and *ayuntamiento* are responsible for its payment, and they divide the sum very arbitrarily amongst the householders, according to their estimate; (influenced, of course, by every sort of partiality,) of the products each ought to consume.

Next to the *alcabala*, tithe is the most oppressive tax in Spain, and the most complained of. Formerly it was exacted with the greatest rigour, and from articles (amongst others from *las malas mugeres, de lo que ganan con su cuerpo*—Ley de partida. 3rd tit. 20, part 2,) which might have been considered beyond the reach of clerical rapacity. Señor Arguelles estimates the value of the tithe at 600 millions of reals; and according to treasury documents it amounted in 1808 to 620 millions. In 1820, however, it was estimated by a commission appointed to inquire into the subject, at only 335,694,000; but it is generally believed that this estimate was as much below the truth as the former was probably above it. The clergy, as will be immediately seen, do not get the whole of this revenue—perhaps, hardly the half of it.

The public taxes may be divided into two classes, those which affect the laity, and those which affect the clergy only. Amongst the direct taxes on the former are the—

*Frutos civiles.* Six per cent. on the produce of all rented lands.

*Medias Annatas.* The first half-year's rental of all entailed lands on the accession of the heir.

*Lanzas.* A composition tax in lieu of the troops which the nobles and mayorazgos were formerly bound to furnish.

*Subsidio del comercio.* A tax of 100,000*l.* levied upon the merchants. The finance minister fixes the proportion which each intendancy must pay. The intendants then fix the proportion payable by each town; and the ayuntamientos assess the individuals. It is so unequally divided, that merchants of the first class pay 40*l.* in some towns, and only 20*l.* in others. It is generally believed that the amount really levied under pretence of this tax is double the nominal amount; there being no means of checking the misconduct of the officers.

The bulk of the taxes on the laity is divided into two great classes—the *rentas generales* and the *rentas provinciales*. The former are collected throughout all Spain, with the exception of Biscay. They include the revenue derived from the post-office, the stamp duties, customs, &c. together with the royal monopolies of salt, tobacco, and gunpowder. The *rentas provinciales* are collected only in the provinces belonging to the crown of Castile, and do not, therefore, affect either Biscay, Navarre, Catalonia, Arragon, or Valencia, which have peculiar and less burdensome taxes. The alcabala is included under this denomination, as is the hearth tax and many others. During the five years from 1814 to 1818, the provincial rents produced, at an average, 242,587,018 reals a year.

The tax denominated *paja y utensilio*, is appropriated to the support of the army. Previously to the reign of Philip V. the inhabitants of the different provinces in which the troops were quartered, were obliged to furnish them gratuitously with various articles of subsistence. But in 1719, this was changed into a money contribution, at certain specified rates for officers and men. Nothing, however, can be more unjust and unequal than this tax, for it imposes a heavy burden on the places where troops are stationed, from which the other parts of the country, though perhaps richer, where they are not, are entirely exempted.

The revenue derived from the tobacco and salt monopolies is very considerable. Every one is allowed to buy any quantity of tobacco he chooses, provided he buys it in the government *estancos*; but salt is the subject of assessment. The intend-

ant fixes the consumption which ought to take place in every town under his charge, and the total quantities are delivered to the *alcaldes*, who fix the specific quantity for which each individual must pay, whether he use it or not. The landowners, farmers, &c. are charged with a quantity proportioned to the number of individuals in their employment, and the cattle and sheep which they possess.

The provinces of Navarre and Biscay, and some others, purchase by an annual contribution, which does not amount to above 150,000*l.* an exemption from a number of petty taxes. The *cruzado*, or bull granting permission to eat meat on Fridays and four days every week during Lent, is in general demand all over the kingdom, and is supposed to yield from 300,000 to 500,000*l.*

The contributions of the Clergy are

The *Subsidio*, or voluntary gift of 100,000*l.* annually.

The *Excusado*, or tithe of the tenth house or farm, originally appropriated for building and repairing churches. Pope Pius V. allowed Philip II. to apply the produce of this tax to his wars against the infidels. It is now applied to the ordinary expenses of the state. The King has the choice of the houses or farms, and naturally selects the most valuable, the tithes being paid to a revenue officer instead of the curate. This *tenth* may be considered equivalent to  $\frac{1}{4}$ th or  $\frac{1}{5}$ th of all the tithes of the parish.

The *Tercias Reales* is a tax of two-ninths of the tithes received by the clergy; this tax, or *King's share of the tithes*, has existed from a very remote epoch.

The *Noveno*. Another ninth part of the tithes annually paid to the clergy. This portion was originally placed at the disposal of the Pope, but has been appropriated by the King.

The *Novales*. Tithes on land newly brought into cultivation.

The *Diezmos Exentos*. The tithe of all lands originally exempted from clerical jurisdiction. The whole of the above taxes are farmed.

These, however, are not the only burthens imposed upon the clergy. It has for some time been the practice to oblige them to pay two years revenue upon their appointment to a new benefice. The payment is made during a period of four years, being the half of each year's income; and on the expiration of this term the incumbent is sometimes removed to another living, to undergo the same depletory operation during another four years. In consequence of this policy, the Spanish clergy, formerly so wealthy,

are now, in many cases, indifferently enough provided for, and are daily becoming of less consequence in the estimation of the people as well as of the government.

There are the best reasons for believing that from the French invasion in 1808, until the commencement of 1828, the revenues have hardly ever exceeded the expenditure, exclusive of the interest of the debt. In the beginning of last year, however, considerable reforms were introduced into most departments. The following estimate of the expenses for the year commencing 1st April, 1828, on the reformed plan, was published in the Gazette as official; but it is impossible to determine as to the degree of credit to be given to it, except that the charge on account of the interest of the debt does not amount to a third of what it ought to be.

Department of the War Minister . . . . .	£2,650,550
Ditto Finance ditto . . . . .	£794,110
Ditto ditto . . . . .	651,030
Ditto of Grace and Justice (Interior) . . . . .	1,445,140
Ditto Marine . . . . .	145,119
Ditto State (Estado) . . . . .	400,000
Ditto Royal Household . . . . .	108,930
	505,900
	<hr/>
	£5,255, 639

The revenue of 1828 is stated to have amounted to 5,988,410*l*.

Besides the expenses classed under the several heads above-mentioned there are numerous local expenses under the direction of societies and commissions, of which no account is given. Neither is the pay and clothing of the *Realistas*, forming a body of from 250,000 to 300,000 volunteers, included. The money for these purposes is levied, as already mentioned, by a tax on the articles consumed in the towns and villages, and is distributed by the ayuntamientos or local communities.

It is hardly necessary, after what has been previously stated, to say that taxation in Spain is in the last degree defective. It has, in fact, almost every fault which can vitiate a revenue system, and render it a curse to a country. It is grossly unequal and arbitrary; no one can ever previously tell what sum he may have to contribute; and from the highest functionaries downwards there is the most flagrant corruption and abuse. No fewer than 1000 superior officers, 2050 inferior ditto, and 13,600 subalterns, in all 16,650 individuals, are employed in the collection of the custom duties; and as they receive only a miserable pittance, they levy contributions for their own pockets; and take bribes, from a penny upwards, whenever they have an opportunity. It is



plain, therefore, that the ostensible revenue of six millions sterling costs the country a vast deal more. Many well-informed Spaniards are of opinion that were the total amount of taxes estimated at twelve millions, it would be rather under than above the mark!

Notwithstanding the apparently flourishing state of the Spanish revenue, as represented in the Madrid Gazette, it is certain that down to the present moment the salaries of the *employés* are in arrear from four to six months, and are very irregularly paid. Of the troops the guards only receive their pay regularly; that of the other regiments is always in arrear, though they are better paid now than formerly. The fundholders do not fare better. It is seldom that more than one quarter's interest is paid in the year, with the exception of the French loans. According to the budget of the Cortes for 1822, the ways and means, or total revenues, were estimated at 562,800,000 reals, and the expenses at 664,812,321, leaving a deficit of 102,012,321 reals, or 1,063,000*l*. To cover this deficit, the Cortes endeavoured to organize a direct tax on the profits of agriculture, trade, and manufactures, somewhat after the plan of the income tax imposed in this country during the late war. But as soon as the Cortes were overthrown, the ancient order of things was re-established, and taxation again placed on the footing already mentioned.

At present, therefore, Spain may be described as in a state not only of declared bankruptcy, inasmuch as the existing government has disavowed the loans negotiated by the Cortes, but as being, even if she had the desire, totally unable to make good her engagements. In fact the whole revenue of the state would do little more than pay the interest of the debt. And to make any radical or material improvement in the state of the finances would require a total change in almost all the public institutions, and in the entire system of taxation. Such a change, in short, as Napoleon might have introduced, supposing he had succeeded in his attempt to subjugate Spain.

Taking into view the poverty of the inhabitants, the want of industry, the stagnation of commerce, and the cessation of all remittances from the colonies, Spain may justly be considered as being at this moment the heaviest taxed country of Europe.

VI. *New Manufactures*.—Numerous manufactures of various kinds have been established in Catalonia within the last ten years. Those of silk and cotton are the most extensive, and are in a thriving state. The silk manufactures of Talavera, Seville, Granada, and Malaga, are comparatively insignificant. In Valencia only is any attempt made to rival the Catalans in the production of the silk articles that are still demanded in Spain.

It is estimated that there are in all about 16,000 hands, at present employed in the different operations of spinning, twisting, and weaving silk.

There are numerous manufactories of coarse cloth, *pano pardo*, especially in Arragon and Catalonia. Foreign coarse cloths are either entirely prohibited, or so high a duty laid on them as to hinder their importation. In Catalonia there are manufactories of fine cloths, as there are also at Guadalaxara and Alcay in Valencia. The finest cloths in Spain are made in the latter; the establishments are numerous and flourishing, and occupy about 10,000 hands. The establishment for the manufacture of fine cloths at Segovia has been idle for some years, but an English company has lately taken the works, and intends commencing operations on an extensive scale. The machinery at Segovia is of English workmanship; that of Alcay was brought from Holland.

In the northern provinces tanning is the most active branch of manufacture; they supply the interior, in which there are very few tan works; a few exist in Andalusia. In the north, the tanners are almost all Basques, from the French side of the Pyrenees, who, having fled to Spain to avoid the conscription, introduced this valuable branch of industry. In Andalusia the tan works are principally in the hands of Englishmen.

Several paper and hat manufactories have also been established within the last few years, and have had a reasonable degree of success. There are several manufactories of arms, principally on account of government, but very little is done in cutlery ware. Potteries are numerous, though in general none but wares of the coarsest kind are produced. In Catalonia, indeed, and the northern part of Valencia, a somewhat better description of pottery is made, but the art is still in its infancy. There is a royal manufactory of porcelain at Madrid, on the plan of the French one at Sevres, the produce of which is very superior; but like its prototype, it costs much more than it produces. The linen manufacture of Galicia, which at one period employed a large portion of its inhabitants, has not been able to sustain the competition of the Germans and English, and is now of little importance.

VII. *Iron Manufactures of Biscay*.—It would appear from a report made to the deputation or junta of the province of Biscay in 1827, on the state of the iron manufactures, that they were then very much depressed, hardly in any instance paying the expenses. This report was, however, made in the view of inducing government to prohibit the introduction of any iron, except that of Biscay, into the other provinces; and it may,

therefore, be fairly presumed that it is a good deal exaggerated. In 1828 the iron manufactories were in considerable activity. They are very numerous, but none of them is on an extensive scale, generally employing only four or five workmen. There is only one smelting manufactory at Bilbao, and both funds and workmen seem to be wanting to conduct this operation on any considerable scale. The importation of cast iron utensils is prohibited, which affords a fine field, had the Spaniards talent and industry to take advantage of it. With the exception of the Biscay provinces, iron has not been wrought to any extent in Spain. The principal supply is from the mountain of Sommorostro between Bilbao and Santander. The works commenced at Pederosa in Andalusia, by a company in Seville, have not, hitherto, been attended with any success, in consequence, it is said, of mismanagement. On the opposite side of Andalusia, at Martulla, another company has recently been established, which has brought machinery from Germany and England, and is expected to conduct its operations upon a scale not previously attempted in Spain.

In almost every village in the three Biscay provinces there are manufactories of some kind of iron ware. Horse shoes, coarse locks, fusils, and bedsteads, are the leading articles, with which they supply the interior. A number of mules pass daily through Vittoria for the interior, carrying each about 200lbs. weight of horse shoes. Government has an establishment in Valencia for the manufacture of muskets, pistols and sabres. There is another at Durango, carried on by private individuals.

There is a general complaint of the increasing scarcity of wood for fuel, and of its consequent advance in price. The coal mines nearest to Biscay are in Asturias, at Aviles and Gijon, but coal is hardly used in the manufacture of iron. It appears from a report made by the intendant of Asturias in January, 1828, relative to a demand by the company for the navigation of the Tagus, for permission to import foreign coal for the use of the steam vessels they propose employing, that these mines are of great extent and very rich. The lowest price at which coal can be put on board at Gijon and Aviles, varies, according to this report, from 13s. 6d. to 15s. 6d. per ton of 20 cwt., being about double the price of English coal.

The inquiries made by a committee of the junta of Biscay in 1827 show an extraordinary variety in the cost of extracting the ore, as well as in the proportions in which ore, labour, fuel, &c. enter into the cost of iron—a discrepancy which shows that the manufacturers are as yet very little advanced in their business.

For every 100lbs. of iron

The ore is valued differently at from	14½ per cent.	to 27½ per cent.
Fuel . . . . .	52½	68½
Workmen and labour . . . . .	9½	10½
Rent of buildings . . . . .	6½	10½

The exportation of iron ore is prohibited, but considerable quantities are notwithstanding sent to France. It does not appear that any of the manufactured articles are exported. A small quantity of iron in bars is exported to Bayonne and Bordeaux.

#### VIII. Circulation of internal Bills of Exchange—Currency.—

There are no substitutes for cash in ordinary transactions in Spain, but there is a considerable circulation of internal bills of exchange. These, however, do not pass from hand to hand as *cash*, except by special arrangement. Every merchant of any consideration is more or less engaged in the purchase and sale of bills. The trade of a banker, as it is understood in England, is unknown. All merchants in good credit call themselves bankers, do banking business, and have agents and connections in the different towns to facilitate their operations. The danger and difficulty of transmitting money is the cause of this extensive trade in bills, as those who have payments to make, prefer paying a premium on the amount rather than risk the conveyance of specie. This practice is so general that a different exchange exists between towns only a few leagues distant. Most of the banking business is thus done by merchants, who instead of discounting bills, buy them; giving a premium, or taking a discount, according to the greater or less demand for, and supply of, paper in the market. The brokers who arrange these bargains receive 1*l.* per 100*l.* from each of the parties. Merchants are not in the practice of charging a commission. The rate of exchange varies from 2½ per cent. gain, to 2½ per cent. loss. In January last, paper on Valladolid and Santander brought in Madrid a *premium* of 1½ per cent. whilst that on Valencia, Granada, &c. was at about an equal discount. The solidity of the house offering paper affects, of course, the rate of exchange to the extent, perhaps, of 1 or 2 per cent. Three-fourths of the bills in circulation are at short dates, or payable within a month after date. Those at two days sight are allowed eight days grace, unless the word *fixed* be added. The same grace is given to bills which run from the date. Bills drawn on Spain from foreign countries have fourteen days grace: in Bilbao inland bills are allowed twenty days grace when they are at more than four days sight. There are in most towns individuals who employ their spare cash in discounting bills, but in general they require several indorsers. Interest commonly

varies from 3 to 4½ per cent. but when money is much wanted for speculation it advances to 7, 8, and 9 per cent.; even 14 and 18 per cent. have been paid on such occasions when the borrower happened to be in doubtful circumstances. Good houses calculate on getting their bills discounted at 3 and 3½ per cent., but it is not generally the practice to have recourse to discounts. More money is employed in this way, in consequence of the small return yielded by property in land and houses. Interest is understood to be fixed by law at 6 per cent. on mercantile transactions, and at 3 per cent. on mortgage, but it is evaded with the utmost ease: in mercantile dealings, indeed, no attention seems to be paid to it, nor is there any penalty inflicted on those who take more than the legal rate. There are no bankers with whom money may be lodged at interest, and generally the merchants do not enjoy a great degree of confidence. People prefer hoarding their money to running the risk of losing it by entrusting it to another; or they lend on mortgage, taking a premium in addition to the 3 per cent. allowed by law. The money in circulation consists of gold and silver coins of very various values, and copper. Dollars are rarely seen, especially in the north and near the sea coast, in consequence of the premium they bear in France. Payments, when large, become a serious matter, and occasion a great deal of trouble in counting, examining, and weighing the coins.

Travellers are allowed to carry out of the country a sum for their expenses, which must not exceed 20*l.* in gold coin only; carriers and others of that class being allowed to carry a much smaller sum. The exportation of dollars, whatever may be the pretence, is totally prohibited, under the penalty of confiscation and imprisonment. Every person passing the frontiers is examined at the nearest custom-house, where he either produces his purse or declares the amount of money in his possession, and receives a permit. Should he have more than the legal quantity it may be seized.

*IX. Coasting Trade—Imports and Exports.*—The transport of salt from Cadiz and Torrevieju for the fisheries of Galicia, Asturias, &c. is almost entirely in the hands of Swedes; but with this exception, foreign vessels are not permitted to engage in the coasting trade of Spain. The northern fisheries employ a great many hands, and enjoy a superior degree of protection, in consequence of one of the partners being at present minister of Finance. The sardine fishery is very successful; the parties engaged in it endeavour to exclude competition and substitute their produce for foreign fish. The herrings of the north are not now admitted, the sardine being abundant enough to supply their place. There

is also a wish to increase the number of Spanish sailors; the boldness and skill of those of the north being justly, perhaps, attributed to the fisheries, in which a considerable portion of the inhabitants is engaged.

No official commercial documents had been published in Spain for a long period previously to 1828; but the *Balanza Mercantil* for the year 1826 was then compiled and given to the public, with the promise of a similar account annually.\* The

\* The following Table is taken from this account, the sums being converted into English money.

Official Value of Imports and Exports during the Year 1826.

	Exports.	Imports.
	£.	£.
Africa .....	340	11,090
Asia .....	.....	214,660
United States .....	45,925	68,940
England .....	637,800	957,395
France .....	460,350	726,170
Germany .....	26,670	150,510
Holland .....	56,185	133,525
Prussia .....	5	2,060
Russia .....	4,085	135,800
Denmark .....	11,585	30,070
Sweden .....	6,210	87,080
Turkey .....	55	31,225
Switzerland .....	.....	8,930
Sardinia .....	2	110,895
Italy .....	83,740	146,300
Portugal .....	146,160	204,090
Spanish American Colonies	330,373	754,690
	£1,799,485	£3,773,475†

Amount of importations from the different states in Europe, the

United States of America, Asia, and Africa ..... £3,018,785

Ditto ditto from Spanish American Colonies and Phillip. Isles 754,690

3,773,475

Amount of exportations to the former ..... £1,469,112

Ditto ditto to the latter ..... 330,373

1,799,485

Balance against Spain ..... £1,973,990

Very little confidence can be placed in this account. The import of tobacco is not given, nor is any account given of the imports and exports into and from the free provinces of the north. It may also be estimated, that from a quarter to one-third more goods are clandestinely imported into Spain, beyond the quantities declared in the official returns.

† £32,780 in gold and silver, coined and in bars, included.

only other official statement of exportations and importations was published in 1803 for the year 1792.

**X. Indigent Poor—Mendicity.**—In every considerable town there are numerous establishments devoted exclusively to the support of the poor. These derive their funds principally from legacies of lands and rents, partly left by private individuals and partly by bishops. They consist of hospitals for the support of the indigent, houses of refuge, foundling hospitals, infirmaries, and seminaries in which poor children are fed and educated. Most of these establishments are under the management of the clergy. In the northern provinces, where the legacies for the support of hospitals have been comparatively unimportant, they are principally established and supported by public subscription, deficiencies of revenue being made up by collections in the churches at certain festivals.

The convents also support a number of poor; but the money devoted to this object by the wealthy communities of friars is trifling. The Franciscan, Dominican, and Capuchin orders chiefly distinguish themselves in this work; and these are all begging fraternities, depending on their success in this degrading profession for their own support. Such, however, is its profitable nature, that they not only provide for themselves, but keep open table for a certain number of poor. The Capuchins of Seville feed forty poor persons daily in addition to their own numerous brotherhood.

The only contribution towards the support of the poor that can be considered as coming directly from the public funds, is a portion of the revenue collected by the vicar-general of Crusades. Upwards of £30,000 derived from this source, is annually divided amongst the different hospitals of the kingdom. It is impossible to lay any general view of the state of indigence in Spain before our readers, as with the exception of a few of the establishments supported by private subscription, the rest give no account either of their revenues or the number of persons they support.

Notwithstanding the establishments referred to, the number of beggars is very great, and is nowhere greater than in the large cities where those establishments most abound. In this respect there has been no improvement since Mr. Townsend visited Spain. Begging, indeed, is in the provinces subjected to the crown of Castile anything but disgraceful; and it is still customary for the students in some of the universities to go on begging tours during the vacation, exercising their profession with the greatest effrontery.

In some towns in the provinces not belonging to the crown of Castile, begging is prohibited; vagrants being placed in the hos-

pitals, where they are fed and employed somewhat in the manner of the charity workhouses in England.

In Madrid, during the year ending 1st December, 1827, there were 1,240 marriages. The

Births for the same year were, )		Deaths, in private houses . . . . .	3,111
legitimate . . . . . )	4,341	Ditto, in three principal hospitals	1,742
Illegitimate . . . . .	1,071		
	<hr/> 5,412		<hr/> 3,853

The number admitted into the foundling hospitals during the same year is stated at 1,071; and so dreadful is the mortality that only 817 are reported to have lived long enough to be baptized! The general impression is, that at an average, from half to two-thirds of the children sent to the various foundling hospitals throughout the kingdom, die in the course of the first year from want of care, bad management, &c.

There are several hospitals in Madrid which do not return the number of deaths; nor is there any return from the numerous religious communities which exist in that city.

The number of patients admitted into the three great hospitals during the above year was 15,504, of whom 13,718 were dismissed cured.

The sacred and royal *Monte de Piedad* of Madrid has relieved from purgatory since its establishment in 1724 till November, 1826,

1,030,395 souls, at an expense of . . . . .	£1,720,437
11,402 „ from the 1st Nov. 1826 to Nov. 1827	14,276
<hr/> 1,041,797	<hr/> £1,734,713

The number of masses celebrated to accomplish this pious work was 548,921, consequently each soul cost  $1\frac{2}{10}$  masses, or 34s. 4d.

**XI. Wages of common Labourers.**—Considerable differences exist in the rates of wages paid to labourers in different parts of Spain. In the industrious provinces of the north they are generally a third lower than in the idle provinces of the centre. In the latter the population consisting almost entirely of small proprietors, farmers, &c., the *arrieros* are not easily induced to labour; and the indigent poor prefer eating their dinner in hospitals or convents to earning it in the sweat of their brow. In Biscay, and generally throughout the north, the inhabitants are poor, but industrious, and the rate of wages moderate. There is but little difference between wages in the towns and in the coun-



try; it is generally a little lower in the latter, perhaps in the ratio of 6 to 7. The following is an approximation of the average rates of labour throughout the year:—

	Superior.	Inferior.	English Money.
Farm Labourers .....	7rls. ..	5½rls.	1s. 5d. and 18d.
Labourers on the Roads .....	6 .....		1s. 2½d.
Masons and Carpenters .....	9 ....	6	1s. 10d. and 1s. 2½d.
Woollen Manufactories and Paper Ditto in } Alcoy .....	10 ....	6	2s. and 1s. 2½d.
Labourers in Royal Tobacco Factory at } Seville, viz. 2,000 men and 2,000 wo- } men .....	10 ....	4	2s. and 10d.
Ditto in the Mines at Adra, about 10,000 ..	6 .....		1s. 2½d.
Silk Spinning Factories in Valencia (women)	5 ....	4	1s. and 10d.
Silk Weavers in ditto (men) .....	24 ....	5	4s. 10d. and 1s.
Coopers (very scarce) .....	20 .....		4s.

\* Working hours from 7 in the morning till 10 in the evening.

The *arrieros* or carriers, divided into the two classes of masters and servants, form the most numerous of the working classes. The servants receive from 3 to 4 reals per day, (7½d. to 10d.,) and have their expenses paid when on a journey.

The number of working days in the year may be estimated at 273

Sundays . . . . . 52

Religious festivals . . . . . 24

Only half-work on 32 demi-ditto . . . . . 16

365

Labouring servants, boarded with their masters, receive in town and country from 2½ to 4 reals, or from 6½d. to 10d. per day.

The rates above mentioned are about as high as the average of those paid for similar descriptions of work in England; but when the quantity of work done is taken into account, they are decidedly higher. Piece-work is little known in Spain, because it lays the employer under the necessity of exercising the most unremitting vigilance, in order to secure due care in its execution; and work done by the day may be moderately estimated at from a fourth to a third less than would be performed by English workmen. One hour a-day may be said to be lost in smoking and lighting cigars. Government has lately made it a rule in all their establishments, such as the tobacco factories, &c., to engage such workmen only as will undertake to labour every day, Sundays not excepted. There are only five or six holidays allowed; and on festival days mass is performed in the workshops in the morning. Many private mining and manufacturing establishments follow this example, except that they do not enforce working on Sundays. The bishops evince no great reluctance to sanction these innovations.

**XII. Ordinary Food of the People—Prices of the Articles most in use.**—The food of the labouring classes throughout most part of Spain consists of bacon, bread, *garbanzos* (Spanish peas), and beans, green vegetables, wine, oil, and garlic.

These articles form what may be denominated, the absolute necessities of life. The men take a little bread and wine, or more generally brandy, in the morning. The women and children, a soup of bread, garlic, and a little oil. Dinner, served according to the custom of the province from 10 A.M. to 1 P.M., consists of a soup of bacon and beans or bread, or a dish of greens dressed in oil and wine; the latter is never mixed with water; from 2 to 4 is the *merienda*, consisting of bread and wine; and at 9 or 10 at night, soup of garlic, oil, and bread, with some vegetables and wine is served up. The poor rarely eat meat, and only occasionally fish, except upon the sea-coast. It may, however, be observed, that the gains of the labourer rarely exceed the demands of the week. When some lucky accident gives him the command of a few extra shillings, they are spent in adding something better to his food. Eating is, in fact, the principal enjoyment of the lower class of Spaniards; they also drink considerably, though rarely to intoxication. The prices of the subjoined articles vary almost in every village. The following are the highest and lowest rates:—

Bacon (fat), 4½d. to 7d. per lb.

Bread, coarse ¾d. to 1d. per lb., fine 1½d. to 2d. per lb.

Garbanzos, 2d. to 3½d. per lb., Beans, ½d. to ¾d.

Wine, ¾d. to 3d. per bottle.

Oil, 1d. to 2½d. per lb.

Salt fish, 2½d. to 3½d. per lb.

Beef and mutton, 3½d. to 5d. per lb., neither good.

The bread used throughout Spain is not fermented like French and English bread, but is simply flour, water, and salt, baked, and fired in the usual way.

It is not easy to form any approximative estimate, of the proportion of each of the above articles used by the people, or of the distribution of the money which they annually earn. They have not the most distant idea as to what they respectively pay for food, clothing, fuel, &c. They can only tell what the rent of their apartments amounts to; and this, for a family of four or five, varies, according to the locality, from thirty to sixty shillings per annum. The caves round Granada, occupied by upwards of 5,000 of the inhabitants of that city and suburbs, rent at from ten to eighteen shillings a-year. Clothes cost the men very little. Many of them wear the same dress ten or twelve years. The *capa* or cloak often serves two or three successive generations. At Valladolid, where living is cheap, we have heard it estimated by those well

acquainted with the circumstances, that a labouring family of four persons might subsist pretty comfortably for about tenpence a-day.

The workhouse returns give an annual average expense of from fourpence to sixpence per day, for men, women, and children.

XIII. *State of Crime.*—Assassination and highway robbery are the crimes most complained of.

The administration of justice is extremely slow and uncertain, occasioned partly by the privilege of appeal on the most trivial grounds, and partly, as many allege, and we believe truly, by the corruption of the judges, who are notoriously subject to the influences of wealth and power. The consequence is that, in most instances, individuals prefer submitting to an injury rather than risk a suit.

The system of legislation, with respect to criminal matters, is as bad as possible. A person robbed or assaulted is bound not only to prosecute, but, if unsuccessful, to pay all expenses; and is, indeed, forced to lodge a sum of money with the *alcalde* before any steps are taken in the business. In cases of murder and assassination witnesses are afraid to come forward, as it very often happens that they are imprisoned, until they establish their innocence. But even when braving all these dangers, individuals boldly denounce a crime, there are at least five chances to one that the culprit escapes from prison, or compounds his felony with the judges; and in that case the accusers have every thing to dread from the vengeance of the criminal. The banditti are numerous and powerful; not only over-awing those amongst whom they live, but keeping all the petty *alcaldes* in their pay; so that they are enabled to prosecute their murderous career with impunity. Even when a robber or assassin has been convicted and sentenced, there is no certainty that punishment will follow. Thus, from execrable laws, still more execrably administered, it is commonly said in Spain, that not one crime out of ten is ever brought before the courts. We believe, indeed, that this proportion is over-rated; but if we take it at one in three or four, we shall not certainly be beyond the mark.

The late chief of a gang of banditti, which kept the south of Spain in terror, is now protector of the diligence from Aranjuez to Seville. We have been told, that the produce of a year's robbery by himself and a numerous party, amounted, all deductions made, to only fourteen dollars. The great expense was incurred in bribing the *alcaldes*, and inferior officers and soldiers. In the south and east the carriers and muleteers pay a regular contribution to the banditti who infest their routes; by this means ensuring their own safe passage, as well as that of the goods and pas-

sengers entrusted to their care. This contribution costs from two to ten pounds a quarter, according to the number of men and mules employed. These conventions are very rarely broken.

Besides the ordinary courts for the trial of those accused of robbery and murder, military tribunals were organized three years since in Galicia, Estremadura, Valencia, and Murcia, which had a good effect. They were, however, suppressed last year; and since then the robbers have become as numerous as ever. It must, indeed, be confessed, that the military courts were somewhat arbitrary in their mode of procedure; the soldiers employed rarely waiting the slow forms of the law, but shooting on the instant, every thief-looking person they met upon the mountains! Since their suppression, parties of *realistas*, (absolute volunteers,) have been employed to protect the roads; but they are quite as much dreaded by travellers as the regular robbers. The establishment of the *realistas* dates from 1823. They are entirely under the direction of the priests, and consist of the very dregs of the population, comprising all the most worthless vagabonds to be found in the country. These apostles of despotism amount, as has been already stated, to between 250,000 and 300,600. They have liberty to carry arms, and to enjoy the pleasures of the chase, while an industrious and honest man, especially if he have a little property, has no such privilege.

It is not customary to publish any account of the robberies, which occur almost daily. But to show their frequency and the boldness with which they are undertaken, it is enough to mention, that the diligence from Madrid to Barcelona, though escorted by several soldiers, was robbed at least *ten* times in the course of last year. The mail-coach from Madrid to Bayonne met with the same treatment either four or five times; the robbery being, in more than one instance, accompanied by the death or wounding of the postillions.

The only return of cases, prosecutions, and sentences, which appears ever to have been made by the supreme courts of justice, was published in the Madrid Gazette of November, 1827. And notwithstanding it is, in many respects, exceedingly defective, it possesses great interest, as affording some means of comparing the state of crime in Spain with its state in other countries. It will be observed, that two very important tribunals, those of Arragon and Valencia, have sent no returns.

*Law Suits and Criminal Cases, regular and summary, brought before the different Courts of Spain during the year 1826, with the number still pending.*

COURTS.	CIVIL.				CRIMINAL.				Withdrawn.
	Regular.		Summary.		Regular.		Summary.		
	Termi- nated.	Pend- ing.	Termi- nated.	Pend- ing.	Termi- nated.	Pend- ing.	Termi- nated.	Pend- ing.	
Supreme Court, Madrid	95	unkn	none		1,078	246	unknown		
Concilleria Royal, Val- ladolid .....	2,184	41	73	none	2,766	unkn			279
Granada ..	2,310	26	2,897	12	2,092	40	3,398	none	140
Valencia ..	no return								
Navarre ..	2,260	none	7,340	none	817	none	unknown		
Royal Tribunal, Galicia ..	923	321	1,157	unkn	2,005	unkn			
Seville ....	643	59	3,423		2,306	unkn	1,329	unkn	66
Asturias ..	71	96	693	3	491	39	166	7	
Extremadura ..	85	16	3,142	5	972	518	unknown		2
Catalonia ..	279	36	56	131	1,747	139	166	3	
Arragon ..	no return								
Total ..	8,850	595	18,783	151	14,274	982	5,039	10	493

In the above return the crimes of lesser magnitude, usually decided by the corregidores and alcaldes of the towns and villages, are not included; nor even those, as to which the inferior magistrates thought it necessary to consult the superior courts before passing sentence.

*Sentences awarded by the Courts in the above Criminal Cases.*

COURTS.	Death.	Pitney and Whipping.	Forced Labour in Arcinals & Gallies.	Imprisonment and Transportation.	Service in Army and Navy.	Deprivation of Sus- sension from Office.	Fined and placed under Surveillance.	Pardoned.	Dismissed or not prosec.
Supreme Court .....	19	23	369	272	66	4	2,596		165
Chanc. of Valladolid .....	28	5	921	230	62			131	347
Ditto of Granada .....	18		1,385	222	45	33	2,084		
Council of Navarre .....	8	1	396	53	227				
Tribunal of Galicia .....	5	11	203	121	20		244	24	302
Seville .....	7	5	806	43	36	3	22	1	507
Asturias .....	5		49	19	1	1	476		
Extremadura .....	6		370	130		2	972	22	
Catalonia .....	71	11	461	127	22	3	644	26	231
Total ....	167	55	4,960	1,217	479	46	7,038	194	1,552

*Classification of Crimes for which the preceding Sentences were awarded.*

COURTS.	Murder.	Infanticide.	Poisoning.	Stabbing and Wounding.	Cannibalism.	Suicide.	Duel.	Rape.	Public Indecency.	Assault.	Blasphemy.	Willful fire-raising.	Robbery.	Coining.	Forgery.	Molestation, Breach of Trust.	Perjury.	Various offences.
Supreme Court* . . . .	99	7	708	13	439	30	192	23	29	502	434	416	2	370				
Chanc. of Valladolid	258	342	152	25	23	41	136	49	194	2	16	8	339					
Granada . . . . .	76	152	13	25	23	41	136	49	194	2	16	8	339					
Council of Navarre . .	76	152	13	25	23	41	136	49	194	2	16	8	339					
Tribunal of Seville*	35	193	1	13	25	170	22	288	6	7	96	8	339					
Asturias . . . . .	173	193	1	13	25	170	22	288	6	7	96	8	339					
Extremadura	173	193	1	13	25	170	22	288	6	7	96	8	339					
Gallicia* . . . . .	294	6	5	378	1	2	13	25	170	22	288	6	7	96	8	339		
Catalonia . . . . .	294	6	5	378	1	2	13	25	170	22	288	6	7	96	8	339		
Total . . . . .	1233	13	5	1773	1	16	452	144	369	27	56	1620	10	43	640	10	2782	

3 Courts not classified; 2 no return; 6 regular; 11 Total Courts.

The number of criminals in the above Tables does not correspond with the number of crimes in any instance; nor does the total of the latter, adding the corresponding numbers for Madrid, Galicia, and Seville, omitted in the classified returns, correspond with the total cases, in which punishments appear to have been awarded. No explanation is given of these discrepancies. Several of the Tribunals have made their returns without any regard to classification. Valladolid and Catalonia present the greatest variety of crimes; but this is a consequence merely of the returns being more minute.

No notice is taken of the numbers condemned to be executed, whose sentences were carried into effect.

It is stated, that of those condemned to death in Madrid, four were absent (*per contumace*); one was absent in Galicia, and fifty-four in Catalonia. The other courts do not make this distinction in their returns.

But, notwithstanding the defects in these returns, the view which they give of the state of society in Spain is such as, fortunately, cannot be matched in any other country, not even in Portugal or Tipperary. That there should, in a population of only fourteen millions, be, in the course of a single year, 1,223 murders, and 1,773 attempts at murder, accompanied by stabbing and wounding, exhibits a ferocity on the part of the people, and an imbecility on the part of government, without a parallel, we

\* No returns have been made from these three Courts.

shall not say in the history of civilized nations, but even amongst savage hordes. The population of England and Wales differs very little from that of Spain; and during the years 1826 and 1827, there were seventy-four individuals, being at the rate of thirty-seven each year, convicted of murder, and of attempts at murder by stabbing, shooting, poisoning, &c. Hence it results that, for every single individual convicted of these crimes in this part of the British empire, there were *eighty-one* convicted in Spain! Such are the comparative fruits of good government and of tyranny and misrule. Surely if there be any truth in the remark of Hume, that when human affairs have sunk to a certain point of depression they naturally begin to ascend in an opposite direction, the regeneration of Spain cannot be far distant.

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ART. IV.—*Collection des Romans Grecs traduits en Français; avec des notes, par MM. Courier, Larcher, et autres Hellénistes.*  
14 vols. 16mo. Paris, 1822—1828.\*

WHY did not the Greeks, in their classic ages, invent romances? How is it that the fathers of poetry, history, and philosophy—the masters of painting, sculpture, and architecture, were ignorant of the novel? These are questions that have long exercised the ingenuity of the learned. The fact being only too true, that romantic fiction was unknown in Greece till after the Alexandrian age, it was necessary to investigate and probe to the bottom a circumstance so mysterious, not to say anything worse of it. The history of the people, therefore, their moral character and political institutions, were all eagerly ransacked for pegs to hang a theory upon; and if in the course of conversation, a novice timidly insinuated the counter-question—Is it not equally surprising that the polished Greeks were ignorant of the table-cloth?—that the country of Archimedes was not the birth-place of the steam-engine? the querist was answered with a shrug, and his speculations went no further. Without meaning to defend for a moment so irreverent a mode of quashing the inquiry, or presuming to set up any system of our own, we must be allowed to say, that the fashionable theories on this subject contain somewhat more of the superficial, the unphilosophical, and the fallacious, than we are accustomed to meet within bounds so narrow. M. Villemain, an able and elegant writer, has, in the very ingenious “Literary Essay” prefixed to the Collection before us, reduced to shape the floating

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\* This Collection is not yet finished; two volumes (the sixth and seventh) remain to be published. It is very neatly got up, and the engravings are respectable.

ideas of the learned, and his dogmas appear to have been received with general acquiescence.

"In a country," says he, "so happily born for the arts, fiction naturally demanded verse, and the people were unwilling to descend from the beautiful fables, so well sung by the poets, to recitations in prose, which could have contained only vulgar lies. Let us remark besides, how busy and how public was everything in the life of the little but glorious nations of Greece, where idleness and solitude were unknown. The state was tasked, so to speak, with the duty of amusing the citizens. All Greece crowded to the Olympic games, to hear Herodotus read his history. At Athens, the funds of the theatre were provided before those of the fleet; and the affairs of the republic, after being settled in assemblies, where every free man took a part in the discussion, were regularly dramatised into a comedy by Aristophanes. Religious festivals, gymnastic sports, political deliberations, meetings of the academy, orators, rhetoricians, philosophers, all followed each other in uninterrupted succession, and kept the citizens always animated, and always in a crowd. Two celebrated writers have reproached the nations of antiquity with knowing nothing of the dæmny or melancholy temperament. True: they were far too busy for that; they spoke and acted in the open air; they enjoyed liberty just as they enjoyed life; and in this vivacious kind of existence there was no languor and no satiety. In other respects this form of society afforded few materials for pictures of private manners, or for romantic fiction. Civilization, although prodigiously polished and corrupt, was more simple than with us. Domestic slavery was one great cause of uniformity; and the public life of the citizens, open to the eyes of all, precluded the probability of any striking singularity in character or fortune. The inferior condition of the women, in fine, and their retired life, weakened the power of that passion which plays so great a part in modern romances."

The substance of the above theory simply is, that the early Greeks did not think of writing romances, because they found no materials for romance in their own manners, character, and fortunes. Shall we be thought too fond of contradiction, if we venture to affirm that no people ever existed in ancient or modern times, more essentially and substantially romantic than the Greeks? Shall we be accused of unbecoming levity, if we hazard a smile at the vulgar idea of the "stern simplicity of republicanism," and endeavour to show that no monarchy in the world ever held forth to the observant romancer, characteristics more striking, more picturesque, more poetical, more romantic, than the democracy of Athens—even of Sparta? Accustomed



to view the early Greeks in their legislative capacities, we forget at length that they were men; their images are enshrined in our minds like marble statues in a temple; they only exist for us as personifications of an abstract idea. We never see them but in the forum or the ranks; we never hear them but in the thunder of eloquence or arms. The word "citizen," when applied to them, is a mere political term; it does not comprehend in its signification the idea of father, and lover, and husband, and brother, and son. We never follow them when the crowd has dispersed; we never trace them to their homes, and families, and occupations; we never watch them in their domestic manners, their religious rites, their ceremonies, superstitions, exercises, amusements, quarrels, loves, follies and crimes. The laws of Solon or Lycurgus we know; but although the association would seem to be the most natural in the world, we are never led to consider the irregularities which these were intended to punish and repress.

The tribes of early Greece, inhabiting a rough country, whose ungenial soil was only thinly scattered with oases of fertility, had little inducement to form strong local attachments. A wild and lawless race, they were engaged in perpetual strife, and liable every day to vicissitudes which might sweep them from their habitations. Such occurrences they struggled bravely to avert, but bore with fortitude when they did take place. To the owners of a mere shelter from the weather,\* which might be procured as easily in any other part of the country, dispossession was of little consequence; and having no furniture either of luxury or convenience, and no lands to leave bearing in their bosoms the sustenance of future months, they abandoned without much regret the sheds which were endeared by no early associations, and which had never been looked on as "a continuing city."

On the sea their mode of living bore the same wild and unsettled character. Piracy was the business of their first navigators, and plunder their lawful spoil. Each tribe considered the rest as its natural enemies, and to destroy their men, and steal their women and goods, were considered actions not more reprehensible than the hunting of a wild animal. Thus Ulysses in the *Iliad* openly avows his profession of piracy; and inquiring in turn into the fortunes of Eumæus, asks him, as the most natural

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\* Nec robustus erat curvi moderator aratri  
 Quisquam; nec scibat ferro molirier arva;  
 Nec nova defodere in terram virgulta; neque altis  
 Arboribus veteres decidere falcibu' ramos.  
 Quod sol atque imbres dedorant, quod terra q̄erat  
 Sponte sua, satis id placabat pectora donum:  
 Glandiferus inter curabant corpora quercus  
 Pierætiq̄ue.

*Lucret. lib. v.*

suppositions that occurred to him, whether the town in which he lived had been pillaged, or whether, when tending the cattle, he had been slyly kidnapped and carried on board the vessels. In the same manner, after Telemachus and his companions had been hospitably entertained by Nestor, the old gentleman did not consider it in the least degree unpolite, to ask his guests whether they were merchants or robbers. Even in the days of Thucydides, the historian tells us, there were some countries in Greece whose inhabitants lived both by sea and land in the barbarous manner of earlier times.\*

Emerging, in the natural progress of society, from a state of utter barbarism, the early Greeks at length walled their towns, and learnt from the Phœnician and Egyptian traders the art of making money. The cities of Chalcis, Corinth, and Mycenæ, rose into opulence, and Pelops with his Asiatic arts and gold carried a half-civilization into the country, a considerable territory of which received the name of Peloponnesus, or Pelops' Island. In the disorders which followed the Trojan war, owing to the deaths of so many princes, these advantages were painfully maintained. The cities, however, were now worth more blood than heretofore; and the inhabitants, instead of deserting their homes, entrenched themselves more securely within their walls. Battles thus assumed a more important character; the wars were prolonged; piracy, robberies and rapes renewed, and adventurers of all kinds were thrown loose upon the boiling surface of society. On this soil the Greek character grew; in these wars were educated the fathers of the Ten Thousand; the very sterility of the ground conducted to the formation of a fierce and lofty spirit—for as Herodotus tells us, "it has not been given by the gods to one and the same country to produce rich crops and warlike men."

While future legislators were scanning anxiously the troubled aspect of the times, and brooding over the germ of unborn laws, a power of another description went abroad among the nations, to moderate where it could not controul, to direct the energies it could not crush, and to refine and spiritualize the passions of man. Mingling, in that strange form of society, with the cry of the new-made widow, the shout of the avenger, and the shriek of the timid virgin, rising upon the stillness of night, there was heard the voice of the *Αἰολοὶ*, singing the birth of nature and of man, the attributes of the immortals, the laws of honour and of war, the heroic deeds of the chivalry of Greece. Wandering among the actors on that bloody stage, without joining in the action, following free and unharmed in the track of conquest and defeat,

\* Thucyd. lib. i.; Strabo, *Geograph.* l. xvii; and Blutarch in the *Life of Flaminius*.

and admitted as a welcome guest into the palace as well as the cot, the bard fully repaid the hospitality, protection, and reverence of his countrymen with his *ῥαλλὰ θελάρησεν*. But the bards were not merely the authors of "many soothing tales;" they were the inventors, if we may believe Herodotus, of the popular religion. "These were the men," says he, when talking of Hesiod and Homer, "these were the men who made a theogony for the Greeks."\* They were therefore the first poets, the first philosophers, the first priests, and the first teachers of morality in one; and Homer, when he sung at the festival of Latona, at Delos, represents the very deities as delighted with his songs.† In these stirring times of valorous contention, the *Iliad* was produced; and the advantages diffused over the nation by poetry seemed to be reflected upon the poet. The muse loves to "ride on the whirlwind;" and the immortal strains of Homer, Virgil, Dante, and our own Milton, were all heard in the midst of moral storms and earthquakes.

What was the condition of the Greek women in the Homeric age, or earlier, and of what account they were held in society, can only be gathered from that poem which is in all probability the most correct, as it certainly is the most extraordinary picture of manners that ever was exhibited. In times of lawless contention, the weaker become the prey of the stronger, and if women do not conquer by their beauty, they have nothing to hope for from their arms. Thus, in the *Iliad*, we find ladies torn ruthlessly from the embrace of their parents or husbands; and at the division of booty, we see Agamemnon, Achilles, Ajax, and the others, very coolly appropriating the high-born damsels, Astynome, Hippodamia, Tecmessa, and their companions. The captives, however, are not, it is to be supposed, without their revenge on the hearts of their ravishers, and at length become themselves so much reconciled to their fate, that the only chains they wear are those of love. But in spite of this apparent inferiority of the sex, the heroines of the Greek poet are all important and strongly marked characters; and, in fact, the whole story of the Trojan war hinges upon a lady's frailty. Helen is not simply a lovely and bewitching woman; she is adorned with very high qualities of mind as well as person, and in the midst of her guilt exhibits a feeling of

\* *ῥαλλὰ θελάρησεν*. *Æt. G*: Herodotus says, in the same passage, that these poets were not more than four hundred years earlier than himself.

† The hymn alluded to is said by some to be an interpolation of Cymæthrus, the Chian rhapsodist, who was the first who sung Homer's works in Sicily. "When any one born of the sons of men," says the poet, addressing Latona, Apollo, and Diana, "comes hither, a weary traveller, and inquires—Who is the sweetest of the singers that resort to your festival, and whom you most delight to hear? then do you make answer and say, It is the blind man who dwells in Chios: his son's excel all that can be sung."

honour and delicacy which redeems her from hate. Hecuba and Andromache are the very *beau idéal* of a mother and a wife; and the latter in the story of her fortunes, recited to dissuade Hector from going to battle, displays equal art, judgment, and tenderness. The important station held by women in society may also be deduced from the story, whether true or false, told by Herodotus, of the cause of that deadly enmity which existed for so many ages between Greece and Asia;\* and Lycophron, agreeing with the historian, traces the origin of the savage wars which led to the conquest of a world by "Macedonia's madman," to the abduction of Io by the Phenicians.†

Such was the remarkable ground-work of the Greek character; and in tracing the after details of the picture, we shall be struck with the analogy and fitness observed extending throughout. Individual valour being the chief dependance of the state, was prized as the first of virtues; war, therefore, in which this quality is nourished and exercised, continued to be a magnificent pageant qualified to attract and excite the coldest imagination. Individual instances of severity, in repressing the licentiousness of the soldiery are on record,—such as the banishment of two individuals by Philip of Macedon, because a singing woman had been found in the camp; but in general it was the policy of the leaders to make war appear a desirable refuge from the restraint and comparative monotony of civil life. Even the Spartans were allowed more liberty in the camp than elsewhere: they were permitted to wear fine clothes and costly arms; and Xerxes was astonished to hear from his servants, that they had found the Lacedemonian guards at gymnastic sports and curling their hair. They alone, however, of all the Grecians, as we learn from Plutarch, had no stage-players, no jugglers, and no dancing or singing women. Impelled still more by sentiment and the excitement of poetical associations, than by instinctive valour, a brilliant speech from the general sometimes effected more than the most skilful position he could have taken; and the descendants of the men who had caught enthusiasm from the lips of the ΑΟΙΔΟΙ were led on to triumph, from the midst of shame and defeat, by a lame Athenian poet, whose qualifications for the captainship consisted in the beauty and power of the verses in which he exhorted his soldiers to die for their country.‡ The prayers, sacrifices, and vows, offered up before the onslaught, had something deeply affecting to the imagination. What are the drums and bugles of modern times to the hymn to Mars, pealed forth by a whole army the moment before rushing upon the foe? The gods

\* Lib. 1.

† Cassander, v. 1281.

‡ Tyrtæus.

themselves presided over the battle, and the leader waited the commands of the soothsayer. At the battle of Platæa, when the Spartans had sought in vain for a favourable omen, Pausanias commanded them to lay down their bucklers at their feet, and await the will of heaven. In this position they suffered themselves to be charged without resistance by the Persians, till at length the sacrifices appearing propitious, the signal was given, and the Greeks rushed upon their enemies with the enthusiasm and the certainty of men who felt that they were the agents of the gods. The Spartans were also in the habit of propitiating the muses on the eve of a battle, that they might be animated to perform deeds worthy of transmission to posterity in the songs of the poets. Another remarkable and very ancient custom was to have lighted torches, flung by the priests of Mars before the army, as a signal of encounter; from whence Lycophron has taken his

“ ——— envenom'd Discord, who then shook  
Her baleful torch within two continents.”

The same poet mentions the sounding of shells in the Trojan war; although the scholiast contends that trumpets were then in use. Still more famous is the “Spartan flute,” which so often led on the flower of Lacedæmonia to conquest and glory. An admirable description of the effect of this instrument, and the manner in which it was used, is given in Plutarch's life of Lysurgus. “It was at once a delightful and terrible sight,” says he, “to behold them march on, keeping pace to the tune of their flutes, without ever troubling their order, or confounding their ranks, their music leading them into danger cheerful and unconcerned: for men thus disposed were neither likely to be possessed with fear nor transported with fury; but they proceeded with a deliberate valour, full of hope and good assurance, as if some divinity had sensibly assisted them.” The single combats, which sometimes decided the fate of their wars, were also as stirring and romantic incidents as can well be imagined. We picture to ourselves the sublime stillness of the two armies gazing breathlessly on the heroes on whom their destinies depended; and we feel that such a spectacle must dwell in their memories, with all its fine and magnificent details, while memory endures.

In civil life the manners of the Greeks were not less striking and picturesque. In Athens society was not cast in a mould; where pride, birth, and profession had their fixed and immovable place. The highest affairs were open to the meanest citizens; the desires and ambition of all ranks were under a continued stimulus; and worth and genius, struggling successfully amidst the stirred-up mass of society, asserted their native dignity and assumed their proper place. The public games, although of a

high and exciting nature; when their celebration occurred, were not by any means the constant source of amusement, which Mr. Villenote would seem to insinuate. The Olympic, Pythian, and Isthmian, took place only every fifth year; and the Nemean every third year. The exercises were partly of a physical and partly of an intellectual nature. The Pythian solemnities are said by some to have been instituted in honour of Apollo, whose praises were sung by contending poets; and they add, that it was not till a much later period that horse-racing and wrestling came to form a part of the entertainment. At the Olympic games Euripides and Menocles contended for the honours of tragedy; Cleomenes recited the verses of Empedocles, and Gorgias of Leontium offered publicly to pronounce an extempore oration on whatever subject might be proposed to him. Here, also, the Greeks crowded around Hérodoteus to hear his travelled wonders; and the young Thucydides, while he listened, feeling his heart stirred with prophetic, but as yet mysterious, emotions; is said to have burst into tears.

Women, at one period, were prohibited from appearing at these games, under the barbarous penalty of being thrown headlong from a rock; yet we read in Pausanias of Cynisca, the daughter of Archidamus, contending with honour at the Olympic games, and subsequently of several Macedonian women being publicly crowned at Olympia. Among the Spartans, the females had games of their own, at which they appeared naked, to contend in running, wrestling, throwing quoits, and shooting darts. They also danced and sang naked at the solemn feasts and sacrifices, while the young men stood round them; and all this, we are told, without the slightest violation of true modesty. In their songs they rallied the youths of equivocal valour, and lavished encomiums on the brave. The men were thus stirred or charmed to deeds of the most extravagant daring; and the women themselves became inspired with the same lofty and generous sentiments which animated the men. When the wife of Lacedæmon was told that the Lacedæmonian females were the only women in the world who governed the men, she replied with a truly Spartan spirit, that there was good reason it should be so—for they were the only women in the world who brought forth men. It required a Lycurgus, however, it would seem, to watch over and administer in person these singular laws; for in aftertimes immodesty became the national characteristic of the Spartan women, who were branded by Euripides, as Plutarch says in the life of Numa, with the epithet of ἀδύναται. Whether this degeneration may have been aided by the practice of allowing their young ladies to go abroad bare-faced while the matrons

were veiled—thus reversing the custom of the other Grecian states—we leave to the gallantry of the reader. The mystery attending the Spartan marriages had in it something exceedingly romantic and touching to the imagination. These took place by stealth and in the silence of night. When matters were arranged by means of the female friend who acted as the *Nυμφαγωγία*, or match-maker, the lover stole into the chamber of his mistress, and the union was completed. No signs appeared in his conduct of what had taken place; he lived in public as usual; and if he was seen at any time stealing towards the habitation of his mistress-wife, he was exposed to the rude railery and laconic jests of his comrades. A higher flush no doubt was observed upon his Spartan brow, when in some public assembly he was conscious that those mysterious eyes were fixed upon him, whose glances of love had perhaps never met his in the light of day. No indications, however, were seen in his manner of a wandering heart; their meetings continued to take place in secrecy and solitude; the inventions, the stratagems, the escapes, the doubts, hopes and fears—the thousand feelings and adventures of forbidden love—continued to the last to lend their stimulus and charm to this romantic union.

In the other states of Greece the affairs of love and marriage were carried on with pomp and publicity. The enamoured youth betook himself to the groves to carve his mistress's name upon the trees; in allusion to which the satirist in Euripides declares that he would continue to despise the sex, even if all the pines on Mount Ida were filled with their names. In Lucian's time the practice seems to have extended to the walls; and "Beautiful Venus Cnidia," or some such inscription, might have been seen on places where, in London, we put "Hunt's Matchless," and "Try Warren's Blacking." The home of the beloved was nothing less, in the imagination of a Greek, than the temple of Cupid; and thus the idolatrous honours lavished upon the god were divided with the woman. Her doors were decked with flowers and garlands, and sprinkled with libations of wine. If a garland was found untied, it was a sign of the passion being returned; and if one was woven by the lady herself, it was a sure indication of a "love-sick mind."

When nature failed to move the object of their attachment, they had recourse to love-potions, spells, and magical incantations. The love-potions resembled the dangerous philtres with which we are not altogether unacquainted in our own day—depriving the victim sometimes of reason and sometimes of life. The superstitious practices were generally absurd, but always picturesque. The Romans probably received them from the

Greeks, as Virgil in the following passage closely resembles Theocritus:—

As fire this figure hardens made of clay,  
And this of wax with fire consumes away,  
Such let the soul of cruel Daphnis be,  
Hard to the rest of women, soft to me.  
Crumble the sacred mole of salt and corn,  
Next in the fire the bays with brimstone burn,  
And whilst it crackles in the sulphur, say,  
'This I for Daphnis burn, thus Daphnis burn away.'

To quench the flame which it was the purpose of this and similar practices to kindle, they had recourse to various potent herbs; and Pausanias mentions the river Selemeus, which falls into the sea near Argyra in Achaia, the waters of which were supposed to have the property of affording the only relief which an unsuccessful lover can expect—forgetfulness. If, however, the course of true love did run smooth, the troth of the parties was plighted by their kissing each other—a ceremony not uncommon, it is true, but exceedingly agreeable and poetical. Joining the right hands was also practised; but this was the usual mode of ratifying all agreements. Among the Thebans the compact between lovers was held so sacred, that the ceremony was performed at the monument of Iolaus, the friend of Hercules. The Athenian virgins were looked on as the peculiar charge of Diana, and before they dared to marry, it was their custom to present baskets full of little curiosities at the shrine of the goddess, to gain leave to depart out of her train. The Boeotians and Locrians offered sacrifices to Eucليا, supposed to be a name of Diana, before marriage; and the same deity was carefully propitiated in all the nuptial solemnities, to which, it is to be supposed, she had a strong antipathy. Among the various ceremonies performed, at this interesting period of life, the Greeks had also the beautiful and significant custom of sacrificing to the Fates, and the Graces.

The bride was carried to the husband's house at night, that her blushes might not be seen; she was arrayed in her richest apparel, and adorned with wreaths of various herbs and flowers; torches were carried before her; singers and dancers mingled in the procession; and when she entered her new home, which was hung with garlands, the choicest fruits were showered upon her head.\* After the banquet her feet were washed, and she was

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\* "Along the street the new-made brides are led,

With torches flaming, to the nuptial bed;

The youthful dancers in a circle bound

To the soft flute, or cittern's silver sound;

Through the fair streets the matrons in a row

Stand in their porches and enjoy the show."—POPE.



lighted to the nuptial chamber with numerous torches; while the company, remaining without, made the house resound with the praises of the happy pair.

In the heroic ages adultery was visited with the most dreadful punishments, among which was the tearing out of the offender's eyes. Much later, Zaleucus, the Locrian law-giver, having been moved by the prayers of the whole city so far as to spare one of his son's eyes, who had been condemned to this expiation of his crime, made up the number required by law with one of his own. In Athens, Hippomenes, the archon, caused his daughter, Limone, to be yoked to a chariot with her adulterous lover till the man died, and afterwards shut up the survivor with a horse, and starved her to death. Hyettus, Draco, and Solon delivered the offenders to the tender mercies of those that caught them; in the fact, who were allowed to cut them in pieces, if they thought proper, without being called to account. In sickness, branches of rham and laurel were hung over the door, the former to keep away evil spirits, and the latter to propitiate the god of physic. Some of the hair of the dying person was cut off, and sacrificed to the infernal deities; his friends took leave of him with kisses and embraces; and evil spirits and phantoms were driven from his pillow at the moment of departure, by the sound of brass kettles. The dead body was decked with chaplets of flowers and green boughs, and sprinkled with ointments and perfumes. It was carried to the grave surrounded with torches even in the daytime, and attended by mourners beating their breasts, tearing their hair, and heaping dust upon their heads. The corpse of a young man, dying in the flower of his age, could only be buried in the morning twilight; for it was thought a kind of impiety to reveal so strange and dreadful an event in the light of day. The mourners walked slowly, declining their heads upon their hands, and repeating with tears the interjection *ê, ê, ê*. Lamps were kept burning in the subterranean vaults of the dead, or herbs and flowers strewed upon their grave. If the body was burnt, ointments and perfumes were showered upon the pile, libations poured forth by the surrounding friends, and the remains of the funeral fire extinguished with wine.

The public games, as has been mentioned above, did not occur very frequently; the theatre was not continually open; the senate was not always full: but each of these absorbed a certain portion of time, and the remainder was divided among the endless customs and ceremonies of the age and country. These, if the above hasty sketch is not grievously incorrect, partook largely of what is called the romantic; and we are prepared to show, were it necessary, that many other circumstances concurred to render

Greece—though guiltless of the circulating library—the very temple of romance. After the Trojan war the surviving chiefs, careless of returning to homes plundered in their absence by enemies, or abandoned to ruin in consequence of family misfortunes, spread themselves abroad in the unknown countries around, to seek for fortune in new adventures. Diomedes, for instance, repaired to Apulia, and Tenceer to Cyprus; while Menelaus and Ulysses, in the good old fashion, took to piracy and robbery. The relation of the wanderings of these early adventurers opened a new world of wonder to the Greeks. A very small part of Asia was known to Homer, for he appears never to have heard of the Syrian or Median empire. Africa and Ethiopia lay to the south, and a country, inhabited by people resembling the Scythians and Tartars, to the north; in the east the sun rose from the ocean, and there in the west it set. Italy, adjoining Greece, was an undiscovered country; and behind it, the unfathomable wilds of Gaul, Germany, and Spain, must have resembled an *HEBIBOD*, or endless continent. The circumstance, therefore, of the sun rising and setting in the ocean, must have been learnt from the early travellers and navigators, who first deeply imbued the Greek mind—already predisposed by natural and national character—with the love of adventure and of the marvellous. Menelaus, in addition to the account of wonders mentioned by himself in *Lybia*, brought back at second-hand a description of the Elysian fields and “ends of the earth”—supposed afterwards to be the Bay of Cadiz, and south-east coast of Spain. A thousand other strange and exciting stories were told by every succeeding adventurer; and in the days of the travelled and accomplished Herodotus, we find the Greeks turning from the transmitted tales of their ancestors to listen with the same or more avidity to contemporary accounts of that strange, mysterious world, of which they believed their country to form the centre.

We have said enough to show that the confinement and inferiority of the women, alluded to by M. Villenain, have been greatly exaggerated; and indeed so much more liberty were they allowed than the women of other countries, that their character, we are informed, (Athenæus, lib. 10,) suffered by it. In Greece, for instance, the matrons and virgins drank wine—a licence that was rarely permitted to the sex elsewhere. Plutarch reproaches the Persians and other “barbarous nations” with the severity with which they confined their women—concealing them from strangers—cloistering them up at home—and carrying them abroad in covered coaches or waggons. The Greeks, notwithstanding, were assuredly of a very jealous disposition, and many of the precautions they took to secure the honour of their females

were at once foolish and unjust. It will not be asserted, we presume, that the Greek women enjoyed less liberty than the Asiatics, from whom the art of romance writing, as some authors say, was borrowed. The very strictness of the laws enacted by Solon and other legislators for the prevention of private assignations, exhibits pretty clearly the state of manners;\* and as for the weakness of the power of love among the Greeks, hinted at by M. Villemain, it is one of those hardy assumptions which, if printed in italic letters or followed by a point of admiration, would pass current for a jest.

Notwithstanding that there existed, as we have seen, no circumstances of character or manners to prevent the Greeks from inventing romances, the glorious ages of Greek literature passed away without giving to the world a single narration of the class. The *Cyropædia* of Xenophon and the *Atlantis* of Plato, although styled by some moderns rather affectedly, romances, have very little in common with this species of composition; and although these might have led eventually to the romance as the word is general understood, the series extended no further.

The Milesian tales, written or collected by ARISTIDES, who is placed by M. Letronne at one hundred and seventeen years before Christ, are the first Greek romances of which we possess any sure indications. They are cited by Ovid (*Fast.* ii. ver. 412 and 443); and their character is not less clearly indicated by the passage in Plutarch, where it is said that Surena, the conqueror of Crassus, finding the Milesiacs of Aristides in an officer's baggage, reproached the Romans with being unable to abstain, even in time of war, from reading books of such infamy. Aristides found imitators both among the Greeks and Latins; Lucius, Lucian, Apuleius, and others, openly characterising their works as Milesian tales.

PARTHENIUS of Nicea is the next. He is described by M. Villemain as "*un abreviateur assez maladroit*;" and by Schoell, as an original writer of some pretensions to be included in the number of the classical Greek authors. Parthenius was made prisoner by Cinna in the war of Mithridates, and carried to Rome, where he became the master of Virgil. He is supposed by some authors to have lived till the time of Tiberius; although the passage in Suidas, on which this conjecture is founded, may relate as well to the emperor's love for the author as for the man. He must also have reached the great age of a hundred and seventeen at this

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\* The orations of Lysias will prove that such laws were not unnecessary for the women of Greece; but we believe it is pretty generally understood, that licentious intrigue prevails everywhere in a tolerably equal ratio with the severity of the legal code for its prevention.

prince's accession, if we suppose him to have been twenty years old when taken prisoner; and if the fact was so, he would hardly have been omitted by Lucian (who names him once) in the list of long-livers given in his *Μακρόβιοι*. The only one of his works which has come down to us is a collection of tales addressed to Cornelius Gallus, the elegiac poet. They are mostly of a melancholy cast, and very short. The learned remarks of M. Le Beau the younger have proved that the materials are derived from other writers; but, to say the truth, the inquiry was not worth the trouble. Murder, suicide, and more particularly incestuous love, are themes that must be very delicately treated to inspire interest. The subject of the frontispiece to the Collection before us, and the best executed of the plates, is taken from one of these histories; and the reader, on referring to the page, will not merely be surprised at the depravity of taste which must have prompted such a choice, but shocked at the outrage so wantonly offered to human nature.

CONON, a contemporary probably of Parthenius, was the author of fifty narrations, of which abstracts are preserved to us by Photius, the patriarch of Alexandria. As stories they are generally uninteresting, and the graces of style which the patriarch speaks of are of course lost in their meagre remains. The following is a favourable specimen.

ΕΙΣ ΤΟΝ

#### THE TWO SHEPHERDS.

Two shepherds, feeding their flocks on the Lyssus, a mountain in the Ephesian territory, observed a swarm of bees in a deep grotto of impracticable access. They tied a strong cord to a basket, in which one of them placed himself, and was lowered down by his companion. At the bottom the shepherd found not only honey, but a great quantity of gold, with which he filled the basket three times successively. At length, when the treasure was exhausted, he called out that he would now get into the basket himself; but the words had hardly escaped his lips when a suspicion of treachery on the part of his comrade flashed across his mind. Sending, therefore, a heavy stone to make the journey in his stead, he gave the signal; and just as he feared, when it was near the top, basket, stone, and everything were dropped into the gulf. No chance of escape presented itself for the deserted shepherd, till Apollo, appearing in a dream, desired him to cut himself in several places with a sharp stone, and lie extended without moving. In this position some vultures, taking him for a dead body, darted upon their supposed prey, and fixing their talons in his hair and clothes, carried him off, and deposited him in safety in the valley at the bottom of the mountain. He went immediately to the magistrate, and told his story; the guilty shepherd was seized, confessed where he had hidden the money, and submitted to the punishment of his crime. Half of the treasure was consecrated to Apollo and Diana, and the other half delivered to the injured man; who, thus miraculously saved and enriched, became one of the

wealthiest shepherds in the country, and raised an altar on the summit of the Lyssus in memory of his deliverance."

From this period till the middle of the second century the genius of Greek romance slept—or rather, like the shepherd in the above story, it lay disfigured and motionless in the dark. The precise era of LUCIAN, like that of all the other Greek romancers, is a matter of dispute. Suidas, the only ancient author by whom he is mentioned, makes him live in the time of Trajan and after; but Dodwell attempts to prove that he was not born till the year 135. He was destined for the profession of sculpture; but renouncing the arts at an early age, he left his native country, Syria, or perhaps Assyria, and repaired to Greece. At Antioch he studied rhetoric, which he taught afterwards in Gaul; but in the sequel, giving himself up to philosophy, he resided at Athens. Rejecting all the then-fashionable systems, his aim was originality; but from his sneering throughout his writings at the dogma of the immortality of the soul, it is thought that he had some leaning to Epicureanism. In his old age he held an honourable employment in Egypt; some say the government of a part of the province, and others the post of registrar in a superior tribunal. As to his death, Suidas informs us that he was torn to pieces by dogs, in punishment of the furious zeal with which he opposed Christianity; but the story is very doubtful. Lucian, in fact, was too pleasant a fellow for any such fate. His works were read, as M. Letronne informs us, by the very Christians themselves, who pardoned his want of true religion for the sake of his satires on paganism.

With a strong perception of the humorous, in which he is surpassed only by Aristophanes among the ancients, and distinguished by strength and originality of mind, together with much grace and flexibility of style, Lucian stands almost alone in a period when the rapid decline of Greek literature was already in progress. A bare catalogue of his writings would fill more space than we could afford; but at any rate his "True History," and "Lucius, or the Ass," are the only works which entitle him to a place in the present sketch. The former of these pieces, if Meiners is correct in supposing Antonius Diogenes to have been posterior to Lucian, is the most ancient specimen we have of imaginary travels. M. Villemain supposes it to have been intended to turn into ridicule the fabulous narrations of the same kind which already existed; but it does not go further in exaggerated absurdity than the work of Diogenes, the priority of which he advocates. It was probably, therefore, nothing more than a laugh (of that description which is vulgarly called a horse-laugh) at the real travellers of the age, and their wonderful adventures. Reso-

such allusions to the miracles related in the Old and New Testament rendered the work no doubt more piquant at a time when the minds of men were divided between true and false religion.

“*Lucius, or the Ass*,” a Milesian tale, is supposed by Photius to be abridged from the real Lucius; but M. Cousier argues that simplification was more in our author’s manner than abridgment, and that at any rate, with a fertile and ingenious mind like his, there could have been no need of borrowing. M. Belin de Balla is of opinion that the work belongs to neither one nor other, but is more ancient than either; and the German translator denies that such a person as Lucius existed at all.\* Schoell, however, informs us, that, independently of the piece in question, a work did exist called “*Divers Metamorphoses*,” and bearing the name of Lucius; and from one of these adventures, if we may hazard a conjecture, it is not improbable that Lucian may have taken his hint, and dilated and extended, rather than abridged the original. However this may be, the work is allowed to be a masterly performance,—a “gem” as Schoell calls it, only dimmed by the too great freedom of some passages. From “*Lucius*” Le Sage took his episode of the Cavern in *Gil Blas*; and Apuleius and Machiavelli the foundation for both their “*Asses*.” The beautiful tale of *Psyche* in Apuleius is also indubitably taken from the Greek, but belongs apparently to a higher antiquity.

Passing over the “*True and Perfect Love*” of Athenagoras, which has been ascertained to be a modern fabrication, we arrive at the *Babyloniaca* of JAMBLICHUS, of which Photius has given us an analysis. Jamblichus was born towards the end of the reign of Trajan, and was a Syrian both by birth and descent. His work, as M. Villetmain remarks, seems to have resembled the romance of the sixteenth century; in which, after abductions, combats, and incredible adventures, the hero marries a beautiful princess, and becomes an emperor, or at least a king himself. An interesting extract is given by Le Beau (*Memoires de l’Acad. des Inscript.* t. xxiv. pp. 57—63) in which we find some curious details on ventriloquism.

The “*Ephesiaca, or Loves of Abrocomus and Anthia*,” of XENOPHON OF EPHESUS, met with the hard fate of *Lucius of Patras*—its existence was denied. In the fifteenth century Angelo Poliziano quoted a passage from this romance, but the incredulity of the learned was still manifested two centuries after. At length, in 1796, an Italian translation was published by Antonio Maria Salvini, and in the same year the Greek text appeared in print.

\* In the *Biographie Universelle* we have the life of this doubtful personage. He was, it is said, born at Patras in Achaia, flourished towards the middle of the second century, and delighted the Emperor Antonine with his joyous recitals.

Even this, however, was insufficient; for eight years after we find Lenglet du Fresnoy, in his pseudonymous work on the customs of the Romans, asserting that "neither the original Greek nor any other version was known." Xenophon is mentioned by Suidas, but his time and history are unknown. The Baron di Loculla places him in the age of the Antonines, and others, in the fourth and fifth centuries. Peerlkamp, on the other hand, one of his editors, considers him to be the earliest of the Greek romancers, and fancies that he is able to detect the imitations of the rest. The same author affirms that Xenophon is an assumed name, and further, that no Greek romancer, with the exception of Heliodorus, has written in his real name. Mr. Dunlop, in his *History of Fiction*, mentions three Xenophons, who lived about the time of Chariton; but Chariton, as in the course of this article we shall see, must have lived in—or after—the *fifth* century, at a distance of no less than three hundred years from the time in which we have placed Xenophon on the best authorities we can find. The three Xenophons, according to Mr. Dunlop, were Antiochus, Cyprius, and Ephesius, and their works, "*Babylonica*," "*Cypriaca*," and "*Ephesiaca*." Of these only the last, the subject of this notice, has been published. The story of the Ephesiacs is commonplace, and yet improbable; but the style is simple, and the action busy without confusion.

The honour, if honour it be, of inventing imaginary travels, is contested with Lucian by ANTONIUS DIOGENES, from whose work, "*The Incredible Things seen beyond Thule*," Photius has preserved an extract. The patriarch conceives that the author of this piece must have lived soon after the time of Alexander, and that his "*Incredible Things*" are the sources of all the Greek romancers. M. Villemain, who apparently has not given himself too much trouble, in his very elegant essay, accepts the date given by Photius, and represents the "*True History*" of Lucian as a satire on this and similar productions. Meiners, however, with more industry, traces the ideas and even the expressions of Diogenes to Jamblichus and Nicomachus the mathematician, and thus shifts his position to the end of the second or beginning of the third century. The romance is a tissue of extraordinary adventures, in the course of which the personages, by walking sufficiently far to the north of our earth, step upon the moon. A love passage between Dercyllis, a Tyrian girl, and the Arcadian Dinias, runs "like a golden thread" through the recital; and at last all the personages meet at Tyre, where the lover commands the history to be written on tables of Cyprus wood. Alexander, in addition to conquering the world, had the good fortune to stumble upon these precious documents, deposited in the tomb of Dercyllis, and

thus the "Incredible Things seen beyond Thule" are reserved for the incredulous gaze of posterity.

Sometime between Lucian and Aristenetes, whom we are about to speak of—a trifling space of two hundred years—the "Letters" of **ALCIPHRO**N appeared, a work which has little claim to be included among romances, except on the score of its dealing so largely in the staple commodity of such narratives, love. They afford a good picture of the Athenian manners, supposed to be taken from early dramatic poets, whose works have not come down to us.

**ARISTENETES**, the imitator of Alciphron, is supposed by some to be that friend of Libanius who perished in the earthquake which destroyed the town of Nicomedia. This event happened in the year 358; but several authors, notwithstanding, place the date of the work towards the close of the fifth century. The "Erotic Letters," as Schoell remarks, certainly do not warrant the praises bestowed by Libanius upon Aristenetes the Nicean, supposing him to be their author; and this circumstance, together with an historical allusion, which would seem to involve an anachronism, has induced Mercier, Bergler, Pauw, and Boissonade to suspect that the name of the fictitious personage (**Aristenetes**) who writes the first letter, has been taken by the transcribers for that of the author. The work is divided into two books, one of which contains twenty-eight letters, and the other, supposed to be incomplete, twenty-two. The letters contain short amatory stories—such as the description, by a young man, of the manner in which he was forced to decide a dispute between two women who loved him—tales, in the manner of Boccaccio, of the tricks of wives to deceive their jealous husbands, &c. The style is declamatory and affected, and the work destitute both of genius and taste; yet edition after edition has been brought out, and vast learning and industry expended upon the idle task of note-writing and commentating. The learned M. Bast, who occupied himself for many years of his life with **Aristenetes**, was so sensible of the worthlessness of his author, that he wrote in a copy of Abresch's edition, the following lines from Voltaire, to serve as a motto:

"Au peu d'esprit que le bonhomme avoit,  
L'esprit d'autrui par supplément servoit :  
Il entassoit adage sur adage,  
Il compiloit, compiloit, compiloit."

In 1797, Felix Nogaret published an imitation of this fortunate author, with the title of "**L'Aristenete Francais**."

In the campaign of Hungary, in 1526, a soldier of Anspach,



under the Margrave Casimir of Brandenburg, assisting at the pillage of the library of Matthias Corvinus, at Buda, being attracted by the rich binding of a manuscript, carried it off. He sold the prize afterwards to Vincent Obsopœus, who published it at Bale, in 1534. This was the celebrated romance of *HELIODORUS*, till then unknown in the west—the most ancient monument which has reached us in a complete state, of recitals of adventures, (to follow the definition of Bishop Huet,) “suppositions yet probable, concocted artfully and in prose, for the amusement and instruction of the reader.”

“Till this period,” says the Bishop, in his treatise on the Origin of Romances, “nothing had been seen better conceived or better executed than these adventures of Theagenes and Chariclea. Nothing can be more chaste than their loves; in which the author’s own virtuous mind assists the religion of Christianity, which he professed, in diffusing over the whole work that air of *honnêteté*, in which almost all the earlier romances are deficient. The incidents are numerous, novel, probable, and skilfully unfolded. The denouement is admirable; it is natural, it grows out of the subject, and is in the highest degree touching and pathetic.”

“En ceste fabuleuse histoire des Amours de Chariclée et de Theagenes,” opines the old translator Jacques Amyot, “oultre l’ingenieuse fiction, il y a en quelques lieux de beaux discours tirez de la philosophie naturelle et morale: force dictz notables et propos sentencieux; plusieurs belles harangues ou l’artifice d’eloquence est très bien employé, et partout les passions humaines peintes au vif, avecques si grand honnêteté que l’on n’en scauroit tirer occasion ou exemple de mal faire: pour ce que de toutes affections illicites et mauvaises, il a fait l’issue malheureuse, et au contraire des bonnes et honnestes, la fin desirable et heureuse.”

“The romance of Heliodorus,” says M. Schoell, “is well conceived, and wrought up with great power; the episodes are to the purpose, and the characters and manners of the personages skilfully sustained.” “No one can doubt,” observes M. Villemain, “that Heliodorus, when he wrote the work, was at least initiated in Christian sentiments. This is felt by a kind of moral purity which contrasts strongly with the habitual license of the Greek fables; and the style even, as the learned Coray remarks, contains many expressions familiar to the ecclesiastical writers. This style is pure, polished, symmetrical; and the language of love receives a character of delicacy and reserve, which is very rare among the writers of antiquity.”

When Racine was at Port Royal learning Greek, his imagination smothered almost to death by the dry erudition of the pious fathers, he laid hold instinctively on the romance of Heliodorus,

as the only prop by which he might be preserved for the high destiny even then perhaps shadowed dimly forth in his youthful mind. A tale of love, however, surprised in the hands of a Christian boy, filled his instructors with horror, and the book was seized and thrown into the fire. Another, and another copy, met the same fate; and poor Racine, thus excluded from the benefits of the common typographical art, printed the romance on his memory. A first love, wooed by stealth, and won in difficulty and danger, is always among the last to loose her hold on the affections; and Racine, in riper age, often fondly recurred to his forbidden studies at Port Royal. "From infancy," his son tells us, "he had conceived an extraordinary passion for Heliodorus; he admired both his style and the wonderful art with which the fable is conducted."

It must not be disguised, however, that Huet, a courtier of Louis XIV., and the contemporary and admirer of Mademoiselle de Scuderi, judged after the models of romance which were fashionable in his own century; that Amyot, it is probable, like all translators, identified unconsciously the reputation of his original with his own; that Racine formed his opinion of the work at a very early age, and under peculiar circumstances; while both Villemain and Schoell state the *per contra*, without prejudice or partiality. Poetry, battles, captivities, and recognitions, fill up the piece; there is no picture of the mind, no history of the character carried on with the developement of the action. The incidents point to no particular era of society, although the learned in history may perceive from the tone of sentiment throughout, that the struggle had commenced between the pure and lofty spirit of Christianity, and the grossness of Pagan idolatry. Egypt, as Villemain remarks, is neither ancient Egypt, nor the Egypt of the Ptolemies, nor the Egypt of the Romans. Athens is neither Athens free nor Athens conquered: in short, there is no individuality either in the places or persons; and the vague pictures of the French romancers of the seventeenth century give scarcely a caricatured idea of the model from which they were drawn. By way of a specimen of the story and manner, we copy the following very striking picture, in which the reader will recognize the original of more than one of our modern tales of *diablerie*. Chariclea, in search of Theagenes, had arrived with Calasiris at a field where the bodies of many slain were lying, and where an old woman had related to them the story of the battle:

"The rising moon shed a bright light around, for she was only in the third day of her wane, while Calasiris, weakened with watching, and way-sore with his journey, lay asleep. Chariclea, however, unable to rest for her cares and sorrows, beheld a hateful and unholy spec-

tacle, which is nevertheless familiar to the Egyptian women. The old woman, thinking she should have ample time to perform her magical conjurations, dug, in the first place, a grave, and beside it kindled a large fire; then placing between these two the dead body of her son, she poured some honey from an earthen cup, which stood upon a tripod, into the grave, and afterwards some milk and wine. She then took an image made of paste, in the likeness of a man, which she crowned with laurel and fennel, and threw also into the grave; and catching up a sword, waved and slashed it around her like one in a phrenzy, mumbling the while an invocation to the moon in some foreign and barbarous language. That done, she inflicted a wound upon her arm, and catching the blood with a branch of laurel, sprinkled it upon the fire with many ceremonies. At length, stooping to the ground, she placed her mouth to her dead son's ear, and by I know not what conjurations, constrained him to spring up and stand upon his feet.

"Chariclea, who had watched the preliminary process not without fear, was struck with horror at this result; and she awoke Calasiris that he might witness what passed as well as herself. Although unseen themselves, owing to the obscurity in which they stood, they yet could see very clearly everything that was done by the hag, who was near the blazing fire; and as the distance between was not great, they heard her distinctly when with a loud and strong voice she began to interrogate the corpse. The question she asked was, whether her surviving son would return safe and sound from the wars? but the dead man made no answer: he merely signed with his head, in such a manner as to leave his mother in doubt, and then fell on his face upon the ground. Immediately, however, she turned him again on his back, and continued to question him, singing in his ear still more violent conjurations, till at length he rose once more on his feet, and she repeated her interrogation, commanding him to expose his meaning plainly, and to answer, not by motions of the head, but by word of mouth.

"While the old woman was thus engaged in her necromancy, Chariclea supplicated Calasiris to approach her, that they also might ask some tidings of Theagenes. This Calasiris refused point blank, saying, that to him the very sight was forbidden, although she, Chariclea, might be excusable, inasmuch as she was constrained to witness the spectacle in spite of herself. To take pleasure, he continued, in such magical conjurations, or to assist in them, is a thing forbidden by the priests and prophets; for although *their* power of divining and predicting the things of futurity proceeds from lawful sacrifices, and holy and devout orisons, yet the wicked and profane, who grovel thus upon the earth, and are always gathering about a corpse, like this Egyptian woman, can only derive theirs from some fortuitous circumstance. While Calasiris was still speaking after this manner, the dead man, in a mournful and broken voice, which sounded as if it came from the earth, answered his mother thus with a groan: 'I have pardoned thee, mother, from the first even till now, and have suffered thee to offend against human nature, in violating the holy laws of destiny, and troubling by magical conjurations the things which it is forbidden to meddle with. This I

have done, because the dead still continue to revere, as far as possible, their parents. But since thou pertinaciously destroyest my reverence by thy importunity—not only attempting from the outset things unlawful and damnable, but persevering in them from evil to worse, and extending in infinite progression thy crime and its forfeit—since thou not only compellest my body to arise and make signs of the dead, but also to utter speech—neglecting withal my obsequies, and hindering me from mingling with the other spirits of the dead, that I might attend to thy behests—listen now to what I have hitherto withheld! Neither shall thy son return from whence he is gone, nor shalt thou escape a violent death—the fitting termination of a life consumed in things so abominable; and soon, soon shall that bloody issue arrive, reserved for the fate of all who give themselves up to magic. Besides thy other crimes, thou hast not hidden carefully those mystic secrets which should only be trusted to the custody of the darkness and silence of night, but hast revealed, in the presence of witnesses, the mysteries of the dead. One of these witnesses is a prophet, and thy fault is the less on that account; but the other is a young virgin, who has heard and seen what thou hast constrained me to—a girl ravished and transported with love, who goes wandering over the world to seek her lover, with whom, after infinite labour and innumerable dangers, she will at last live in glorious and royal state in the extremities of the inhabited globe. When the corpse had uttered these words, it fell down suddenly upon the earth.

“The old woman, understanding that these witnesses must be the strangers to whom she had spoken, rushed furiously sword in hand to seek them. Trampling in the midst of the dead, and certain of finding them among the bodies extended around, she determined to put them to death as the spies who had neutralized, by their presence, her magical charms and conjurations. She threw herself with such furious and incautious haste among the slain, that in stumbling she transfixing herself upon a pike planted perpendicularly in the ground; which piercing her body through and through, she fell dead upon the earth—thus promptly fulfilling, with just and proper cause, the prophecy of her son.”

Heliodorus was born at Emesa, in Phenicia, and flourished in the reigns of the emperor Theodosius and his son. Amyot tells us, that when he first printed his translation of this romance, he knew nothing about its author; but while visiting subsequently the Vatican library at Rome, he obtained from an old manuscript some details of his history. He found that he was Bishop of Tricca in the time of Theodosius the Great, and that he had also written in Iambic verses “on the manner of making gold,” for the same emperor. “*Ainsi l’escrit Georgius Cedrenus.*” This work undoubtedly is the Iambic poem on Alchymy, “on the occult sciences of the philosophers,” contained in a hundred and sixty-nine verses; the author of which, notwithstanding the testimony of Georgius Cedrenus, has never yet been clearly ascertained. Heliodorus is also mentioned by Socrates, the ecclesi-

astical historian, as having been Bishop of Tricca, a town in Thessaly, now vulgarly called Triccola. In the ecclesiastical history of Nicephorus Calistus, a story is told of him, which, if true, would exhibit on the part of the Thessalonian church, somewhat of that fanatical spirit which in Scotland expelled Home from the administration of the altar. Some young persons having fallen into peril through the reading of such works, it was ordered by the provincial council, that all books whose tendency it might be to incite the rising generation to love, should be burnt, and their authors, if ecclesiastics, deprived of their dignities. Heliodorus, rejecting the alternative which was offered him of suppressing his romance, lost his bishopric. I know not which most to admire, says Amyot, the severe austerity of these worthy fathers, or the affection borne by the bishop to the composition of his youth! The story, however, is nothing more than a romance itself, as Bayle has shown, by proving that the requisition to suppress it could neither have been given nor refused at a time when the work was spread over all Greece. Boileau, notwithstanding, does not lose the opportunity of joking on the circumstance, which he applies rather maliciously to Fenelon and his *Telemachus*. Heliodorus was also a strict disciplinarian, and a true son of the Church, and to him his diocese was indebted for the introduction of the custom, respectable in the eyes of the orthodox of that period, of displacing priests who committed the sin of living with their wives after ordination.

ACHILLES TATIUS, or STATIUS, comes next in merit to Heliodorus, and probably next in chronological order. He is placed by many writers in the second or third century, and by the *Biographie Universelle* between the third and fourth. Huet, Chardon de la Rochette, Coray, and Jacobs, however, have detected in his romance various imitations of Heliodorus; Schoell places him without hesitation after the Bishop of Tricca; and Villemain follows tacitly the chronology of Huet. The proof of the era of Achilles would be materially affected by the collateral evidence of that of Musaeus, the author of the poem of Hero and Leander, which the former has imitated; but unfortunately the learned vary in their calculations on this subject not less than a thousand years; and in fact the elder Scaliger identifies the poet with Musaeus of Athens, in the earliest ages of Greek literature. The two questions reflect some light upon each other; but the argument is too dry, and, to say the truth, too unimportant, for our present purpose. Internal evidence, however, is always interesting in such cases; and we may say that the sentimental delicacy exhibited in Hero and Leander, more especially in matters of physical love, sets entirely aside its claim to a very high anti-

quity; while the utter paganism of Tatius, without the positive evidence of his imitations, would render it difficult to believe him to have been even so late as the time of Heliodorus.

Some critics, such as Huet and Saumaise, have even preferred the "*Loves of Leucippe and Clitophon*" to those of Theagenes and Chariclea; but Villoison, Coray, Wytttenbach, Passow, Villemain, and Schoell, restore the pre-eminence to Heliodorus. "The book," says Villemain, "is written under an influence altogether pagan, and in constant allusion to the voluptuous fables of mythology." Pictures of the utmost licentiousness, and traces of every thing that is infamous in ancient manners, are seen throughout; unchaste in imagination, and coarse in sentiment, the author has made his hero despise at once the laws of morality and those of love. Clitophon is a human body, uninformed with a human soul, but delivered up to all the instincts of nature and the senses. He neither commands respect by his courage, nor affection by his constancy. Struggling, however, in the writer's mind, some finer ideas may be seen wandering through the gloom, and some pure and lofty aspirations contrasting strangely with the chaos of animal instincts and desires. His Leucippe glides like a spirit among actors of mere flesh and blood. Patient, high-minded, resigned, and firm, she endures adversity with grace; preserving throughout the helplessness and temptations of captivity, irreproachable purity, and constancy unchangeable. The critics, while visiting with proper severity the sins both of the author and the man, do not refuse to render full justice to the merits of the work. It possesses interest, variety, probability, and simplicity. "The romance of Achilles Tatius," says Villemain, "purified as it should be, will appear one of the most agreeable in the collection of the Greek romances. The adventures it relates present a pregnant variety; the succession of incident is rapid; its wonders are natural; and its style, although somewhat affected, is not wanting in spirit and effect." Photius also, as rigorous in morals as a bishop should be, praises warmly the elegance of the style, observing that the author's periods are precise, clear, and euphonic.

Achilles Tatius was born at Alexandria, and, according to Suidas, became a Christian and a bishop before his death. Photius, however, who speaks of him three times, never once mentions either his see or his Christianity; Huet doubts very much of the alleged conversion; and the internal evidence of the romance would seem to prove that at least a considerable time must have elapsed between its composition and the regeneration of the author. Suidas confounds him with Achilles Tatius, the author of the "*Introduction to the Phenomena of Aratus*;" but

this lexicographer is not accustomed to discriminate very nicely between persons bearing the same name. The astronomer lived at latest in the first half of the fourth century, since Firmicus, who lived about the middle of that century, quotes him.

EUMATHIUS, or EUSTATHIUS, is the author of the romance of "Ismenius and Ismenia." "He unites in himself," says Villemain, "every thing that is bad and vulgar in his predecessors;" and M. Courier tells us, that of all the plagiarists of Longus, Eumathius is the most miserable. All that we know of this personage is, that he was born in Egypt, and that he was *not* the Archbishop of Thessalonica who wrote commentaries on Homer. His work exhibits all the intellectual poverty which characterised the Lower Empire, and richly merits the following sentence of Huet, with which we shall dismiss it: "Nothing can be more cold, more flat, more tedious, more destitute of grace, probability, invention, and contrivance. The hero speaks throughout the work, relating his adventures, we know not why nor to whom, without art or arrangement. Ismenia loves first, declares herself first, and makes all the advances without reserve, shame, or address; while Ismenius receives her proposals without replying to them, and even without feeling them. No one knows what becomes of Callisthenes, the faithful friend of Ismenius; he embarks in a vessel, where the author forgets and drops him. In fine, the whole piece is the work of a learner, or of some miserable sophist who deserved to be a learner all his life."

The "Loves of Chereas and Callirhoe" was produced, according to M. D'Orville, at the epoch at which we have now arrived, and after Longus, of whom we shall presently speak. CHARITON of Aphrodisias, a Carian town, is the name by which the author was willing that he should be known to posterity; but the name is supposed to be an assumed one. The secretary of the rhetorician Athenagoras—for such is the degree he claims—must have lived, if such a personage existed at all, long before our author thought of writing romances; but a young lady of that age being the heroine, it was not unnatural that Chariton should have been willing to be supposed her contemporary. This romance—not at all so execrable as the preceding one—although by no means remarkable for its invention, is smooth and easy in the story. Villemain has said no worse of it than that it is "a work which the learned Larcher has translated, without being able to render it amusing;" and Larcher himself, in his preface, resolves with great good sense to "say nothing about it." In fact, it is by no means easy to say anything about a book which is too dull for praise, and too harmless for censure.

In the foregoing sketches we have pursued as strictly as pos-

sible the chronological march of the series, in so far as our own judgment enabled us to steer amidst the conflicting opinions of the learned; but the romance of LONGUS—mentioned by no ancient author, and yet apparently imitated by many, belonging to all ages by its graces of truth and nature, yet identified with none—appeared to demand a peculiar place. All writers agree in assigning to “Daphnis and Chloe” a date subsequent to the Ethiopics of Heliodorus, but some misapprehension has existed among the superficially learned with regard to the evidence of the style. The French version of Amyot, deformed as a translation by numerous mistakes, but beautiful as an original composition by its naïveté, had given the general reader an idea that the simplicity of the subject was reflected in the language of the original. The fact, however, is precisely the reverse. The diction of Longus, as M. Villemain says, “is curiously elegant, ingeniously concise, and nicely symmetrical.” The art of composition was never more laboriously or more skilfully applied; every word is placed in its proper position with the most delicate care; the adaptation of terms—the relation even of sounds—all are so exquisitely adjusted as to make the same writer observe; that the effect of the whole is rather *coquettish* than graceful. This very care, however, this laborious elegance, instead of identifying the author, as on a hasty glance it would seem to do, with the classic ages of antiquity, proclaims the sophist. The singular circumstance is, that neither Suidas nor Photius so much as allude to the work or name the author; which, unaccountable as it may appear, would almost induce us to imagine, in spite of the thing being pronounced “impossible” by M. Villemain, that the romance really was produced in the midst of “the bad taste and wearisome scholastics of the eighth century.” The *imitations* mentioned by M. Courier rather tend to strengthen this suspicion than otherwise; for if the work was really pillaged by Achilles Tatius, Xenophon of Ephesus, Nice-tas Eugenianus, Eumathius, and the whole host of scribblers from the second century downwards, this would prove incontrovertibly that it was intimately and popularly known: and why all the writers and critics of so vast a space of time should have conspired to preserve an inviolable silence on the subject—to conceal the author’s name—to refrain from the slightest allusion to his piece, is utterly beyond comprehension. We must confess, however, that it does require some stretch of faith to believe that a Longus was produced in the eighth century—a period which affords no name better known than that of the chronicler Syncellus! But if this were granted, it would be easy to imagine that such a man would be acquainted with the literature



of his language from the earliest times, and more especially with those productions of romantic fiction, which he was destined to imitate and surpass. Moreover, without a particle of invention himself, and gifted rather with an ingenious industry directed by an acquired and fastidious taste, than with natural grace or power, he would be thrown upon these for his resources; he would gather even from the weeds of the garden of literature those minute events which would become visible to the eye only when collected and arranged in his cell; and the future examiner, by a natural mistake, would trace the theft to the poor rather than to the rich—just as we may say of the pulpy end of the grass-flower, it tastes or smells of honey, and not of the fragrant stores of the bee, they taste or smell of the grass-flower.

The circumstance of Longus being a Latin and not a Greek word, would make the subject seem still more puzzling; and in fact M. Harless is perhaps not incorrect in supposing, that the name originated in a mistake. The celebrated Florence manuscript—a little ink spilt on which by M. Courier was the cause of an inundation of that liquid in France and Italy—has no author's name whatever. The title runs simply *Δεσβιακῶν ἐρωτικῶν λόγοι δ'*, the last word of which may have been taken by a copier for the name of the romancer.

"Daphnis and Chloë" is the romance, *par excellence*, of physical love. It is a history of the senses rather than of the mind—a picture of the development of the instincts rather than of the sentiments. In this point of view it is absolutely original; and the subject, pleasing, but dangerous and seductive to the youthful imagination when treated by the masterly and seldom indelicate pen of Longus, becomes philosophically interesting. Unlike the sensual vulgarities of modern Europe, which can only betray the heart by brutalizing the mind, there is a charm about its freedom—a purity in its very ignorance of virtue. Vice is advocated by no sophistry, palliated by no seductions of circumstances, and punished by no sufferings. Vice, in fact, does not exist, unless ignorance be a crime, and love an impurity. Daphnis and Chloë have been brought up together, free denizens of the fields and groves, and streams of the Lesbian paradise; their eyes have rested from infancy on the same objects; their ideas have been formed by the same train of circumstances; their tastes, feelings, habits—all have sprung from the same root, and grown under the same influence. Their hearts understand each other, the poetry of nature has entered their souls, and is reflected in their eyes; but poor, at least in the wealth of the world and its acquirements, humble in station, solitary and ignorant,

sentiment finds no passage into language, and no voice but the voice of nature is heard in their hearts.

"Paul and Virginia" is nothing more than Daphnis and Chloé, educated by a refined and cultivated mind, and spiritualized and purified by the influence of Christianity. Taking the difference of time, climate, knowledge, and faith, into account, the parallel is complete. If St. Pierre had made his lovers shepherds in the island of Lesbos, under a Pagan regime, his work, instead of being one of the most exquisite and delightful of all modern productions, would have been a tissue of metaphysical mechanism and absurdity. Even in the faults of the two works there is a striking analogy. The infidelity committed by Daphnis carries his ignorance to a pitch of exaggeration which is absolutely repulsive; while the ill-timed and extravagant prudery of Virginia in the catastrophe, in the hands of any other writer than St. Pierre, would have surprised the reader into a smile.

"The expressions of Longus," says Huet, "are full of fire and vivacity; he produces with spirit; his pictures are agreeable, and his images arranged with skill. The characters are carefully sustained; the episodes grow out of the story; and the passions and sentiments are depicted with a delicacy sufficiently in keeping with pastoral simplicity, but not always with the rules of romance—as for instance, where Daphnis is made to commit an infidelity through ignorance. Probability is almost never violated, except in the machinery, which is employed without discretion, and which injures the denouement of the piece, in other respects good and agreeable."

Here the series of prose romancers closes, and a dreary period for literature of all kinds soon after ensues. The Greeks at length had no time for fiction in the terrible realities of their situation. The muse, whose loudest, noblest notes, are usually heard stirring amidst the ruins of dynasties and empires, in Greece was silent. "Arms and the man" was heard echoing throughout the Roman empire; when the mistress of the world tottered on her throne; rising with the smoke of blood amidst the furious contentions of the Guelphs and Ghibelines of Italy, the deep and solemn voice of Dante astonished the nations; and in England, when the state was shaken to its very foundation, the sublime strains of our own Milton floated on the storm. No poet, however, arose in Greece, to ennoble the era of her struggles, and consecrate her degradation. In the fifth century, indeed, the Dionysiæ of Nonnus, appearing in an era of abundance without fertility, startled the critics into admiration. Gustavus Falckenburg, a philologer of the sixteenth century, placed the author in the same rank with Homer; and the elder Scaliger mounted him even a step higher. Nonnus, however, soon found his level.

Poliziano and Muret gently and tenderly lowered him from his dangerous eminence, to place him *under* Homer; and Nicolas Heinsius, Peter Cunæus, Joseph Scaliger, and Rapin, taking base advantage of his unsettled state, dragged him to the very bottom of the list—from whence he rebounded, in the opinion of M. Schoell, about half way. A little later, too, Proclus sung hymns to the Sun, to the Muses, to Venus, Hecate, Janus, and Minerva; and his voice, though faint, retained still some dim associations with antiquity; and Musæus, still later, celebrated the loves of Hero and Leander in hexameters, which would not have greatly disgraced any age of Greek literature. Here, however, ends the list, for with one or two exceptions, the crowd of court sycophants and laureats, which infested the lower empire, had no pretensions to the name of poets.

At the beginning of the twelfth century, tired of heroic deeds celebrated in shallow verses, and of the praises of great men, sounded in flat epigrams, the rhymsters began to revert to those romances which had consoled their fathers, by the charm of novelty and incident, for the loss of better things. The idea was conceived of writing poetry and romance, and thus of producing epics of common life. By this time the perception of the prosodial quantity was lost, and the poets substituted for the irregular and severe iambics of the ancients verses of fifteen syllables, of which the penultimate was always accented. These irregular iambics were called political verses, and are said by a popular critic to be deficient neither in elegance nor harmony.

THEODORUS PRODROMUS, who made use of this vehicle for insinuating a romance, lived in the first half of the twelfth century. Gaulmin says, that he was a Russian by birth, but it is tolerably certain that, at least, he passed the greater part of his life in Constantinople. He lived by his pen, but although he possessed considerable erudition and surprising industry, he did not live very well. In his farewell to the Byzantines on the occasion of his quitting Constantinople to follow the Archbishop of Trebizond, he talks of leaving a city where his literary labours had met with no reward. This complaint, taken conjointly with the high reputation he enjoyed among his contemporaries, and the respect which was paid him, as is shown by the title *Cyrus* (Κυρὸς) which he received on all occasions—would seem to prove that the profits of Greek authors, as well as their genius, had suffered a decline in the twelfth century. Prodromus was a monk, and after his profession took the name of Hilarion. “I write not like such,” said he, speaking at one time of authors distinguished by elegance of style, “I am altogether illiterate, and one of those poor monks who possess nothing.” M. Ville-

main politely contradicts this avowal of ignorance, affirming that the monk had both erudition and rhetoric; but he might have saved himself the trouble: for of all the conceited and self-sufficient authors we have had the misery to know and the amusement to read of, Prodrômus is the most preposterous. He took good care that the hypocritical cant we have quoted should deceive nobody into a belief of its truth; as will be seen by the following passage which is preserved by Chardon de la Rochette, and which we willingly give a place to, not only as affording a rich specimen of literary vanity, but as containing some details respecting the author. It is translated from his diatribe against a person who had accused him of heresy on account of his excessive attachment to letters; and this, apparently, must have been written after he had become the "poor and illiterate monk."

"I am not," says he, "of low extraction; many people might envy me my birth. If I do not enjoy great strength of body, I at least exhibit no deformity. I have received lessons from the best masters; I have learnt grammar; I have studied rhetoric—not that which is vomited by your cold Simocateses and their imitators, but the rhetoric of Aristides and Plato. Were I not afraid of being accused of presumption, I would add that there is nothing in the philosophy of Aristotle, in the sublime conceptions of Plato, in the theory of numbers, or in geometry, of which I am ignorant. I have composed so many discourses, that it would be difficult to ascertain their number. I speak with fluency; but I have one defect which I will not attempt to dissemble—it is that my tongue stutters, and sometimes repeats the syllable. Some people correctly imagine that this is occasioned by the difficulty it finds in following my fertile imagination; it hesitates, as if uncertain on what to fix—whereas, when reading the works of another, it experiences no embarrassment at all. If I can judge of myself, however, my tongue, notwithstanding this defect, does not come off worst in dialectic discussions; on the contrary, it seems to hurl a thunderbolt against my opponents—or if by any chance it should hang back, my hand comes to its support, and my pen finishes the business. All this, however, I have said, not from vanity, but simply to show how little I have derived from all these advantages. Still I have no sentiments unworthy of that philosophy in which I was brought up; and far from murmuring against providence, I believe that if it has not sent me heaps of gold, it is because it knew that I might be turned away by riches from the love of wisdom."

Of the romance of this modest author, called the "*Loves of Rodanthe and Dosicles*," we quote the following judgment of the learned Huet.

"Theodorus Prodrômus," says he, "is hardly to be preferred to Euthymius. He has more art than he, but still very little art. He never can get out of anything without the aid of machinery; and his actors preserve no propriety or uniformity in their character. Wish-

ing to outdo Homer in the management of his subject, he does not content himself with beginning the narrative in the middle of the action, and then relating quietly all that has gone before; the last part only is told to Dosicles, and the commencement hinted at obliquely. He has besides the practice of refining too much, and he has contrived to confuse his piece by attempting to introduce a story within a story."

Prodromus is the author of many other works on almost every subject, some published, and some still slumbering in manuscript. *Requiescant in pace!*

In the middle of the twelfth century CONSTANTINE MANASSES, the author of a Chronicle written in political verses, produced a tale in the same style of composition, called the "Loves of Ariander and Callithea." Some fragments of it are preserved in the "Garden of Roses," of Macarius Chrysocephalus, and it is trusted that no more may be found.

NICETAS EUGENIANUS has the distinguished honour of being the last and worst of the Greek romancers. His work, divided into nine books, and written in political verses, was at first set down to Prodromus; but the title being luckily found, that author, unhappy enough already, was absolved from the charge, although still left in the situation of an accomplice before the fact. The title of the Parisian manuscript runs thus: "A Poem by the Lord Nicolas Eugenianus, or an imitation of the late Philosopher Prodromus."

"It would be impossible," says M. Villemain, "to extract from it a faithful picture, a true sentiment, or a single natural or lively expression. It is a piece of dead literature, the image of a society destroyed by ignorance and servility. There are sounds, phrases, forms of style, appearances, and, if the expression be permitted, the shadows of thoughts; but there is no soul, no life. It puts one in mind of the warrior in Ariosto, who, being killed in battle, continued to fight for some time from habit before noticing that he was dead. It presents no curiosities in manners, not one of those ingenious traits, which in the other works serve to balance and redeem their faults, and which even now excite interest. It deserves, in short, to be damned without hesitation or reserve."

We have thus completed the task we had assigned to ourselves; of placing before the reader in a popular form all that is known of the Greek romancers and their works; and now looking back upon the meagre skeleton sketches which have been the result of our inquiries, we are only surprised that that all is so little. The procession glides past like the pageantry of a dream, crowded and confused, yet formless, empty, and indefinite. Names instead of persons are before our eyes, and words instead of things meet our grasp; and like the later romances which are only "shadows of thoughts," the authors are only shadows of them-

The curious reader will be struck with the circumstance, that by far the greater number of those persons were of the Asiatic coast or adjacent islands; and his thoughts will be carried back to the fact which he has observed in the literary history of Greece, that the brightest and best of those names which have filled the world with their renown, were all derived from the same quarter. Except the two Athenians, Thucydides and Xenophon, there was scarcely a single Greek historian of eminence born on the European continent. The same thing may be said of the majority of the philosophers. Thales of Miletus, with his scholars, Anaximander, and Anaxamenes, of the same place—Pythagoras of Samos—Heraclitus and Hermogoras, of Ephesus—Chrysippus of Solis—Zeno of Cyprus—Anaxagoras of Clazomene—Xenophanes of Colophon—Cleanthes, the stoic, of Assus—Metrodorus, the friend of Epicurus, of Lampsacus—Theophrastus—Xenocrates—Arcesilas—Protrarchas—with a host of other names of power, all crowd upon the memory. The greatest masters in medicine, the famous five in epic poetry, and indeed almost all the poets were from the same quarter. This soil, however, so wonderfully luxuriant in genius, was exhausted before the romancers appeared. The free-born muse cannot breathe in the atmosphere of slavery; or rather, where she is, tyrants cannot breathe. Greece was sunk not merely in political slavery, but in that worst slavery of the senses, which chokes and destroys every noble and lofty sentiment. The reveller was in her palaces, his head crowned with flowers, and the music of his songs rising wildly above the unheeded voice which everywhere proclaimed "*Delenda est Carthago*."

It is curious, notwithstanding, to trace in their writings the yearning which they still felt for the classical glories of antiquity, although to this it is owing that the greater number of their romances are so worthless. Their scenes and incidents belong to the Greece of Homer, rather than the Christian era. Piracies, robberies, and abductions, are their staple events; roving banditti, enslaved damsels and stolen children, who turn out to be the sons of princes, their personages. But this ancient form of society receives no impress of antiquity. Destitute of the taste and industry of the leading novelists of the present day, who have made the historical romances so interesting and so true, they fill up the antique mould with modern character. A strange commixture thus takes place of the old and the new; the romancer has no distinct and definite image before him; and the reader is constantly reminded that the book is only a fiction. In their characters they deal entirely in generalities; their heroes and heroines are nothing more than the forms of abstract ideas, personifications of adventure, misfortune, and vicissitude. We are oc-

casionally, indeed, amused with the rapid succession of the events, but seldom interested in the actions; for the latter come before us, not in their individual character, but in the character of their class—seeming to say like the persons of a Chinese drama, “I am a pirate—I am a robber—I am a hero.” The only attempt to paint the moral history of passion is in the romance of Longus; but even this is of a nature to be more interesting to the physician than to the philosopher.

While withdrawing a melancholy gaze from the picture suggested by the foregoing pages, of the decline of Greek literature, and the utter extinction which followed, our thoughts unconsciously stray into speculations on the future.

“Who shall awake the Spartan fife?”

exclaimed a poet of the last century.

“Who shall awake the Spartan fife,  
And call in solemn sounds to life  
The youths, whose locks divinely spreading,  
Like vernal hyacinths of sullen hue,  
At once the breath of fear and virtue shedding  
Applauding freedom lov'd of old to view?”

The Spartan fife is already awakened; its shrill notes are echoing at this moment among the isles of Greece, and the barbarian quivers both with rage and terror as its portentous music pierces into his heart. The war-pipe is awakened, but the harp sleeps—for ever? Should Greece once more assume her place among the nations, what are the prospects of her literature? When she awakes from her death-like slumber, will she arise in all the charms of her prime—

“—— severe in youthful beauty?”

Will the songs of the ΑΟΙΔΗ once more soothe her ear, or the groves of Academe wave over her head? Some romantic misconception, some amiable and beautiful forgetfulness, prevails on this subject. To the eye of youthful enthusiasm, or the equally simple and single-hearted gaze of a genuine lover of learning, this “home of their soul” appears in the situation of the Sleeping Beauty of the orientals. Like her, she is seen in their glorious dreams, arising untouched by time and change, to look round on the same hills which echoed to her infant songs, to catch inspiration from the same heavens which shed their blessed influence on her youthful head—to bask in the light of eyes beaming with the same expression which once gladdened her heart; to see the same forms of character, manner, habit, life, by which her own had been nourished and established; and to recognize the same images, perpetually renewed, in the antique and enduring mould

of eastern society. Alas, that so beautiful a picture should be only a dream! Greece may indeed awake from her political subjection and moral barbarism; she may become refined and civilized, and as free as such societies can be; but the character of her refinement, and civilization, and freedom, must be essentially different from what it ever has been. The circumstances which formed the original Greek character, the rude beginnings of which are slightly touched on at the beginning of this article; can never more recur. The world is in a different position—a position from which it cannot be moved by the successive falls of single empires, or by anything short of a simultaneous fall of the whole, or a new deluge. Strange and struggling contradictions are seen in every form of society, which might appear to point to a series of remarkable, and not vastly distant, convulsions. Straight before the Greeks, as they look into Asia, uniting with the pure and sublime theism of the Turks, we behold the most monstrous intolerance, ignorance, and barbarity. To the left, among the Russians, together with the benign doctrines of Christianity, we find an almost brutal depravity. Behind, in Italy, we see the descendants of the masters of the world rioting in all the delicacies of refinement, eulogising the virtues of their fathers, but imitating only their crimes and excesses, and perverting a merciful religion to the purposes of ignorant atrocity. In fine, watching the awaking of the Sleeping Beauty, there are France and England, with a civilization as exquisite, and as depraved and corrupt as that which preceded and omened the downfall of the Roman empire. Educated in these schools, and tutored by such masters, is it probable that regenerated Greece will ever again become what she was in the ages of her glory?

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ART. V.—*Ideen über die Politik, den Verkehr, und den Handel der vornehmsten Völker der alten Welt.* Von A. H. L. Heeren. Vierte u. sehr verbesserte Auflage. (Ideas upon the Polity, Commerce, and Traffic of the principal Nations of Antiquity. By A. H. L. Heeren. Fourth edition, enlarged.) Göttingen, 1824-29. 3 vols. in 7 parts. 8vo.

THIS excellent work, by Professor Heeren of Göttingen, is not, we believe, yet completed. The earlier editions comprehended a sketch of the Persian empire in its full extent; a geographical, historical and commercial view of the Scythian tribes; of the Indian nations (derived from Greek and Sanscrit sources); and the great trading city of Carthage: a volume on the polity, &c. of ancient Greece, was also included. A view of the commercial



relations by which the world was bound together under the universal dominion of Rome, will form a useful and necessary appendix to what has been already accomplished. The fourth edition, which is now before us, contains numerous additions and improvements, the rapid sale of the earlier impressions having given the author frequent opportunities for re-examining his opinions, and perfecting his work. Neither translation nor abridgment of this book, nor of any part of it, has appeared, as far as we know, in Great Britain; but a translation of the fourth volume (of an earlier edition), containing the polity and commerce of Greece, has been published in the United States of America. The translator (Mr. Bancroft) has also introduced to the notice of the American student, Professor Heeren's useful little *Manual of Ancient History*, which the English booksellers have reprinted for the benefit of ourselves.

A complete translation of this great work of Heeren would hardly meet with success in England. It is true we are a classical people; we all learn Greek and Latin—at least, all do so who wish to be called gentlemen, and aspire to distinguished ecclesiastical and civil posts;—but we are still far from having the necessary preliminary knowledge for relishing long dissertations on the moral, political and commercial condition of those nations whose history and language we profess to make our study. Professor Heeren's work is also too long to be translated. The author, whose speculations are nearly always ingenious and amusing, does not seem to possess, or to value, the art of presenting his ideas in a condensed form. He spreads over the surface of many pages, facts and conclusions that might be confined to a few; and he often tortures a solitary passage of an ancient writer till he has wrung from the unwilling witness the knowledge which it is supposed to conceal. These partial defects do but slightly impair to a careful reader and inquirer the general merit of the work, which is one of the best commentaries on the Greek historical and geographical writers. It has already guided many a bewildered student to a more rational and useful perusal of ancient documents, by throwing a clear and steady light over darkness and obscurity; it has made the study of a Greek historian a delightful and instructive occupation, by illustrating remote facts from the stores of more recent experience; and it transports us across the wide intervening space to an intimate acquaintance with departed people, by directing our attention to the physical and unchangeable circumstances which determine the condition and the commerce of nations.

The last edition of Professor Heeren's *Ideen* comprehends the Persian empire, with all the principal nations included in it; the

Indians; the Æthiopians of Meroë; the Scythian tribes, and the Carthaginians. The portion which relates to Greece has not yet been reprinted.

Our remarks will at present be chiefly directed to a short examination of the Persian empire, and the great commercial state of Carthage.

It is surprising that in studying the original Greek writers, or in reading the modern compilations from them, our attention is so little directed to Asiatic history and geography. Nearly all our knowledge of Persian history is, indeed, contained in the Greek writers, and in the Jewish annals; but it cannot be reduced to a connected form without great labour; nor is it intelligible without an accurate knowledge of the physical characteristics of these countries, and their subsequent political condition. The first Cyrus and his successors subjected to the dominion of the Persians, till that time a comparatively small and obscure people, the nations comprehended between the Indus and the Ægean sea—between the Caucasus and the Indian ocean. The peninsula of Arabia was protected by its deserts.

From the time of the great Persian conqueror, who was known to the Greeks by the name of Cyrus, till the death of the third Darius (an interval of about 200 years), there was seldom a cessation of hostilities between the Greeks and Persians in some part of their extensive empire. The struggle commenced with the invasion of the Lydian kingdom by Cyrus: it ceased when a Macedonian had seated himself on the throne of the Persian monarchs. The opportunities which the Greeks had for procuring information about the Persians, were such as Europeans have occasionally had about the persons of Asiatic kings: the dextrous Greek, renegado, adventurer, doctor, or prophecy-exponent,\* often contrived to insinuate himself into the favour of the grand monarch; he was, perhaps, as skilful a scribe as the Jew, and a better surgeon than the Egyptian.† Several curious Greek works on Persia are either entirely or partially lost,‡ but enough remains to aid a judicious critic in investigating the polity and the commerce of this widely extended empire. The annals of Ezra and Nehemiah, with the book of Esther, and the writings of some of the later Hebrew prophets, contain also much valuable information.

\* See Herod. lib. vii. 6.

† Ibid. lib. iii. 129.

‡ The twenty-three books of Ctesias; Dinon, Clitarchus, &c. The Persian history of Ctesias was in great part derived from the written records of the Persian court (*ἱστορίαι βασιλικαί*); and it may be proved to the satisfaction of all who have carefully examined Herodotus, that parts of his narrative also are founded on written evidence, which the Persians alone could furnish. Persian Chronicles are mentioned in Esther, i. 2.

The plan of one of these volumes should be briefly stated, as it will, perhaps, better show than anything else the variety of useful matter that is contained in them.

The first volume of the new edition, that on the Persian Empire, commences with some general remarks on the investigation of the political constitutions, the religious observances, and the commercial relations of the remote ages of antiquity. For him whose thoughts have not been directed, during the ordinary course of education, to these interesting topics, a new field of curious and endless inquiry is opened, and the hitherto comparatively barren and unwilling perusal of ancient records is invested with attractions that are strong and permanent. It is here that the author takes the earliest opportunity of stating an important principle to be attended to in these investigations, the close connection between the political and religious systems of remote times: the further we can succeed in tracing towards their origin the forms of social life, the more powerful we find to be the workings of religion. Interchange of useful commodities, which must have its origin and its continuance in the mutual wants of man, and in the variety of useful products so widely dispersed, was often cherished and protected by religious institutions.

This introduction is followed by a general geographical description of the continent of Asia. The only sure and solid basis on which investigations like these of Heeren can be founded, is an accurate knowledge of the physical character, and the products of the various countries that are comprised within his plan: to know well these facts is to possess a key to the interpretation of many obscure passages in Herodotus, Ctesias, and other writers on Asiatic history. A better acquaintance with this branch of geography may yet explain what is obscure and doubtful.

The author enumerates those products which have in all ages been the staple commodities of Asia. By referring to the countries of which they are now the genuine growth or manufacture, and observing from ancient authorities how far they were diffused in former ages, we demonstrate the existence of an extensive commerce in the remotest periods of which written evidence remains. The cinnamon of India, that we now use, was an article of luxury well known to Herodotus and his countrymen, who received both this spice and its name from the merchants of the world, the adventurous Tyrians. Since the route round the Cape of Good Hope has become the high road to the Indies, the European nations procure at a moderate cost a commodity which once passed through many hands before it reached the consumer.

The geographical distribution of languages in Asia, and the varieties of the human species in that immense continent, are sub-

jects of curious and pleasing inquiry. In the Persian empire in Asia, which extended from the coasts of the *Ægean* to the *Oxus* and the *Indus*, the author recognises three great leading languages, to which we may assign certain great natural boundaries. The mountain ranges and the coasts would often exhibit in a small space numerous varieties of the human species, and many diversities of languages: the wide-extended plains would present more unity and relationship. Between the *Ægean* and the *Halys* the ancient *Phrygian* language was the ruling dialect, which it is conjectured might have some affinity to the *Armenian*. But more than a dozen nations,\* or national varieties were found also within these limits: on the coast might be heard the varied forms of the flexible *Greek*; in the interior the barbarous dialect of the *Carians* and other tribes, indigenous or foreign.

But east of the *Halys*, extending on one side to the *Tigris*, and on the other from the *Caucasus* to the *Indian ocean*, were found the numerous dialects of the *Semitic* tongue. The condition of the various members of this great family was determined by their geographical position. In the fertile plains of *Babylonia* they raised imperishable monuments, and cultivated the productive soil; in the *Arabian desert* they became robbers, or the carriers of commodities across their extended wastes; and on the shores of the *Mediterranean*, the *Tyrian*, who occupied the centre of the then known world, collected in his warehouses the products of *India*, *Africa* and western *Europe*.

The dialects of the *Persian* may be supposed to have commenced at the *Tigris*, and to have extended to the upper waters of the *Indus*. We are now waiting with impatience for further information on the *Zend*, the sacred language of the *Medes*, on the *Pelvi* and the *Parsi*, the last the tongue of *Cyrus* and his conquering hordes. From a comparison of the vocabularies as far as they are now known, a close relationship between these three dialects is inferred, though there is sufficient difference to justify us in naming them as three varieties. The dialects of this language were diffused as far as *Armenia*, where the interpreter of *Xenophon*, in the memorable retreat, addressed the natives in the *Persian* language.† When the army proceeded further to the west, they found on the shores of the *Euxine* the savage barbarians, who must be placed in a general class with the almost innumerable varieties of the *Caucasian* tribes.

The relationship that probably exists between the *Zend* and the *Sanscrit*, between the sacred language of *Persia* and *India*, is

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\* Herod. lib. i. 28.

† Anab. lib. iv. 5. 10.

probably reserved for the labours of our own age to establish and confirm.

From this general view it follows, that the author's plan contemplates the Persian empire in its full extent, as the subject of his inquiries into early Asiatic history and commerce. But two nations were comprehended in the Persian Asiatic empire, which had an historical existence before their masters, and while under their dominion were the principal merchants and manufacturers of Asia. The Phœnicians and the Babylonians require, therefore, a separate discussion. In the chapter on the Scythians the learned inquirer collects all that can be known of the contemporary tribes of central Asia, and of the directions which certain branches of commerce took through their extensive steppes.\*

The next great division of this volume comprehends a geographical and statistical view of the Persian monarchy in its satrapies or provincial governments. It is preceded, according to the general plan of the author, by a brief notice of the original writers from whom our information is derived. Some of these authorities, which are principally Greek and Hebrew, have been already referred to.

It was under the reign of Darius, the son of Hystaspes, that the first attempt was made to consolidate the unwieldy empire of Cyrus, and to give to it a kind of political form and existence. But the twenty great divisions† of Darius were not so much regular satrapies, as a classification of the conquered people according to national stock and language. The end and object of the arrangement was the better collecting of the revenue for the proper support of the king and his household.‡ In presenting then a geographico-statistical view of the Great King's dominions, it will be found useful to join to the testimony of Herodotus that of Strabon, Arrian, Xenophon, Ctesias, and other writers occasionally. But in making use of such a writer as Strabon, for example, it is necessary always to bear in mind what is the particular period that we wish to illustrate, and to examine with caution the facts stated by an author who lived subsequent to the Persian dynasty. We may make for the purpose of geographical description three great divisions of the Persian Asiatic monarchy: the first will comprise the countries between the *Ægean* sea and the *Euphrates*; the second those between the *Euphrates* and the *Indus*; the third, under the name of *Persian India*, does not admit of precise limits,

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\* Founded principally on Herodotus, lib. iv. c. 24, &c.

† Herod. lib. iii. c. 89, &c.

‡ And the fixing of the quota or contingent that each people was bound to supply for the wars and foreign expeditions.

but expresses in an indefinite manner the connection between the great monarch and the nearest people of northern India. In describing these separate provinces the author combines with geographical facts much useful information on the religious rites, the natural or artificial products, and the commerce of the many nations contained in the king's dominions. One obvious advantage that arises from extensive conquests, is the general preservation of peace over a larger space, and the consequent facilities given to commerce. A great part of the traffic of Asia is necessarily a caravan trade, which would increase rapidly in so extensive an empire, when it could be traversed in safety.\* In the decline of the Persian monarchy, indeed, the provincial governors had become almost independent of the king; and even in the better periods, wars between the satraps were frequent enough to present obstacles to peaceful commerce.

But the maritime traffic of Phœnicia, perhaps, was rather improved than impaired under the Persian dynasty. The merchants of Tyre were under no apprehension of attacks from the wild tribes of the deserts, who had more than once carried their ravages over the best parts of Syria. They were left to pursue their gainful commerce on the condition of furnishing the best part of the king's navy. Driven from Sicily and the western Mediterranean by Greek competition, they appear to have turned themselves with increased ardour to the boundless East, where a richer commerce and less opposition would reward them for their enterprise and industry.

Sardis, the ancient capital of the Lydian kings, stood in an extensive plain at the foot of Tmolus, on one of the tributary streams of the Hermus. Under the Persians it became the headquarters of the king when he visited western Asia, and the chief residence of the Satrap of Lydia. It continued to be, as it was in the time of Croesus, one of the great commercial emporiums of Asia, the resort of Greeks from the coast, and of the nations of the interior. Here the luxurious Persian found in the slave-market the male and female captive suited to his taste, together with the eunuch, whom the dexterity of the Greek qualified to be an inmate of the harem.†

From Sardis there was a royal road‡ to Susa, beyond the Tigris, where the king generally resided. This route is minutely de-

\* See Anab. i. 9. 13.

† Herod. lib. viii. 105.

‡ In a Supplement at the end of vol. i. part iii. Heeren has enumerated the chief caravan routes of ancient Asia. The commercial relations of the Persian king's subjects cannot be better shown than by mentioning a few of the principal roads. These are laid down by Heeren, in the Map of Asia which accompanies his book: he has also marked some of the probable sea-tracks.

scribed by Herodotus,\* who gives us the number of royal stations or posts. To have a ready communication with western Asia, and the Greek towns on the coast of Ionia, was essential for preserving the integrity of the monarchy, and the dependency of one of its fairest portions. On this route, at certain intervals, about a day's journey distant, horses and men were always kept in readiness. When the royal commands were issued, the messenger from the first station carried them to the second with all possible speed; from the second they were as speedily transmitted to the third, and thus forwarded to their destination. "There is no human thing," says Herodotus,† "that can be compared in speed with this system of posts—neither snow, nor rain, nor the burning sun, nor the darkness of night prevents the postmen from accomplishing their prescribed distance with all possible speed." Some critics have converted this royal posting establishment into a regular posting system for the benefit of all the people, which opinion is at variance with what we learn from Herodotus, and entirely inconsistent with Asiatic notions. In their political systems the king is everything. We may compare with this Persian system of conveying information to the remote parts of the empire, the posting establishment of Kublai Khan,‡ who sent his orders from his royal city of Cambalu with astonishing rapidity to all parts of his dominions.

One of the most important commercial roads in the king's dominions, was that which connected Tyre with Gerra, on the Persian Gulf. To determine its direction is not possible at present, but there can be no doubt about the beginning and the termination of the route.

That the Phœnicians had commercial posts on the Persian Gulf, that they navigated these waters, and either formed a direct communication with the Indian peninsula, or received its products from other merchants who met them at this convenient entrepôt, are facts that may be considered as completely established. The two little islands of Tylos and Aradus (the present Baharein isles) bear the names of two Phœnician cities; and a late traveller has found other Phœnician appellations along the coasts of this bay. Tradition§ assigned these shores as the original seat of the Phœnicians, and their settlements on the Mediterranean were supposed to be colonial establishments, which, enjoying a more fortunate situation, attained to an historical importance above the parent states. Gerra, on the main land opposite to Tylos, was

\* Lib. v. c. 52. There is an error in his reckoning, or the fault lies with the copyists.

† Lib. viii. c. 98.

‡ Marco Polo, Kerr's collection, vol. i.

§ Herod. lib. i. 1; vii. 69. Strabon, lib. xvi. p. 766.

one of their principal depôts, from which the Arabs of the desert carried the commodities, probably, to the strong post of Petra in Arabia Petræa; here the road from Gerra would intersect the caravan route from southern Arabia, which is that which now connects Mecca and Damascus. From the depôt of Petra, the caravan would take a northerly direction till it approximated to the southern limit of Judæa; here the merchant might make his choice between the markets of Syria and Egypt, as he was now approaching the boundaries of both countries. Another route from Gerra to the mouth of the Euphrates, and along the river\* to the great city of Babylon, may be rendered probable, though not perhaps demonstrated; following the course of the stream from Babylon, the merchant would arrive at the fords of the Euphrates near Circesium, or Thapsacus; and hence his route through the Syrian desert, past the springs of Tadmor, (the Roman Palmyra,) to the coast of Phœnicia would be comparatively easy. Though it is difficult to say how much Indian commerce took this direction before or during the Persian dynasty, we have some indications of its very early existence. When Joseph was sold by his brothers, he fell into the hands of a caravan of Ishmaelites, who were carrying spices on their camels from Gilead to Egypt.† This passage can hardly refer to the direct route across the desert from Gerra.

Another important commercial road must not be omitted, which connected Babylon and Susa with central Asia and northern India. Babylon, a rich manufacturing town, celebrated for its fine fabrics of linen or cotton and woollen cloths,‡ for the cutting of precious stones, and the manufacturing of fashionable walking-sticks, had a ready communication with the neighbouring political capital of Susa. The great road to India ran north from Susa for some distance to avoid the sandy wastes on the east, and was therefore, to a certain extent, the same as the royal road already mentioned that ran from Susa to Sardis. But on the borders of Media it took an easterly direction through Ecbatana,§ the capital of that province, and crossed a mountain chain at the long and narrow defile commonly called the Caspian gates.¶ It then was carried through Parthia, through the town afterwards called Alexandria in Aria, and making a bend towards the south

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\* It is a mistake to suppose that an extensive commerce was ever carried on up the river by water, the navigation against the stream being tedious and almost impossible. See Herod. lib. i. 194. The transmission of goods from New Orleans up the Mississippi had no existence worth recording till the introduction of steam-boats.

† Genesis, xxxvii. 25.

‡ Herod. lib. i. 195.

§ Hamadan.

¶ Lat. 35° N. See Plin. vi. 14.



through the territories of the Drangæ towards the Choes, and the other northern tributaries of the mighty Indus. But from Alexandria in Aria another road branched out to the north, and led the enterprising merchant to Bactra on the Oxus, to Maracanda, (the modern Samarcand,) and towards the Jaxartes, or Sirr, the limit of commercial adventure, and the frontier of the Tartar tribes. The diligence with which the author has collected the passages of ancient writers, and the excellent illustrations which he has given from our present knowledge of Asiatic geography and commerce, are deserving of the highest commendation. Our information about central Asia is, however, yet too incomplete to enable us to comprehend fully many curious notices scattered through the Greek historians and geographers. At Bactra we find ourselves in a spot consecrated by the earliest traditions as the original seat of civilization and the arts of social life: we stand in the commercial centre of Asia, at the "confluence\* of nations," where men from the extremities of the continent might exchange their respective wares.†

From Bactra one route led to the nations on the northern waters of the Indus, towards the modern kingdom of Caubul: another ran in an eastern direction towards the Indians of Ctesias, who border on the great desert; this description corresponds to the province of Little Bucharía and the central wastes of Cobi. The track from Susa to the rich gold deposits of Asia is thus clearly laid down, and we have now arrived at the native country of some of those strange and marvellous stories which embellish the narratives of Herodotus and Ctesias.

Professor Heeren is among the first, perhaps he is the very first, who has demonstrated the full value of the information to be derived from these two writers. Amidst the wild, extravagant, and, sometimes, apparently silly stories of Ctesias, he detects the small grain of truth, which the knavery or ignorance of the Asiatic traders often concealed from the Greek doctor. From a passage in *Ælian's History*‡ of Animals, apparently founded on the authority of Ctesias, the author is led to conclude the existence, at that remote period, of a caravan trade between Bucharía and China. "The Indians bordering on the great deserts go in companies of two or three thousand, armed: they return in the third or the fourth year to their homes with the gold they have procured."§ Every circumstance in this short ac-

\* See Heeren, lib. i. §. 217.

† Buchará or Bokhara is now, what Bactra once was, the centre of the Asiatic caravan trade.

‡ Book iv. §7.

§ Gold only is mentioned as the object of this expedition; but Silk might and would be procured if they really visited China. The precise antiquity of the Silk trade has not yet been satisfactorily demonstrated.

count is favourable to the author's supposition, and when the nature of Asiatic commerce is understood, there is nothing improbable in the hypothesis. The caravan trade of Asia in its full extent had just the same facilities for its origin and continuance, at any period to which historical records carry us back, as it has at the present day. That Bactra or Maracanda might contain in their markets all the products of Asia, even in the time of the first Darius, is a possible and a probable fact; whether the evidence adduced to support it be satisfactory is quite another question. It may be remarked that an examination into the extent of ancient navigation requires much more care and caution than the discussion of the caravan trade; for the conveyance of goods across the wide plains of Asia, does not present us with a history of progress and improvement like that of maritime commerce.

We have indicated a few of the principal commercial routes in Persian Asia to show the nature of Heeren's work, and to invite attention to a further prosecution of this curious inquiry.

The remarks of Heeren on the remains of Persepolis and their connection with early Persian history, have excited much discussion, and brought on the author some literary abuse. Of the three historical classes into which these ruins may be distributed, it is only the oldest, which belongs to the ancient Persian dynasty, that have any connection with his subject.

After giving a ground-plan\* of the remains of Persepolis, or *Tschil-Minar*, and a general description of their present condition, he attempts to elucidate their age and character by reference to our written authorities. It is here that we find the value of the scanty fragments of the Persian history of Ctesias which Photius has preserved in his *Muriobiblon*; they present us with some information of a kind which Herodotus could hardly obtain, and which is peculiarly appropriate for explaining the design of the buildings of Persepolis. Under the early Persian monarchs Persepolis was the religious capital of the empire, to which the kings repaired at certain periods to perform devotional rites; to the eyes of the genuine Persian it would always appear as their true and national metropolis. Here the monarch, after his death, reposed in a tomb hewn out of the native rock, and in whatever distant part of his empire he might die, his body was conveyed in solemn procession to the city where his ancestors rested. The chief attendants of the king, his faithful eunuchs, accompanied

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\* Plates of the ruins of Persepolis and the inscriptions may be seen in Chardin; and some rough attempts in the Universal History, vol. iv. The designs by Ker-Porter are said to be the most correct and complete.

the body of their master, and closed their often eventful life in watching at their sovereign's grave.

One of the two sepulchres which are hewn in the mountain rock near the ruins of *Tschil-Minar*, our author believes to be the tomb of Darius, the son of Hystaspes, the most kind and benevolent of the Persian monarchs. Near the close of his life, he visited the original and native seat of the Persians, where it is probable he died, and was buried; his faithful servant,\* *Bagapates*, watched over his tomb for seven long years, till death put an end to his weary vigils.

In the last edition of his article on the Babylonians, Heeren has added some valuable matter on the site and ruins of ancient Babylon. Its position† near the modern village of Hillah is indisputably fixed, and the doubt about the existence of the Tower of Belus is completely removed by its being identified with the huge mass of the *Birs Nimrod*, situated on the west‡ side of the river. Babylon has been like an immense brick-field, from whose inexhaustible stock the cities of Seleucia and Ctesiphon probably drew their materials, as Balsora and Bagdad have done in more recent times; but enormous ruins still remain and tower over the desolation that is around them, perhaps the most ancient remnants of the architectural labours of man.§

After discussing the statistical geography of the Persian empire, we come to the consideration of its origin, its political form, and religious institutions; under the first head are included the prerogatives of the king, in whose sacred person was centered, according to Asiatic usage, every power that could affect the life and property of his people. The religious institutions, that we are acquainted with, were probably confined to the *Pasargadæ*, the chief Persian tribe, and to the *Achæmenidæ*, its leading family, which furnished Persia with her kings. Many Persian tribes undoubtedly retained their primitive usages, while the nobler families adopted the rites of the Medes with the same facility with which they put on the dress of the conquered nation.|| A sacred caste, called the *Magi*, distinct and set apart like the Levites of Israel, possessed the management of ecclesiastical affairs;¶ they taught the doctrines of Zerduscht, the benevolent Bactrian lawgiver, whose humanizing precepts inculcated many beneficial truths,

\* *Ctesias*, *Persica*, cap. 19. Edition Bähr.

† See Rich's two *Memoirs*, 1815. 1818; and Ker-Porter's *Travels*.

‡ Major Rennel placed this tower on the east side.

§ *Genesis*, xi. 2, 3, 4.

|| *Herod.* lib. i. 135.

¶ That the *Magi* mentioned in *Herodotus*, *Ctesias*, and *Xenophon* partially taught the doctrines of Zerduscht cannot now be doubted.

and encouraged the useful arts of life under the name and the covering of religious duties.

An examination into the provincial governments, the finance system (which was less complicated than ours), the resources for war, and the mode of raising the necessary supplies, concludes the volume on the Persians. The student of Herodotus and of Grecian history in general, as far as it is connected with Persian affairs, will never understand what he is reading, till facts are presented to him in that point of view from which the author contemplates them.

Between ancient and modern Asiatic monarchies of great extent the common features of resemblance are so striking, that modern Asia, with its physical and moral character, is the best school in which to study the Asia of Herodotus and Xenophon. Professor Heeren has incidentally drawn many useful illustrations from this source.

Within the limits of the empire of Darius was included the fertile Delta of Egypt, and the banks of the Nile as far south as Syene. The volume\* on Egypt contains a mine of useful and curious information illustrative of the architectural remains, the physical character, and the ancient political condition of this land of wonders. To examine it satisfactorily would require more time and knowledge than we at present possess; and the best Egyptian antiquarians are still waiting in daily expectation of receiving new additions to what they have already learned.

The connection between Egypt and the country of the Ethiopians, and the progress of religious colonies and architectural knowledge down the stream of the Nile, are placed by the learned author among those historical probabilities that approach to rational certitude. His ingenious conjectures receive fresh confirmation from every traveller: the holy shrine of Ammon,† the source of the religious and social systems that spread to the waters of the Mediterranean, stands unveiled to our wondering eyes. The author's enthusiasm carries us along with him, and we almost believe we see the original seat of Egyptian learning and commerce, that received their maturer growth in a more favoured soil and climate.

The commercial intercourse that connected Egypt with the nations of southern and eastern Africa, must one time have had for its centre the far-famed Meroe;‡ the traffic between this em-

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\* The student cannot understand Herodotus, book ii, without its assistance.

† Heeren, vol. ii. part 1, on the ruins of Naga, the ancient Meroe. His former hypothesis is confirmed by Cailliaud's recent discoveries.

‡ On the main stream of the Nile, the Astapus, near the modern site of Chandi, Lat. 17° N.

porium and Axum and Azab, the latter near the straits of Babel-mandeb, indicate a connection with southern Arabia, and the African regions in the neighbourhood of Cape Gardafui.

But the most interesting and the most extensive branch of African traffic we must contemplate in the political and commercial history of Carthage, perhaps one of the most original and complete of Professor Heeren's researches.

The same enterprising people who sailed on the Indian ocean and collected the valuable wares of the East, navigated the western Mediterranean and the waters of the Atlantic. On the northern coast of Africa, on a peninsula in the recess of a spacious bay, bounded by Capes *Bon* and *Zibib*, a colony of Phœnicians built the town of Carthage.\* It was not, however, the only settlement on this coast: Utica, north of Carthage, claimed a higher antiquity; and the two towns of Leptis, as well as Adrumetum and Hippo, are said to have been original and independent Phœnician settlements. The eastern limit of the Carthaginian possessions in Africa, when these several towns assumed a kind of consolidated form with Carthage as the leading member, was determined on the east by their proximity to the territory of Cyrene; the tower of Euphrantus on the eastern coast of the greater Syrtes was the boundary line.

To assign any definite western boundary is impossible, for they appear to have had trading posts all along the coast as far as the Straits of Gibraltar, and, probably, at one time thus formed a commercial and military route into Spain. On the island of Sardinia the Carthaginians kept a military force; their possession of Corsica is doubtful; but in the fertile Sicily they succeeded to the possessions of the parent state of Phœnicia, when she withdrew from the commerce of the western world. Majorca, Minorca, and Malta were occupied by the Carthaginians as convenient posts for refitting their ships, and as depôts for mercantile commodities, from which their jealous and exclusive system kept away all foreign merchants as long as they could. Coins and inscriptions prove the existence of a Greek colony in Malta, but its history and its fortunes are unknown. But the great mart for Carthaginian wares, and in the later periods of the state, the scene of their foreign conquests, was the extensive peninsula of Spain. In the southern portion, and in the favoured province of Andalusia, the Tyrians had long carried on a lucrative commerce with the natives, by which they obtained a plentiful supply of the precious metals. The town of Gades, situated beyond the pillars of Hercules, and on the shores of the wide Atlantic, was their

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\* B. C. 878, according to the usual chronological reckoning.

western emporium, and a convenient point to set out from in exploring the coasts of Europe and Africa. Tin and amber were commodities with which the Phœnicians supplied the Greeks in the time of Herodotus,\* who tells us the names of the places from whence they were said to be procured; it is inferred from this that the Scilly islands and the Prussian coast of the Baltic were visited by these adventurous merchants. But though the fact is not impossible, perhaps hardly improbable, as nothing more than the skill necessary for a coasting voyage was requisite for accomplishing this, we cannot admit the proofs of this navigation to be conclusive. Tin might be procured from the north-western angle of the Spanish peninsula, and the amber of Prussia might pass through the hands of many semi-barbarous traders to the nations who dwelt on the northern coasts of the Adriatic bay.

Respecting Carthaginian navigation south of the Straits of Gibraltar along the African coast, we possess a very curious document. At an early period, on which the chronologers† are not agreed, Hanno, the chief magistrate, conducted sixty vessels and 30,000 colonists to form settlements on the coast of Fez and Morocco. On his return he suspended in the temple of Cronus, at Carthage, a copper tablet, containing a brief statement of the events of this voyage and the limits of his navigation. For our copy of it, which is in the Greek language, we are indebted, probably, to the curiosity of some Greek merchant.

Of this singular relic Heeren has given a translation, with some few remarks.‡ The remotest southern point where a colony was left, was the little island of Cerne, which one modern geographer places near the island Fedal, and two other critics at a place called Arguin. The latitude of Fedal is about  $33\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ , and that of Arguin about  $20\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ ; thus we have a difference of  $13^{\circ}$  in the position assigned to Cerne. Heeren is inclined to place Cerne near Mogador, (Lat.  $31\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ ), or at Santa Cruz, one degree further south. Beyond Cerne it was only a voyage of discovery; its limits, according to the respective systems of Bougainville, Rennel, and Gosselin, are stated in the Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica.§

But contemporary with the expedition of Hanno,|| there was another voyage of discovery undertaken by Himilcon along the west coast of Spain and France, and as far as the Scilly islands. It is only in the half-finished poem of Festus Avienus (a Latin poet of the fourth century), entitled "*Ora Maritima*," that we

\* Book iii, chap. 115.

† Heeren makes it probable that these plantations were made about B. C. 450.

‡ Vol. ii. part 1. Appendix.

§ Article—Africa.

|| Pliny, lib. ii. 67, quoted by Heeren.

find these curious facts, which the author tells us he derived from Punic annals of an ancient date.

From the description in Diodorus\* of a romantic island lying in the Atlantic, which the Phœnician navigation had reached, and Carthage afterwards regarded as a place of refuge from that destiny which she foresaw, our author infers that the delightful island of Madeira was known to these people. He goes still farther: he recognizes in some lines of Festus Avienus an appropriate description of the island of Teneriffe and its volcanic mountain, which fear had dedicated to Cronus, the tutelary God of Carthage.†

The extensive maritime commerce of Carthage had received considerable illustration from various writers before Heeren undertook to develope and explain it still further. But he is the first who has placed in a clear and striking light the connection of this city with the nations of central Africa, and with the caravans that traversed the wilderness from Thebæ in Egypt towards the west. If we compare the position of the modern towns of Tripoli, Tunis and Algiers with that of Carthage, and consider the nature of their commerce at the present day, we cannot doubt that similar circumstances must long ago have produced corresponding results. The commodities of central Africa, of the desert, and of the region of Biledulgerid, contain the elements of a caravan trade, extending from the shores of the Mediterranean to the banks of the Niger. Central Africa has furnished in all ages slaves, male and female, for the inhabitants of the Mediterranean coast; gold and ivory also are the products of this remote land. The Sahara contains inexhaustible deposits of salt; the region of Biledulgerid abounds in dates, an article as important in African traffic as grain is in these northern countries; and in the native tribes of the Sahara we find the active and enduring inhabitant of the desert, whose nomadic life qualifies him to be the carrier of the sandy wastes.‡

On the sure and solid basis of an accurate knowledge of African internal commerce, and its unchanging and unchangeable character, Heeren establishes, by the aid of Herodotus§ principally, its nature and direction when Carthage was at the height of its prosperity. Those who are accustomed to investigations of

\* Lib. iii. c. 19.

† Vol. ii. part i. 106.

‡ Some critics deny that the Camel was known west of the Nile before the Arab conquests. If this be admitted, the extent of the ancient African caravan trade will appear doubtful to some, while others will be ready to deny its existence altogether. That the Camel was used in African traffic at a very early period, and before the time of Herodotus, may be rendered certain by direct evidence: the existence of an extensive inland commerce, proved by other and independent testimony, will strengthen the argument in favour of the Camel.

§ Lib. iv. c. 181, &c.

this kind, know very well that it requires much laborious examination, and many words, to state all the reasons in favour of an hypothesis, which itself can be exhibited in small compass. It will be sufficient then to mention briefly the results.

There is no reason for supposing that Carthage had a direct share in the central trade, but her immense consumption of slaves and other African commodities required and demonstrate her remote participation in it. From Thebæ in upper Egypt a route is traceable (in Herodotus) through the ancient Ammonium, (the modern *Sineh*,) and through Augila, to the Garamantes, whose position is the modern Fezzan. *Mourzuk*, the capital of Fezzan, is now one of the great stations between Tripoli and the interior: in the country of the Garamantes, then, we believe that the road from Thebæ intersected that which led from central Africa towards the site of modern Tripoli. From *Mourzuk*, or some spot not far distant, (probably *Zuila*,) the road seems to have run, in the present route of Tripoli, towards the tribes on the smaller Syrtis, who were within the limits of the Carthaginian empire. Thus; through Thebæ in Egypt, and through the territory of the Garamantes, Carthage might receive the products of this extensive continent: that she did possess them is undeniable.

The political institutions, the naval, military and commercial resources of Carthage, and the history of her struggle with the ruling city of the Italian peninsula, present some of the most interesting and instructive of all subjects of ancient investigation. Her own annals are lost, with the exception of a few scattered fragments preserved in the language of other nations; and it is only in the writings of Greeks or Romans that we can attempt to trace her origin and her fortunes. From Herodotus, Polybius and Aristotle,\* Professor Heeren has collected the scattered notices that exist, and he has combined with them facts incidentally noticed by other writers. The results of his labours deserve a full and complete examination, which must be deferred to another opportunity.

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\* Justinus, the epitomizer of Trogus Pompeius, is the only writer who presents a continuous history of the early condition of Carthage: his narrative does possess some value, principally on this account.



- ART. VI.—1.** *Collezione di tutti i Poemi in lingua Napoletana.* (Collection of Poems in the Neapolitan language.) 28 vol. 12mo. Napoli, 1783—8.
- 2.** *Collezione delle Opere in dialetto Napoletano, edita da G. De Simone.* (Collection of Works in the Neapolitan dialect.) Vol. I.—III. Napoli, 1826. 8vo.
- 3.** *Poesie Siciliane dell' Abate Giovanni Meli.* (Sicilian Poems by the Abbé G. Meli.) 7 vol. 12mo. Palermo, 1814.

ITALY has been, from the oldest times on record, a land of many races and of many tongues. Whether this be owing to its geographical position—holding out inducements to early colonization and foreign invasion—or to the nature of its configuration and surface, a long narrow peninsula divided by lofty ridges and rapid streams into many distinct regions, the fact is certain that the inhabitants of Italy in the extended acceptance of the name, (meaning the whole country between the Alps and the two seas,) never acknowledged a universal oral language. Before Rome's palmy days, the Veneti, the Gauls, the Liguri, the Etruscans, the Osci, the Samnites, the Brutii, the Siculi, and the colonies of Magna Græcia, all had peculiar idioms. Although Roman conquest spread far and wide the use of the language of Latium, which became every where the language of government, of correspondence, and of the educated people, yet the old provincial idioms were not thereby obliterated, and they can be traced as having been spoken even under the Cæsars. Latin was to the Roman empire what Arabic was afterwards to the vast and motley nations which acknowledged at one time the sway of the Caliphs. Even in Italy, it is more than doubtful whether, in the provinces remote from Rome, Latin ever became the common familiar language of the people. Cicero says himself, that the use of Latin was confined *exiguâ finibus*.\* Italy *proper* was considered by the Romans to extend northwards only as far as the Rubicon, and from thence along the chain of the Apennines to the river Macra, on the boundaries of Liguria. Within these limits it would appear as if Latin finally superseded the former idioms; and it is remarkable that in modern Italy also the same line marks the boundary on that side of the oral Italian. Although the language of Rome had become, under the Cæsars, the universal literary idiom of the empire, yet even the classical writers of the countries north of the Apennines appear to have yielded to a certain influence of the aboriginal dialects, and Patavinian, Veronese, and other idiotisms, were easily discernible

to the practised critics of Latium. That Latin was spoken and pronounced differently in the various provinces, and by the various classes of people, we have Cicero's authority for believing. That great orator recommended the *urban* pronunciation, *certa vox Romani generis urbisque propria*, alike removed from rustic coarseness and from foreign petulance and impertinence.\*

After the repeated invasions of the northern tribes, Teutonic, Gothic, and Scythian idioms mixed themselves with the spoken dialects of Italy, especially in the great plains between the Alps and the Apennines, where at last the Longobards permanently settled. In central Italy, in Tuscany, Latium, and the Apennine districts, as far as the Abruzzi, the invaders did not establish their fixed residence; the language of these regions, therefore, which from the proximity to Rome had already merged into Latin, was less disfigured with barbarisms, and gradually transformed itself into that modern dialect, the legitimate offspring of the Latin, which was afterwards called Tuscan or Italian, whilst in the north the spoken dialects, that were originally foreign to the Latin, became still further estranged from it by fresh Transalpine admixtures. This accounts for the peculiar features that pervade all the dialects of northern Italy, with the exception of the Venetian, (Venice was a sort of colony of Rome,) such as truncated terminations, abundance and harshness of consonants, nasal sounds, and that unharmonious pronunciation of certain vowels, especially the *u*, which Alfieri, himself a Subalpine, so strongly reprobated, all features which separate by a strong line of demarcation the dialects of the north from those of the rest of Italy, and give to the former a distinct foreign appearance.

To the south of the Apennines we have Tuscany and the Roman states, where the spoken idiom bears to the written one an affinity similar to that existing between the written and the oral French or English. The country people and the lower orders, especially in the Roman provinces, make use of vulgarisms, and have peculiarities of pronunciation, which are not, however, sufficient to constitute a separate dialect; but in the city of Rome the language of the educated classes is remarkably pure; and the pronunciation soft and liquid. The Florentine has been called the Attic, and the Roman may be called the Ionic of modern Italy. The oral Italian extends as far as the frontiers of Naples, it even penetrates into the Abruzzi round the shores of the lake of Celano and as far as Aquila, where it is spoken nearly the same as in the Roman territory. In short, from Abruzzo to the frontiers of Bologna and Modena, and thence to the Gulf of La Spezia, the people may be said to acknowledge one common

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\* De Oratore, lib. iii. cap. 12.

idiom, interspersed here and there by provincialisms, as occurs in every country.

But matters alter as we advance into the kingdom of Naples; there we find ourselves again in a country of dialects, unintelligible to the unpractised Tuscan or Roman, as well as to the foreigner who is acquainted only with the written Italian. The Neapolitan, along the coast of the Mediterranean, and the Apulian, (*Pugliese*) in the provinces towards the Adriatic, are languages as old as, if not older than, the Tuscan. Galiani, in his treatise on the Neapolitan dialect, demonstrates its antiquity, and its formation from the Latin and Greek dialects that were spoken in southern Italy under the Romans, mixed afterwards with Provençal, Norman, and other ultramontane idioms introduced at the various invasions. Matteo Spinello wrote in the 13th century his History of Frederic II. in a language which, although resembling at times the infant Italian used by the courtiers of that monarch, cannot be styled otherwise than Neapolitan. This dialect was used at the court of the Anjou kings. We have a letter written in Neapolitan by Boccaccio, while at the court of Joanna, to his friend Francesco Bardi, where it appears that that great Tuscan writer so much relished the humour and *naïveté* of the dialect, that he was for some time in doubt whether to write his tales in it; had he done so, the fate of the Neapolitan language might have been materially altered. As it was, the Neapolitan continued to be used at the court of Alfonso and the other Aragonese kings; and when in the 16th century Tuscan obtained the supremacy as a literary language, as the language of good society all over the peninsula, the vernacular idiom of Naples still continued to be the common medium of conversation in that kingdom. In the seventeenth century it was cultivated by poets of no despicable parts, and thus became a written language, whilst its cognate the *Pugliese* remained confined as a mere vulgar dialect within the narrow provincial limits of the Adriatic districts, its literary productions being only a few trifling ephemeral compositions. The *Pugliese* is, however, introduced in the Neapolitan farces as the Yorkshire or Somersetshire dialects are on the English stage; it is best spoken in its vernacular purity by the people of Bisceglia. In some villages of Puglia, dialects of Greek and Albanian are also spoken. On the gulf of Taranto an admixture of Sicilian is perceivable, and it continues throughout Calabria, the dialects of that province forming a medium between Neapolitan and Sicilian.

During the last century, when Naples became again a separate kingdom under a branch of the Bourbons, and the national spirit seemed for a time to revive the Neapolitan language, which had been neglected for a long period under the accumulated

misfortunes of the country, again resumed its rank as the language of poetry, of wit and humour, and of the popular drama. The late King Ferdinand, the first native King of Naples since the time of the Aragonese, delighted from early habits in the company of his countrymen, and showed a strong predilection for their vernacular tongue, the raciness and broad humour of which he particularly enjoyed. He continued to speak it to the end of his long life. The French invasion, however, and the reactions, proscriptions, and miseries of all kinds that followed at the close of last century, had the effect of silencing even Neapolitan garrulity, and the popular dialect felt the influence of the evil day.

Since the peace and the restorations of 1814-15, attempts have been made in the north as well as in the south to revive the cultivation of dialect literature. This bias has been deprecated by many, and especially by Tuscan writers, as being antinational, and as tending to keep the Italians disunited at a time when other circumstances seemed to countenance a general approximation of principles and feelings in the various populations of the peninsula. The long occupation of the French had, by the forced and overbearing intrusion of their language, awakened the patriotism of the Italians in favour of the beautiful idiom of their great classical writers, of the lovely Tuscan language; and Napoleon himself at last consented that in those provinces of Italy which he had annexed to the French empire, extending to Rome inclusively, Italian might be used in the courts of justice, and in the acts of government, simultaneously with French, whilst in the two kingdoms of Italy and of Naples, the former had never ceased to be the ministerial language. But French was the language of the rulers, of the court and its adherents, the fashionable language in short,—while the *official* Italian, at all times distorted, and often ungrammatical, out of the limits of central Italy, became sadly disfigured by a large infusion of Gallicisms.\* After the overthrow of the French empire, a reaction in this as in other matters took place, and Lombards, Venetians, Genoese, and Neapolitans, all feeling ashamed of the barbarous jargon they had so long made use of, acknowledged the necessity of a return to pure models of writing and of speech. All confessed that the conventional gibberish current till then was not Italian. But the question was, where to look for a living specimen of the national language. That of the old classics appeared somewhat

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\* Such words as *percezioni*, *trattamenti*, *chittanza*, *burò*, *contabilità*, *arrangiare*, *piazzare*, *abbonare*, and phrases like *vengo di dire*, *sul campo*, *arrivare for accaders*, and numerous other vile barbarisms of like coinage, were then current in Italian documents and correspondence.

cramped and unmanageable for modern prose. The writers of the eighteenth century, most valuable for the importance of their subjects and the perspicuity with which they had treated them, were, with few brilliant exceptions, infected with neologisms, with foreign idioms and constructions. What was to be done? The only part of Italy where an idiom analogous to that of the classics was the oral language of the people, was Tuscany; and we might add, Rome. That idiom suited all the purposes, satisfied all the social wants of an intelligent and refined population; here was the living fount from which to draw. To Tuscany, therefore, to its writers and to its people, the most judicious among the Italians turned their attention, as Alfieri had done before them, and the result has certainly been beneficial to Italian literature and to the spoken Italian used by the educated classes all over the peninsula. An opposition, however, manifested itself to this acknowledgment of Tuscan supremacy, especially at Milan; and it was headed by the talented but irascible Monti, and by his son-in-law Perticari. They were offended at the assumed superiority of the Florentines, a superiority which the latter asserted with perhaps too much self-complacency, whilst their antagonists stoutly maintained that the Italian language, the language of Dante and Petrarch, was totally different from the oral Tuscan, which last could only be considered as one of the many dialects of the peninsula. "It was from all the dialects that the writers of the 13th and 14th centuries formed the written language, and from all the dialects it ought to be recruited still, to supply new wants." The Lombards, therefore, proposed to this effect an amphictyonic council of all the learned of Italy, in order to compose a new dictionary; that of La Crusca being wholly inadequate to the increased wants of a modern nation, besides being replete with Florentine idiotisms.

We by no means intend here to discuss this much debated point; which has excited so much literary animosity in the peninsula, but which luckily seems now somewhat calmed. We have already stated the sober facts concerning the origin of the written Italian, and its indubitable affinity with the oral Tuscan. That the northern and southern dialects of Italy are at least as old as either, is also an indisputable truth, as much as that they have remained greater strangers to the formation of the literary idiom, owing to the circumstance of the first great writers being chiefly Tuscans, and also to the superior harmony and elegance of the Tuscan language. It is also undeniable that the substance of the dialects is, in a great measure, a corrupt Latin, and that, therefore they have all a considerable affinity with the Tuscan and the written Italian; although, owing to the disfigured orthography and pronunciation, this affinity is not at first so evident.

An acute Italian scholar may be able to make out the meaning of most dialect words when written; but he will not understand familiar conversation carried on in any dialect, unless he reside for some time in the particular state where it is spoken, and unless, being gifted with an accurate ear, he study attentively the pronunciation of the natives. We speak from experience, having bestowed time and pains on the subject. To give our English readers an idea of the state of the matter, we would refer them to the difference existing between the written English, and the oral English with its local vulgarisms and idiosyncrasms as used by various classes, and the lowland Scotch as spoken and written by Burns and other Scottish writers. Some of the Italian dialects, especially the northern ones, are even farther removed from the Tuscan or Italian, than the Scotch is from the English. The Provençal and Languedocian, considered with reference to the French, might furnish also a fit comparison.

Giordani and other patriotic writers deplore the attention bestowed of late on the dialects, such as publishing collections of works in the vernacular idiom of each state, as has been done at Milan, Venice, Naples, and other Italian cities; they compare dialects to the copper coin which is necessary to the vulgar for minute transactions, whilst the literary Italian is like gold or silver currency, necessary in all important affairs, and the value of which is by all acknowledged. But the dialects of Italy are not all vulgar; they are spoken by all classes of people from their infancy, they form the medium of intimate and familiar conversation, and, as Giordani himself confesses, even educated people from the dialect states, while formally conversing with one another in the Italian they have learned at school, "if excited by passion or feeling, if inspired by love, pity, or benevolence, resort naturally and unconsciously to their vernacular dialect;" and why? because they can express themselves more forcibly and naturally in it, from its being their *native language*. A Roman or a Tuscan, in a similar case, would continue to speak Italian. Until the fall of the Venetian republic, pleadings at Venice were carried on in dialect—popular plays are still written in Venetian; as they are in Milanese at Milan, in Piedmontese at Turin. The late King of Sardinia, Victor Emmanuel, preferred speaking Piedmontese at court to both Italian and French. At Genoa the common language for commercial business is the Genoese—priests often preach in the same dialect; the same happens with the dialects of Naples and of Sicily. In each of those states there is one city or district where the vernacular idiom is spoken with a certain refinement, and from whence writers have derived their models. All the above-mentioned dialects have dictionaries,

and all have been illustrated by poets, some before, but most of them after the general revival of Italian letters in the 16th century. Calmo used the Venetian, Ruzzante the Paduan, Maggi the Milanese, Cortese the Neapolitan, in their respective dramas. After these a host of writers, both in the 17th and in the last century, whose works are now before us, have enriched the dialect literature of their respective countries. Epics, lyrics, satires, tales both in verse and in prose, have been the fruit of their labours. Tasso's Jerusalem has been translated into most of the dialects. Partial translations of Dante and Ariosto have been attempted, Petrarch has been imitated, and even an amusing parody of the Iliad has made its appearance in broad Neapolitan, by a wit of that country.

As matters now stand, it is impossible for a stranger, or a traveller, whether he be from beyond the Alps or from central Italy, to enter into the feelings of the people of the dialect states, to understand their character and disposition, to relish their wit and pleasantry, to transact business with them in thorough confidence, to enjoy their society and kind offices, unless he understand their vernacular idiom. This may account in part for the deficiency of knowledge observable among foreigners concerning Italian domestic society, and for the enormous absurdities we are often doomed to read in the lucubrations of tourists. In contingencies of a graver nature, in times of popular movements or of military undertakings, the importance of an acquaintance with the energetic familiar expressions of the people is obvious. Those who have commanded Italian troops during the late war can bear witness to the efficacy of appealing to the feelings of men through their maternal language. Nor are the Italian dialects destitute of intrinsic merit; each has a peculiar expression of humour, and features indicative of the national character; some are most felicitous in their figurative expressions, and poetic in their imagery. With regard to *sounds*, the Venetian is soft and musical, the Sicilian and Genoese are accented and emphatic, the Milanese and Piedmontese have a soothing tone of good-nature, whilst the Neapolitan bears an expression of irresistible drollery and farcical humour. Even those that appear most harsh and uncouth in their orthography, sound pleasant when spoken by females.

It was our first intention to have treated of the principal Italian dialects and of their literature, but we soon found that we should unavoidably exceed the limits of an article; we have therefore had to choose, and have taken in hand the dialects of southern Italy, whose peculiar character and greater affinity with the Latin and Greek distinguish them from the northern ones, which have a more considerable Transalpine or Northern admixture. The

two literary dialects of the south are the Neapolitan and the Sicilian. Partial collections of works in the former have been published at different times, from which we shall give extracts and notices of the principal writers.

First on the list, by order of date, appears Giulio Cesare Cortese. His works engross three volumes, and consist of both verse and prose. Cortese was born at Naples, in the latter part of the 16th century, of gentle lineage; he repaired early in life to the court of Ferdinand de Medici, Grand Duke of Tuscany, where he became a general favourite, and soon enlisted himself among the votaries of the Tuscan muse. Having fallen in love with a maid of honour, born of princely blood, he constituted himself her faithful knight, forgetting however first to ascertain her inclinations. "He followed her," says the commentator of his works, "wherever she went, persecuting her with sonnets and madrigals." The lady was haughty, and probably not poetically inclined, and slighted the poor swain, who one day finding her alone near a window in a gallery of the palace, made her a declaration in form, entreating her to be *courteous* to her poor Cortese. She resented his presumption, and was moving hastily away, when the lover in despair seized her by the arms to detain her, but she, nought perplexed, freed herself, and taking off one of her high-heeled slippers, gave him a sound drubbing for his pains. After this *éclat*, Cortese bid adieu to the court and to Florence, and returned to his native country, where he appeared so dejected and sad, that his friends could hardly recognise him. Partly to assuage his grief, and partly to revenge himself, he conceived the idea of writing a satirical poem, but instead of court damsels, he took for his heroines the *vajasse* or menial female servants of tradespeople of his own city. He wrote his poem in *ottava rima*, and completed it in five cantos, styling it *La Vajasseide*. It was first published in 1604, and went through sixteen editions in the course of the fourteen years that followed.

"La Vajasseide" is a low burlesque poem, describing chiefly the grovelling and profligate habits of the Neapolitan populace, and as such we deem it untranslatable. As a picture of low life in those times, it contains some humorous and curious sketches. Action, properly speaking, there is none, unless we call by that name a sort of petticoat conspiracy entered into by the *vajasse*, in order to oblige their masters to consent to their marrying, and give them the customary dowry. One couple is married in the first canto, and in the second the bride is put to bed, on which occasion we have a description of the Genethliac mysteries, after having been initiated into those of Hymen in the preceding canto. Another marriage follows in canto 3, and



here we have an amusing account of a low Neapolitan wedding, with all its finery and trappings, and its more substantial provisions, especially in culinary stock, of which these people are seldom forgetful. In the *trousseau* of the bride we find the following articles enumerated: a kettle, a spit, a saucepan, a tripod, a bucket, a washing-tub, a broom, a platter and a basket full of wooden spoons, a distaff and spindle, and plenty of hemp and flax. The bride was dressed in a gown of yellow stuff, her face painted or rouged, for this vile custom seems to have been of old established among all classes at Naples; she wore glass ear-rings, and a mantilla in the Spanish fashion. A large company of relatives and friends assembled in the square of the district to witness the game of the gaffer, usual on such occasions. The poor bird's neck being well rubbed with soap, the young men try to twist it and pull it off. Meantime a pickpocket steals a silk bag of one of the fair spectators, but instead of money finds it filled with apples, chestnuts, and a piece of sausage. At last, in the 4th canto, the principal couple, Ciullo and Carmosina, obtain the master's consent to their wedding, and we have a third marriage described; but certain sorceries of a wanton, who asserted prior claims to the bridegroom, have the effect of retarding the happiness of the married couple, until at last, by the assistance of Micco Passaro, a brave and bully notorious in those times, the charm is broken, and matters end to the satisfaction of all parties. The language is congenial to such themes, and admirably calculated for the meridian of the Lavinaro and Puerto, the St. Giles and the Wapping of Naples.

Annexed to each canto are notes and explanations, also in broad Neapolitan, by Bartolomeo Zito, a brother academician and friend of the author, whose commentaries are perhaps the most entertaining part of the volume. In the midst of much turgidity and mystification, we find numerous references to old customs and superstitions prevalent at Naples at that time. The commentator compares his bard to the great Italian poets with an air of assumed credulity that is quite amusing. According to him the *Kajasseide* is at least equal to the *Æneid*, the *Jerusalem* and the *Eurioso*, and the Neapolitan idiom by far the most expressive and poetical of all languages. In speaking of its numerous diminutives, he ascribes their abundance to the lovingness of the Neapolitan women, who have a termination for each shade of affection and endearment; thus from Dominico they construct Micco and Miccariello, or Mineco and Menechiello, and also Mascuscio and Menecaccio, and lastly the augmentative Meneccone. Of the poetical inspiration peculiar to the Neapolitan sky we have a high-sounding encomium; not only Virgil, Cicero, Boetius, and

Tasso, are all *subpend'd* in the cause of Parthenope, but less known characters are also enlisted as witnesses, such as Archia, a native of Antioch, who on arriving at Naples became suddenly a poet, and a certain Lucius Gilius Calidius, who felt the same wonderful influence; "in short," says Zito, "there is hardly any one in this city of Naples who does not paint black and white, *alias* write something, whether good or bad." It would seem therefore that the *cacoëthes scribendi* was as prevalent at Naples at the beginning of the seventeenth century, as it is now in London in the nineteenth.

Besides the commentaries, Zito wrote a regular defence of the *Vajasseide* against the *Academici Scatenati*, who had written an elaborate review of it in pure Tuscan, criticising it severely, and taking the author to task for having violated Aristotle's rules! Zito's vindication was apparently as serious as the criticism; and, to heighten the joke, was written in broad Neapolitan. But as the strictures of the Academicians had extended from the poem to the language in which it was written, and the learned critics had asserted that the Neapolitan idiom was "unfit for poetry, being obscure, destitute of power, vulgar, irregular, and barren," Zito took up the defence of his native dialect, proving it to be neither barren nor destitute of energy; and in his zeal he concludes by saying that the Neapolitan contains the cream of the Greek and Latin, the former being its mother and the latter its nurse; and that even in the time of Cicero and of Pompey, Naples had a dialect formed of those two languages, and different from the Latin of Rome.

In speaking of the character of Micco Passarò, introduced by Cortese as a sort of popular umpire and settler of disputes, the commentator adverts to the prevalence of professional bravoos, a class of men who had been encouraged by the practice of public fights given for the amusement of the people, in times not very remote from those of Cortese, and under the Anjou and Aragonese kings; and he quotes a letter of Petrarch to his friend Giovanni Colonna, in which the poet expresses his horror at seeing men's blood spilt in a Christian city, in the public square of Carbonara, for the entertainment of the court and the nobility; and in the midst of the applause of the spectators. This was under the first Joanna, and her husband Andreas of Hungary. Petrarch was led to the spot where he found the court assembled, and hearing a great shout of applause, he turned round and saw a handsome youth transfixed by a sword, staggering, and at last falling at his feet.—*Cortese, Op. vol. ii. p. 177.* It is worthy of remark, that this abominable custom was put an end to under the Spanish dominion, which, with all its oppressions and exactions,

had at least the effect of checking feudal barbarism and its concomitants, civil strife, public fights, and the insolence of braves.—*Cortese, Op.* vol. ii. p. 178.

The last-mentioned race has furnished Cortese with the subject of another poem in ten cantos, under the title of "*Micco Passaro Innammorato*," in which he relates the exploits, the affected insolence and real cowardice of that city bully, his enlisting with a Spanish detachment that was sent by the viceroy against the banditti of Abruzzo, another plague of southern Italy derived from the old system of *condottieri* and mercenary bands, and which no government has as yet been able totally to eradicate. These outlaws in the 16th century ravaged whole districts and towns, put their prisoners under ransom, and tortured those who could not or did not pay promptly the sum demanded. The atrocities committed by these villains are related by our poet, such as mutilating men, burying them alive, baking others in ovens, spitting children, tying the living with the dead, in short, all the enormities which minds diabolically inventive can imagine, and which have been renewed in our days (1799) in the same country, under the double excitement of fanaticism and of civil war. The Italians in general are not a cruel people, yet the southern extremity of the peninsula might, we fear, if we consult history, be suspected of forming an exception to this remark. But to return to Cortese. The personal adventures of his hero are low and grovelling, his intrigues with abandoned women, and the jealousies of the latter are at last concluded by his marriage. Some of the descriptions, however, in *Micco Passaro*, are of a higher stile than those of the *Vajasseide*.

Cortese wrote another poem in six cantos, called the *Cerriglio Incantato*, full of sorcery, enchantments, &c. The combat between the two champions, Sarchiapone and Cesarone, is described in the following stanzas, remarkable for their construction, the words being almost all verbs and all *sdrucchioli*, a sort of dactyles consisting of three syllables, with the accent on the first, and which serve admirably the purpose of imitative harmony, in expressing the various motions and changes of position of the combatants:

Se vödëñö, s'affröntänö e s'accöstänö,  
 Rîdëñö, se salütänö e se chiämmänö,  
 Se töccänö le prättëchè e se mōstränö  
 Ntrëppëtë; pò s'arraggiänö e se nchiämmänö,  
 Se votano, s'allargano e se scostano,  
 Se streguëno, se mmesteno, e s'arrammano,  
 Se zollano, e le coppole s'ammaccano,  
 Se meüano, se parano, e se shiaccano.

S'abbasciano, pò s'auzano, e se tirano,  
 Se stizzano, se fermano, e se scornano,  
 Mò shiatano, e se posano, e ritirano,  
 P'accidere, e pe' bencere pò tornano,  
 S'acconciano, pò passano, e se ammirano,  
 S'appontano, s'annettano e pò s'ornano:  
 Pò jettano li fodere, e sferrejanu,  
 Se pesano, se pogneno e stroppejano.

*Cerriglio, Canto VI.*

The principal merit of Cortese lies in the fluency of his expressions, and the facility and harmony of his verse. He has fully displayed the astonishing fecundity of the Neapolitan language, which renders it remarkably adapted for the burlesque epic, although susceptible, at the same time, of delicacy in the midst of its familiarity, as the following lines among many will show. The poet describes a moonlight night, Venus is the only star visible in the firmament:

La sore de lo Dio che l'ore sparte  
 Avea lecenzejata ogni zetella,  
 Sulo nce steva l'ammica de Marte,  
 Pò se fare a bedè ch' era cchiù bella:  
 Pecchè da ll'ora che mmescaje le carte,  
 E nce fù couta a chella rezzetella,  
 Stà sempria cò Diana accompagnata,  
 Pè fà vede a lo Munno ch' è nzorata.\*

*Ibid. Canto VI.*

A pastoral, or rather *rustic* drama, of Cortese, "*La Rosa*," after the manner of Buonarroti's *Tancia*, and Guarini's *Pastor Fido*, has much simplicity of expression, natural feeling, and considerable interest; and is, perhaps, the most pleasing of the author's productions. The dialect also seems suited to this walk of the drama.

He also wrote a love-story in prose, called the *Adventures of Ciullo and Perna*, which however, has nothing, except its being written in Neapolitan, to distinguish it from the numerous tales of the same nature with which Italy abounds. Cortese's language often approaches the Italian or Tuscan, especially in the construction, and is not therefore so truly Neapolitan as that of

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\* The Sister of the God who distributes the hours  
 Had dismissed all her handmaids,  
 The beloved of Mars alone remained behind,  
 In the full display of her beauty:  
 As ever since the day when  
 She was caught in the fatal net,  
 She affects the company of Diana,  
 To let the world know that she is married.

his brethren. There is this peculiarity in the dialects, owing to their having no fixed rules, that where they are employed by a scholar, and especially by one like Cortese who had also written in Tuscan, they assume unconsciously a more polished, and thereby a more Italian form,—the boundaries between the *lingua illustre* and the dialects being placed on rather debatable ground.

In his "*Viaggio di Parnaso*," a poem in seven cantos, Cortese visits Apollo's court, and there finds a numerous assembly of bards, of whose works he gives his modest but decided opinion. Among the few Neapolitans who had preceded him, Cortese mentions his countryman and friend Cavalier Basile, in terms of the highest praise. This writer, under the assumed name of Gian Alessio Abbattutis, composed various spirited eclogues, besides his "*Pentamerone, ovvero Trattenimento de le Piccerellè*," a series of children's tales and wonderful stories current at Naples in his time, which are related with infinite zest and humour by ten old women. Abbattutis is a true specimen of a popular Neapolitan storyteller.

Neapolitan literature abounds in satirical poems; of which the first in the collection before us is "*Napolé scontrafatto dapò la pesta*" written by Giovan Battista Valentino, who flourished nearly half a century later than Cortese. Naples had altered sadly for the worse, since Cortese's time. After the famine and the revolt of Masaniello in 1647, and various alarming eruptions of Vesuvius, the great plague of 1656 came to fill up the measure of the calamities of that devoted city. More than two hundred thousand persons perished by the scourge. This scene of desolation is well described by the historian Costanzo: the indolence of the Spanish governor, the ignorance and selfishness of the medical men, the superstition of the people, who resorted to processions and the building of convents\* as a preservative, all combined to spread the contagion with fearful rapidity. The usual disorders and crimes accompanied the dissolution of all social ties, which is the most dreadful feature of a country afflicted with pestilence.

"Friends and relatives abandoned the sick on their solitary pallets, whilst wretches forced their way into the deserted apartments and stripped them of every valuable, breaking open trunks and presses, and

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\* The Monastery of Suor Orsola, one of the most extensive of Naples, and whose massive walls are seen frowning on the brow of the hill of St. Elmo, was raised during the prevalence of the contagion by the infatuated devotees, most of whom caught the disease while assisting in the undertaking.

sometimes hastening the death of the helpless infirm. As for the guards at the gates and barriers who were ordered not to let any one into the city, many of them amassed a fortune by their complaisance. Beadles and sextons exacted money to open the churches, and bestow sacred burial on the defunct. One hundred crowns was hardly enough to secure decent interment. Some fellows stood by the little shrines and altars which were raised in every street, and pocketed the offerings of the poor distracted women who came to pray for the recovery of their dear friends."—*Stanze* 62—66.

After the contagion had abated, the survivors profited by the spoils, and a new scene of reckless extravagance and abandoned dissipation commenced. A great revolution had silently taken place in the fortunes of the citizens, as if a general transfer of property had been effected. From the number of families extinguished by the plague, a few surviving and distant relatives became heirs to three or four estates at a time. Titles of property in other cases were abstracted, wills were forged, unfounded claims advanced and supported by false witnesses, and thus a great mass of wealth passed into the hands of dishonest persons, especially women of loose character and their paramours, or of menials and plebeian dependants. Thus many a respectable mansion was seen occupied by new people, mostly vulgar and of dissolute conduct, who attired themselves in the splendid clothes and used the rich furniture of its deceased occupants,—a contrast which at that time and in a country where the distinction of ranks had been till then preserved in the minutest outward forms, must have struck an observing mind as supremely ridiculous. Accordingly Valentino expatiates on this metamorphosis in a tone of bitter sarcasm and indignation; the anger of the poet has all the appearance of being genuine and heartfelt, and indeed from our knowledge of the complexion of the Neapolitan temperament, we feel sure that it was. The Neapolitans are naturally as satirical as the Romans or Tuscans, but a peculiar feature in the satire of the former is, that it is mostly turned against their own nation and country, which they seem always ready to abuse in a lump. Professional grumblers and satirists are met with every where at Naples, who make themselves quite bilious in descanting over the vices of their countrymen. There is a sort of attraction for an idle splenetick man in the vocation of a satirist, as it binds him to nothing; he may be himself, as is often the case, infected with the same sins which he reviles in his countrymen; he has only to throw the blame on the contagion of example; and on the general corruption of society which has perverted his nature and made him what he is. In the south, this rage for reviling is tenfold strong, and seems to be felt as

a sort of atonement for all evil-doings. The language of the Neapolitans, with its emphatic and appropriate words, and its astonishing fertility in vituperative adjectives, is remarkably adapted for satirical compositions. Salvator Rosa, although he wrote in Italian, has preserved in his satires the spirit of his native tongue in all its energy and ribaldry.

With all its enormous infliction of individual misery, however, the plague of Naples was not wholly unattended by beneficial results. A fresh circulation was given to property, and a new spur to industry; for this we have Valentino's own admission. In stanza 24 he says "that every plebeian apes the nobility, and will have no longer oil-paper, but glass panes in his windows. The handkerchief round the head is discarded by the women, and the silk mantilla substituted. *Gloves are worn generally*, mechanics and porters now stalk about in cloaks of fine Segovia." All these, we are sure, appeared heinous enormities to poor Valentino; but he was doomed to see worse still. These unconscionable upstarts, it seems, were fond of good eating as well as of fine clothes.

"There are taverns at every corner, where they feast upon the most costly fish and viands; people who once could hardly make a meal of macaroni, and who when they could have a dish of meat and cabbage thought themselves as fortunate as princes, now feed on veal, poultry and pies, and red wine of the best; and what is more, they will have their wine iced both summer and winter, as if they laboured under a continual fever. I recollect the time, when only titled lords, gentlemen high in office, and now and then a merchant, drank their wine iced, and that only in the heat of summer, but now, if a low scoundrel misses the snow one day, poor man, he cannot eat his dinner! But listen to this, and keep your temper if you can; the people of low condition actually have taken to drink ice-cream and lemonade, as if it were water or brandy!" —*Stanza 38—41.*

In some cases, however, even our satirist acknowledges that the property had passed into right hands, for where some lived as menials with their own unfeeling relations, where brothers and nephews were treated like slaves, and ate as hard-earned bread as if they had been strangers, death had turned the cards, and the unhappy and the oppressed had become suddenly masters. "Had the deceased had time to make a will, this would not have been the case." —*Stanza 58.* It appears that at the termination of the plague, a rumour having spread itself throughout Italy that Naples had been totally depopulated, strangers resorted to it from every part of Italy, from Milan and Rome, from Calabria and Sicily, for the purpose of filling up the vacancies, but on arriving and finding that the race of the Neapolitans was not quite extinct,

they were either obliged to retrace their steps, or content themselves with some low employment.\*

When every fear of the plague had vanished, and things resumed their usual course, then crowds of men and women turned out in innumerable boats, with guitars and rebecks, violins and timbrels, and descended in swarms over the shores of Posilippo and Mergellina, eating and drinking by night and day, and making a real bacchanal in the place. Others flocked to Poggio-Reale (a royal villa on the road to Puglia) passing by the empty and desolate houses where the plague had effected its greatest ravages, without the least feeling of compunction. Nay, there was even a large tavern opened close by the great cemetery where thousands and tens of thousands of victims lay buried. "When I arrived," says Valentino, "in the gardens of Poggio Reale, I saw nothing but people tippling, laughing, quarrelling, crying and bawling out for wine, more wine!"—*Stanze* 87, 88.

"Instead of gentlemen riding, you see fellows on horseback who do not know how to keep their seats, and ride as if they were going to be whipped. I never could bear patiently to see an ass astride a horse."—*Stanza* 91.

In this manner Valentino goes on venting his bile on the present possessors of the good things of this world, "Strange," quoth he, "that the scum alone of the people should have been benefited by the plague. That men healthy and comely should have been carried off, and the ugly, the deformed, the sickly been spared!" Among other contingencies, all the learned lawyers, it seems, had died, and what was still worse, their places had been filled up by ignorant scriveners and ushers, declared enemies of Priscian, and who could hardly spell. He next passes in review all the various professions and trades, most of them unworthily filled, and ends by a long philippic against the women, and the foolish matches that were contracted after the plague. "But for the women," exclaims he most ungallantly, "at least let it pass, as they are rebels against reason, governed by instinct like animals, and as such, deserving of compassion; but that men, so wise and clever, should have fallen into these vagaries!"—*Stanza* 187. Alas, good Valentino! thou wert no conjuror in-

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\* "Venute so das lontane paiso  
Nfi da Romma e Melano gente, strane,  
Cò na gran quantetà de Calavrise  
E na caterva de Cecelliane;  
Lì quale tutte quante se so crise  
Ca non e érano chiú Napolitane;  
Dicenno: Cammarate allegramente,  
Cá Napole è bacante e senza gente."—*St.* 68.



deed, to wonder at men being as great fools as women in these matters.

This poem was published soon after the plague, and a second edition with additions, in 1668. His next poem, "La Menza Canna" or "The Yard Measure," may be looked upon as a continuation of the former. It is written in the same metre, *ottava rima*, and begins with a dialogue between Titta (Valentino) and his friend Masillo.

"In every house," says Titta, "there is a broom to sweep it clean, and every body has a mirror in which to look at himself; but a measure with which to judge of ourselves we find nowhere.

"*Masillo*.—What the deuce is the matter with thy tongue, that it whirls like a windmill? the world is not fond of lectures, Titta, leave it to go its own ways, and don't make thyself a thousand enemies. Besides, to be frank with you, why should you expose your own country? think you that other countries are free from sin? believe me, the world is pretty much alike everywhere."

Titta however will not follow this prudent counsel; he persists in moralizing, good man, in order that people may reform,—a common delusion or pretence of the satirist, the emptiness of which is demonstrated by every-day experience. On the second charge, however, Titta answers that he does not write merely for the Neapolitans, but for all who will listen to him, as he feels confident that his verses will spread over all Italy. He then begins in the old strain; "Naples is no longer what it once was; it is become like Noah's Ark; here we have Turks, Moors, and Albanians, Greeks, Germans and other ultramontane people, with a swarm of Frenchmen, besides Romans, Tuscans and Sicilians, the discordance of whose tongues puts one in mind of Babel." The poet then goes on dividing his Measure into four *palmi* or parts, in the first of which he treats of the *women*, their extravagance, caprice, &c. The second part treats of the various sorts of imaginary and fictitious *honour*. In the third we have a review of *nobility* and its pretensions, which are investigated with remarkable freedom. In the fourth part, the poet ridicules all kinds of unfounded *pretensions*, presumption, arrogance, &c.

Filippo Sgruttendio has been styled the Petrarch of Neapolitan poetry, but he is a burlesque Petrarch. He lived in the 17th century, and is the principal lyric poet in the collection. His "Canzoniere" is a parody of the lofty strains and touching lamentations of Laura's lover; there is an equal luxury of fancy and the same fluency of language, though of a coarser kind, in the parody as in the model. Sgruttendio took for the theme of his song a certain *Cecca*, a low Neapolitan slut, of whose charms he gives a most ludicrous account. He styles his poem, *ovvero*—

collection of verses, *La Tiorba a tascone*, from the name of a species of guitar with ten strings, the latter being represented by the ten chapters or parts into which the book is divided. This fancy of imitative distribution in the framing of a poem, seems akin to the taste for acrosticks, anagrams, logogryphs and other puerile subtleties, and appears to have been a favourite among Neapolitan writers of the 17th century.

The first six chords of the Tiorba consist of above two hundred sonnets; in the first chord the author addresses his mistress in praise of her beauties, each sonnet separately portraying her hair, mouth, eyes, hands, &c. now describing the wonders that accompanied her birth, and now relating in imitation of Petrarch the time and place of the poet's falling in love. In the second and third chords he speaks in general of the various miseries and accidents which befall lovers. The fourth consists of sonnets addressed to sundry vulgar beauties, such as a scullion, a tripe-seller, or others noted for some bodily deformity, such as blind of one eye, cripple, hunch-backed, &c. The fifth chord, in imitation of Petrarch's second series of sonnets, consists of dirges and lamentations for Cecca's death. Some of the sonnets begin in an apparently earnest and lofty tone, but they generally fall towards the end into the usual trivial strain. One sonnet begins—

Fermate, oilà, tu che cammine e passe  
Su chesta via, addove nè é sta fossa  
Ch' è accossì bella fatta e granna e grossa  
Pecchè nè è Cecca mia che me dea spasse. . . .

Sonnet XIV. is a tolerable parody of Petrarch's celebrated vision,—*Levommi il mio pensiero in parte ov'era*. Sgruttendio, striving in his dreams to follow the apparition, awakens and knocks his head against the chimney-piece.

The sixth chord is made up of sonnets addressed to Sgruttendio by his brother poets, and his replies in *rima obbligata*. The names of the poets and of the academies they belong to sound most ludicrously. One is called Papocchia of the "drink-drunk academy;" another is styled "Take-him-to-feed," of the "piggish academy," and so forth. Sgruttendio really revels in these absurd and odd-sounding appellatives, and his store of them seems inexhaustible. In some of the sonnets addressed to him, Sgruttendio is placed above Cortese and Abattutis, the two leaders till then of Neapolitan eloquence. One of the writers goes a step farther, and compares him to Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, and Marini.

The seventh chord consists of epistles on the miseries of poets, on the low estate of people of merit and talent, and he mentions as instances several well-known ballad-singers and story-tellers of

his time, with such names as Sbruffapappa, Cacapozonetto, &c. The last mentioned was a lawyer who knew his Digest by heart; but, because he was poor, could not dress in silk nor wear gloves, and walked awkwardly, was followed and pestered by hundreds of urchins through the streets, who often obliged him to take refuge within the gates of some *palazzo*.

The eighth chord contains odes on various subjects, and the ninth is composed of dithyrambics, a species of composition for which the Italian in general seems well suited. The dithyramb was of lively Greek origin; the Latins, more stately and grave, did not inherit it, notwithstanding some attempts of Horace and Seneca; among modern nations, Italy alone has naturalized it successfully in her literature. Redi's Tuscan dithyramb is a happy model of this species of composition. In the dialect literature, the Venetians, Neapolitans, and Sicilians have most excelled in it; indeed we think the dialects, from their very irregularity and reckless freedom, admirably adapted for the riotous festivity and wild incoherence which constitute the spirit of the dithyramb.

In the tenth chord he resumes his lamentations over Cecca's death, relates several visions on the subject, and swears he will sing no more of love, but will break his guitar in despair. In all this, however, the ludicrous is abundantly mixed with the pathetic.

Sgruttendio's "Glories of the Carnival," is the best performance in the whole volume. The light-hearted, jovial epicurean is there in his very element. Seated at table in a famed tavern in the neighbourhood of Naples, he is in raptures at the sight of the busy cooks and waiters, of kettles full of tripe, stewpans crammed with meat and broccoli, or with *polpette* or forced-meat balls; spitfuls of liver and ham with laurel leaves interposed between, besides the famous zoffritto; Cagliari macaroni, redundant with grated cheese and brown gravy, and bowls of sallad of tender sprouts well seasoned with pepper, oil, and the juice of the bitter orange. But whence all this extraordinary movement?—Carnival has just set in.

Carnevale saporito

Core bello viene cca:

Tu che puorte chisso spito

Che de puorco carne nc 'ha;

\* \* \* \* \*

Chi po maje de te contare

Le grannizze quante sò?

Chiù ch'arena no nc'è a mare,

O a Natale li crò crò.

Sò tanta affecola,

Che se strasecola

Chi pensare maie nce vò.

He proceeds with a lively picture of the pleasures and follies of the Carnival season, such as they used to be in that giddiest of all Italian cities; for now, what with reduced fortunes, increased diffidence, police restrictions, and, we may add, a higher tone of the public mind, the Carnival is but a shadow of what it formerly was. Sgruttendio describes the various costumes and masks, the dances, the shouts of merriment, and above all he dwells with real *gusto* on the *salti sperticati*, Policinella's enormous grotesque leaps, which form one of the favourite expressions of Neapolitan joy. Then come the showers of hard eggs with painted shells, oranges which fall in every direction, and sprinkling of ashes from the windows. The sound of kettles and timbrels, the bells ringing, the girls whirling round some unlucky wag whom they have got in the midst of them, and play all sorts of tricks upon, the various masks armed with bags full of straw, bladders, and brooms, children dancing, drums beating, men singing in chorus, all this makes a jumbled scene of the most delectable confusion and uproar. The poet ends with appropriate eulogies of the various dishes of the season, sausages, black puddings, &c. the savoury perfumes and taste of which are described *con amore*.

Redi himself, in his notes to the "*Bacco in Toscana*," speaks in praise of Sgruttendio; and in truth the Neapolitan might be looked upon as a formidable rival to the Tuscan poet. The *Grolie de Carnevale* is one of the most lively effusions of this kind, it breathes the genuine bacchanalian spirit. It is followed by another poem in the same style, in praise of the great national dish, the mighty *Maccaroni*. The poet begins by invoking Ceres, and goes on describing the process of maccaroni-making, which, by the way, we can certify, from inspection, to be a most cleanly one. He compares them, when just spun out, and cut and spread in long skeins, to the milky way, and when hung in rows to dry, he assimilates them to the tresses of Berenice:

Belle janche  
 Vranche a branche  
 De lo nciegno quann' ascite ;  
 S'à no panno  
 Spase v' hanno  
 La via lattea me parite.  
 Si sospise  
 Veove appise  
 A le ccanne: st'arma dice:  
 Vuje, o belle,  
 Le trezzelle  
 Me parite de Bernice.

"For the love of them men lavish their money, and some sell even their clothes." The poet then proceeds to describe the culinary preparations of *boiling*, *cheesing* and *gravying* them, and lastly, greedily swallowing them with an avidity which may well be styled *maccheroni-mania*. We see the sturdy bull-necked fellow, with eyes upraised and chin protruding, cramming with his fingers the long, flexible, and slippery pipes down his capacious throat.\* Sgruttendio, after wishing that every thing he touches might be turned into maccheroni, ends at last as a climax, by wishing to be metamorphosed into a maccheroni himself!

And now we must part with our friend Sgruttendio, the jolliest and liveliest among his brother songsters of the syren-shore.

*La Fuorfece* (The Scissars) is a didactic poem by Biaso Valentino, a descendant of Titta, already noticed, who lived in the first part of the last century. The Valentinos appear to have been a poetical family. Under the symbol of scissars, divided into two blades and a screw, which give the name to the books or parts of the poem, honest Biaso reprehends vice with no sparing hand. The poem is long and desultory, consisting of between fourteen and fifteen thousand lines, but an earnest moral tone pervades it throughout, joined to a greater decency of expression than is found in other Neapolitan satirists. The first part is written entirely in blank verse, all ending in *sdrucchioli* or dactyles; the remainder of the poem is in *ottava rima*. Biaso was a man of erudition, well read, and acquainted with several languages; his poem is interlarded with Latin quotations in the true old style of Italian gossip; he quotes also Greek and even Hebrew, besides Spanish, French, English, and German, and all pretty correctly. He gives a long list of all the heresies that have infested Christendom, and this in the spirit of a Neapolitan Catholic of a hundred years ago, passing in review the schismatics of every age, beginning with Simon Magus and Saturninus, the Nicolaites and the Gnostics, down to the great reformers of the 16th century, and their successors in the 17th, among whom we find mentioned the Archbishop of Spalatro, Antonio de Dominis, who came to England after his renunciation of Catholicism. As a sequel to this he treats his readers with an account of all the councils assembled in order to suppress the said heresies.

The second book is subdivided into *Quadri*, or sketches of life, among which those of the plague, of the town taken by storm, of matrimony and of fashionable life, are boldly and strikingly drawn.

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\* Our readers, who are old enough, will recollect the faithful representation of a similar scene on our own stage, by the excellent Grimaldi.

But Biaso, like most of his countrymen, paints classes rather than individuals, manners rather than characters. We have the usual complaints of the degeneracy of the time being, and the author observes that his grand-uncle and namesake Titta, were he to revive, would not think so badly of the age in which he had lived. And it may be worth noticing that Bernadino Musco, another Neapolitan poet, who lived before the elder Valentino, complains loudly in his "history of a hundred years ago" of the corruption of *his* time.

O bell' Ausanza, e commo si squagliata!  
Commo nòn tuorne o doce tiempo antico!

Next comes Titta Valentino, who in the 17th century exclaimed:

Songo passate li tiempe felice  
Quando li verdatiere erano amate,  
Addove trove chiù de chill' ammie  
Ch' amavano senti la veritate.

And nearly one hundred years later Biaso Valentino says,

O Titta, si campave nato secolo  
De chiste tiempe cierto havie che scrivere.

Another poem, of the same age, whose author concealed himself under the name of Santillo Nova, begins with *Napoli n' è chiu chillo che primméra*, and proceeds through five cantos to describe in vivid colours the decay of Naples and the degeneracy and corruption of its inhabitants. Thus, if we are to believe the above authorities, it would appear that during the course of two centuries, namely, from the 16th to the 18th, Naples had been gradually sinking lower and lower in wretchedness. Making all due allowance for Neapolitan exaggeration, and satirical spleen, for the common weakness of men to praise times gone by, still we believe that much ground remained for these lamentations and philippics. We have already seen that from the times of Cortese to those of the elder Valentino, Naples suffered dreadfully from Spanish oppression, and its result, rebellion; from famine, dearth, and pestilence. The latter part of the 17th century was for Naples an epoch of stagnation, which was but the vegetation of misery, while at the same time the neighbouring kingdom of Sicily experienced the evils of war and proscription. The beginning of the 18th century extended those calamities again to Naples. The rival claims of Austria and of France to the Spanish succession, involved the ill-fated kingdoms of Naples and Sicily in the long contest. They were invaded, lost, and reconquered by Austrians, and Spaniards, until at last in 1735 the present dynasty was esta-

blished on the throne of Naples in the person of Don Carlos, the son of Philip V. of Spain.

One of the latest Neapolitan writers contained in the collection is Nunziente Pagano. We have a poem of his in fifteen cantos, and in ottava rima, under the title of *Mortella d' Orzoloni*, chiefly remarkable as an almost solitary attempt in Neapolitan literature of a work of passion and feeling. Mortella, a country girl from the village of Orzoloni near Naples, loves and is beloved by her neighbour Ciano, but her parents have another choice in the person of Sapatello, a bandy-legged gallant, who has however the advantage of superior wealth over his rival. Ciano's father, on the other side, wishes his son to marry another girl. Poor Mortella thus disappointed, hearing from report that the next day is appointed for Ciano's wedding, sends to the druggist for some poison and swallows it. It proves, however, to be only a soporific preparation, and after much alarm, Mortella revives in the arms of her still faithful Ciannello. The parents now agree to the match, but Mortella, weary of the joys of this world—having had too solemn a lesson of their vanity—declares her intention to retire to a monastery, and with a true woman's feeling, persuades her lover to follow her example. The parting scene is affecting, the poem ends with Mortella's entrance into a convent of the capital, where, concludes the poet, she is now working her soul's salvation: God bless her!

E llà se sarva l'arma. Viat' essa!

Pagano's other production is *La Fenizia*, a rural drama, or as it is called a tragi-comedy, in which the manners and language of the country people in the neighbourhood of Naples are happily imitated.

Pagano translated into Neapolitan, Homer's *Batrachomyomachia*, and he left also other works, among which is a poem on the history of his native city.

The other writers whose works appear in the collection published by Porcelli, are: Andreja Peruccio, who wrote a fabulous poem on the supposed catastrophe of a town called Agnano, which stood on the site of the present lake of that name; Parmiero; Domenico Basile, who translated Guarini's *Pastor Fido* into Neapolitan; Fasano, whose version of the *Jerusalem* is considered a masterpiece of its kind, besides several anonymous works, to which we must add some juvenile but clever productions of the celebrated Ferdinando Galiani, who wrote also a *Dictionary* of his native language.

And here we close our review of Neapolitan dialect literature,

whose genius is exemplified in the authors we have noticed. Gay, and sensual, indolent and yet impassioned, more fruitful in images and in expression than in the invention of character or in the delineation of deep feeling, it is the undisguised expression of the thoughts and habits of a sensitive but fickle, ingenious yet careless, pompous yet fantastic and farcical people.

Different from the Neapolitan is the character of the Sicilian language and literature. Whilst the Neapolitan delights in broad full-mouthed sounds, doubles its consonants, and adds one or more syllables to every word susceptible of increase, the Sicilian prefers obtuse sounds, slides over the consonants, lengthens the vowels, and speaks close and almost in a mutter. The Neapolitan abounds in *sdrucchioli* or dactyl terminations, the Sicilian in strongly accented ones, or spondees. The Neapolitan affects the vowels *a* and *e*; the Sicilian prefers the *i* and *u*, which give to it a Moorish or Turkish physiognomy; the former ends the plural of even masculine substantives in *e*, the latter terminates both masculine and feminine plurals in *i*. The Neapolitan might be called a feminine, the Sicilian a masculine language. A few examples will serve to show the difference.

## Italian or Tuscan.

Io sono  
egli è  
noi siamo  
voi siete  
egliino sono  
voi foste  
sarò  
io ho  
egli ha  
voi avete  
io ebbi  
voi aveste  
egliino ebbero  
Il padre  
i padri  
la madre  
le madri

## Neapolitan.

Io sò  
isso è  
nuie sémmo  
vuiè site  
iase songo  
vuiè fussivo  
saraggio  
io aggio  
iase ave  
vuiè avite  
io appe  
vuiè aviasivo  
chille appero  
lo patre  
li patre  
la matre  
le matre

## Sicilian.

Iu sugnu  
iddu è  
nui simu  
vui siti  
iddi sunnu  
vui fustivu  
sarroggiu  
Eu aja  
iddu avi  
vui aviti  
Jeu appi  
vui avvittiru  
iddi appira  
lu patri  
li patri  
la matri  
le matri

The dialect literature of Sicily, properly so called, does not seem to ascend in date beyond that of Naples, viz. the end of the sixteenth, or beginning of the seventeenth century. About that period we find several writers of note who composed in *Sicilian* or *vernacular*, in contradistinction to those who wrote in *Italian*. Pietro Fullonio wrote several poems in *terza* and also in *ottava rima*. The first comedy in Sicilian was published at Palermo in 1638; about the same time Tommaso Aversa published his *Canzoni* and *Idyls*; and Giuseppe Galeani, himself a poet, published a collec-



tion of Sicilian songs and poems from different authors, which he called "*Le Muse Siciliane*," in 1645-62. The old Sicilian writers of whom Dante and Petrarch speak, and who flourished under Frederic II. and Manfred, did not write in the Sicilian popular dialect, (which probably also was not *then* such as it is at present,) but in the *lingua aulica*, such as was then being formed in various parts of Italy, and encouraged and cultivated at the court of the emperor. One has only to compare the poetry of Arrigo da Lep-  
tini, Pietro delle Vigne, Odo delle Colonne, Inghilfredo Siculp,  
and even of Ciullo d'Alcamo, with those written by Tuscan or Bolognese writers of the same age, to be convinced that they all aimed at writing, not in their respective idioms, but in *one* and the same language, viz. the literary and courtly Italian, although each introduced occasionally his own provincialisms.

Sicilian literature, after being depressed by national calamities in the latter part of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries, revived again in the peaceful period that followed the establishment of a Bourbon dynasty on the throne of the Two Sicilies. It was at this epoch that Meli appeared, a writer who has shed more lustre upon his vernacular language than all his predecessors put together.

Giovanni Meli wrote his first poem, styled *La Fata Galanti*, in 1759. He was then nineteen years of age, and a student of Medicine, of which he afterwards became a Professor, in the University of Palermo.

In the "*Fata Galanti*," the youthful poet being carried up to Pindus, sees the shades of the celebrated poets, and listens to their converse and to the advice of his fairy guide, after which he modestly renounces all thoughts of attempting the epopea or tragedy. In this resolve Meli estimated accurately where his powers lay. His genius was essentially lyric, and it is in his lyrics that he excels, and especially in his pastoral compositions, which have deservedly obtained him the name of the modern Theocritus.

Sicily seems to have been from the oldest times the favourite land of pastoral song. The beautiful Sicilian valleys, resplendent with all the luxuriance of southern nature, fenced in by gigantic mountains and forests coeval with the world, and canopied by skies of immortal hue, seem formed expressly for the sylvan Cupid. The fields of Enna, the plains watered by the united streams of Alpheus and Arethusa, the scenes illustrated by Homer and Virgil, where Theocritus placed his Galatheas and Magas, had been early visited with the inspiration of the pastoral Muse. Diodorus mentions a Syracusan shepherd, Daphnis, as the first who sung of rural subjects; and Athenæus speaks of a

certain *Diomus, bubulcus Siculus*, as having been the first who invented the form of the eclogue or pastoral dialogue, different from the idyl in which shepherds sung singly, as well as from the sacred hymns which were sung in chorus before the image of Diana. The song or ode of the shepherds while leading their herds to pasture was called *Bucoliasmos*.

Meli's eclogues, appropriated to the various seasons of the year, and enlivened by songs, and his idyls or episodes of pastoral life, engross the first volume of the collection of his works. Love is the inspiring genius, but Love innocent and lawful, divested of classical licentiousness and of modern selfishness; it is Love such as has been dreamt of in all ages by delicate and susceptible minds, though seldom found to exist in reality. In the first idyl we have a picture of a beautiful evening in the spring season. The shadows of the mountains spread, growing apace,—and the fields are already moist with dew. The cheerful smoke rises high from the rustic dwellings. The loitering flocks return leisurely towards the fold, browsing as they go along; some are seen descending the cliffs, and others issuing out of the woods and scrambling over the shelvy sides of the valley, and at last all bounding together joyfully in the open plain. Before and after them the grey shaggy dogs walk, sternly and gravely watching the motions of their playful charge. The shepherds come last with their crooks and their wallets, some playing the reed and the pipe. You hear the cows bellowing after their young ones, or striding towards them to protect them from the nightly attempts of the wicked wolf. The birds are hushed to rest; the lark alone, the earliest and latest of the feathered tribe, is seen fluttering about the fields, picking the strayed grains, and singing its customary lay. But deeper far, and loftier, the nightingale tunes its song, which, mellowed by distance, resounds over the valley, and imparts an indescribable softness to the heart of the listener. The shepherd *Dametas*, meantime seated on the brow of the hill, by the side of his beloved, gazes wistfully at the valley and mountains, and distant plains, which are vaguely seen through the misty twilight; often turning to glance at his *Phillis*, his heart full of the hallowed feelings of the hour, he vents them in the following song, accordant to the congenial harmony of surrounding nature.

## " THE SONG OF SPRING.\*

(A SICILIAN ANACREONTIC.)

## 1.

" Hail ! scenes of still repose and smiling green,  
 The soft asylum of all tender hearts,  
 Where sweetly blended all the charms are seep  
 Which Nature from her boundless stores imparts ;  
 Her grace to hills and verdant vales she gave,  
 And to the murm'ring rills the meads that lave ;  
 And in her kind and genial wishes strove,  
 To form a world of bliss, an atmosphere of love.

\* " Sti silenzii, sta virdura,  
 Sti muntagni, sti vallati  
 L' ha criate la natura  
 Pri li cori innamorati.

Lu sasurru di li frunni,  
 Di lu sciumi lu lamentu,  
 L' aria, l' ecu chi rispunni,  
 Tuttu spira sentimentu.

Ddà farfalla accussi vaga ;  
 Lu muggitu di li tori ;  
 L' innocenza, chi vi appaga,  
 Tutti parranu a lu cori.

Stu friachettu insinuanti  
 Chiudi un gruppu di piaciri  
 Accarizza l' alma amanti ;  
 E ci arroba li sospiri.

Ccà l' armuzza li soi porti  
 Apri tutti a lu diletto ;  
 Sulu è indignu di sta sorti  
 Cui non chiudi amuri in pettu.

Sulu è reu, cui pò guardari  
 Duru, e immobili sta scena ;  
 Ma lu stissu non amari  
 E' delittu insemi ; e pena.

Donna bella senza amuri,  
 E' na cosa fatta in cira ;  
 Senza vessi, senza oduri,  
 Chi nun veggeta ne spira.

Tu nun parri o Dori mia ?  
 Stu silenziu, mi spaventa ;  
 E' possibili, ch' in tia  
 Qualchi affettu nun si senta ?

• • • •

Sti toi languidi pupiddi  
 Mi convincinu abbastanza  
 Chi l' amuri parra in iddi  
 Chi c'c focurin abbondanza.

Dimmi : forsi fa paura  
 A lu cori to severa  
 Un affettu di natura ?  
 Un amuri finu e veru.

E l' amuri un puru raggio,  
 Chi lu Celu fa scappari.  
 E ch' avviva pri viaggiu  
 Suli, luna, terra, e mari.

Iddu dona a li sospiri  
 La ducizza chiu equisita ;  
 Ed aspergi di piaciri  
 Li miserii di la vita.

Muggia l' aria, e a sò dispetto  
 Lu Pasturi a li capanni  
 Strinci a se l' amatu oggettu ;  
 E' si scorda di l' affanni.

Quann unitu a lu liuni  
 Febbu tuttu sicca ed ardi  
 Lu Pasturi ntra un macchiumi  
 Pasci l' alma cu li sguardi.

• • • •

Quannu provi la ducizza  
 Di dui cori amanti amati  
 Chiancirai l' insipidizza  
 Di li tempi già passati.

E sti pianti, sti sciuriddi  
 Chi pri tia su stati muti  
 A lu cori ognunu d' iddi  
 Ti dirrà : jorna e salutì.

Ch' a lu focu di l' affetti  
 Ogn' irruzza chiacchiarìa  
 Un commerciu di diletti  
 S' aprira ntra d' iddi e tia.

Godi o Dori e fa gudi  
 Stu momentu che t' è datu  
 Nun e nostru l' avveniri  
 E pirdutu lu passatu."

## 2.

The tender sighs of lovers echoes find,  
The brilliant butterfly its wings displays,  
The warm wish wafted by the wand'ring wind,  
Returns responsive in soft am'rous lays ;  
The lowing herds, the feathered tribes on trees,  
Sweetly re-murmur to the breathing breeze ;  
Love reigns around, and at its thrilling call,  
The bliss-inspiring wish pervades the breasts of all.

## 3.

The soul tumultuous yields to mighty Love,  
And feels the attraction of the genial hour ;  
The tender whispers breathe along the grove,  
And own the sway of a resistless power.  
Unblest is he who spurns what Love bestows,  
(That sweet composer of all human woes.)  
Nor fiercer pangs can guilt remorseless find,  
Than callousness of heart and gloominess of mind.

## 4.

A maiden fair that never love's fire knows,  
Nor feels the gentle tumults of the heart,  
Is like a lifeless, painted, waxen rose,  
That ne'er does bloom, or balmy scent impart ;  
Its leaves expand not, nor its charms unfold.  
Thus art thou, Phillis, listless, mute and cold ;  
Feels not thy breast love's sweet and hurried throes,  
Nor melts thy soul in flames, or sinks in thrilling woes ?

## 5.

But the dear glance of those deluding eyes  
Betrays the silent secret of thy breast,  
The warmth within the vivid ray supplies,  
And in the tender look Love stands confest ;  
Perhaps the name alone awakes thy fears,  
And wounds thy chaste and unpolluted ears ;—  
But lawful Love unfolds resistless charms  
When pure affection's flame congenial bosoms warms.

## 6.

From Heaven descending Love itself first came  
Escaping from the blissful skies above :  
Its charms its great original proclaim,  
(For Heaven's first pow'r, like that of earth, is Love,)  
In its bright course it kindled Sun and Moon,  
And earth and ocean felt the blissful boon ;—  
A secret joy lurks in the sigh sincere,  
And conscious rapture in the sadly-pleasing tear.

## 7.

When clouds o'ercast the sky and tempests lower,  
 And frighted mortals dire destruction wait,  
 The weary shepherd seeks his lonely bow'r,  
 To meet the bosom of his loving mate,  
 The tempest's howl he spurns—the burning ray  
 That blasts and withers on the scorching day  
 Assails him not : to the deep glen he steals  
 Nor any flame or heat but that of Hymen feels.

## 8.

When once the blissful sense of mutual love,  
 Shall reign triumphant in thy bosom's throne,  
 No longer will thy wav'ring fancies rove,  
 Nor any other lord save Love will own :  
 The past is gone ; for that 'tis vain to weep,  
 The present moment prompts us joys to reap ;  
 The lengthening shade, the rose's transient bloom,  
 The flight of time betray,—and our eventful doom.

## 9.

As blissful Love its genial ray expands,  
 Relenting nature feels its sovereign sway,  
 The herbs and flow'rs that overspread the lands,  
 The teeming fields and smiling meads look gay—  
 Then, Phillis dear, with nature sympathize,  
 Let Love inspire thy breast and melt thine eyes ;  
 The present hour enjoy, as that alone  
 Belongs to thee and me ; the past is dead and gone."

The third eclogue is a maritime one, or *pescatoria*, as the Italians name it. This species of composition was cultivated in the 16th century in Italy, by Count San Martino and Bernardino Rota. Afterwards Ongaro wrote his *Alceo*, a maritime fable or drama, on the plan of Tasso's *Aminta*, which was performed with much solemnity at Nettuno on the Roman coast. But the invention of the musical drama superseded both pastoral and maritime plays. Among the lyric poets who sung of the fishermen's occupations and loves, were Bernardo Ratto, Cavalier Marino, Paterno, and Mertola. The compositions of the latter were collected in a volume, called *Le Piscatorie*. Andrea Calmo also wrote some *Rime Piscatorie* in the Venetian dialect, which were published in 1553.

Meli has happily adapted the language of the fishermen of his native country, combining it with the grace of his verse, without injuring the natural simplicity of the dialogue. In Sicily, a noble island, hemmed in by a long line of delightful coast, and rich in a variety of maritime scenery, the avocations of fishermen upon a blue tideless sea, seem to partake of the romantic spirit that still

hovers round that favourite region. Meli introduces a group of fishing girls chattering and joking, and telling of their loves, in the absence of their parents. Their very names Pidda, Lidda, and Ridda sound congenial to their condition. The beginning of the dialogue affords a specimen of that striking cadence for which the poetry of the Italian dialects, and especially of the southern ones, is remarkable.

"Mentri lu Gnuri è a Mari cu la Varca  
E la mia Gnura Mà l'ammari 'ncrocca  
Iamu a ghiucari ntra la rina e l'arca?"

To which invitation to go and romp on the sands, Lidda prudishly replies, that she is afraid of meeting some rude swain.

"Ieu vegnu ddocu chiui? E chì su locca?  
Ddocu mentr 'eu sidia, mi 'ntisi diri:  
'Beata chidda rina chi ti tocca.'"

Ridda also tells a story of having seen a fisherman concealed behind the rocks, who addressed her in an amorous song, which frightened her out of her senses, but Pidda, who is the eldest of the three, loses patience at this affected simplicity, and exclaims—

"Eh via . . . muzzica ccà stu jiditeddu;  
E vaja franca, ca ni canuscema  
Avenu tutti lu 'Nnamurateddu;"

literally: "Come, poor innocents, bite my little finger; but let that pass, we know each other, and that each of us has her sweetheart."

Lidda at last casts off her shyness and sings the following pretty ditty:—

Quannu a Culicchia jeu vogghiu parrari  
Ca spissu spissu mi veni lu sfilu;  
A la finestra mi mettu a filari;  
Quann' iddu passa poi rumpu lu filu;  
Cadì lu fasu; ed eu mettu a gridari:  
Gnuri pri carità proitimu;  
Iddu lu pigghia; mi metti a guardavi;  
Ieu mi nni vaju suppillu suppillu.

"When I wish to speak to my sweetheart, which occurs pretty often, I seat myself at the window to spin, and when he is passing underneath I manage to break the thread; the spindle falls, and I cry out dolefully, oh friend, be so kind as to pick it up for me, he does so, and looks at me, when I feel out of myself for joy."

The singing and the confession are interrupted by the harsh voice of Lidda's mother, announcing the return of the fishermen, and the frolicsome trio disperses.

In Idyl VII. we have the sombre but magnificent elegy of *Polemuni*, a poem complete of its kind. Polemuni is the image of man persecuted by fate, forsaken by his fellow-creatures, an outcast of nature, dejected and despairing—he is one of those awful exceptions to the benignant system of compensations so wisely supported by Providence. The victim is here represented as seated on a lonely cliff overhanging the deep waves that

have corroded its base and have hollowed caves, into which the surge roars in dark eddies. The halcyon has built its nest on the bare and steep side, and its cry is heard afar over the foaming billows. Polemuni was the son of a wealthy fisherman, who had himself followed successfully the same vocation, and had at one time a tight boat and stores of nets and tackle; on shore he was the gayest of the gay, and the idol of the lasses of that coast. Misfortune came; a storm swamped his boat, his love proved faithless, he was forsaken and slighted by all. But Polemuni—and this we look upon as the moral of the tale—Polemuni had a vice, an original sin, the oldest on record in the history of man—pride, the vanity of knowledge. We are told that he was versed in the science of the stars; he could read in their aspect, he could tell when they looked threatening and when propitious: he had learned all this at an early age on a solitary shore from Proteus, who taught him to read in the fatal book of destiny. But what avails him now his great learning?—it could not avert his fate, it could not ensure the fidelity of his friends, it only now embitters his misfortunes. Behold him with his poor reed in hand, pretending to follow his wonted occupation, whilst he is venting his anguish in song.

“ I find myself alone in this wide world, I know not how nor wherefore, forlorn and forsaken by all; no one seems to remember my name, nor to care about me.

“ What boots it that this earth is spacious and magnificent, while my only estate is this cliff, buffeted by the winds and waves.

“ Thou, O cliff! art my only home: thou, O fishing-rod! feedest me: I have no other support: you are my only friends.

“ Here, on this solitary spot the dawn finds me; here the night dew meets me still; here, rooted as it were to this rock, I am like a soul doomed to do penance to all eternity.

“ At times I fancy the halcyon lingers as if listening piteously to my complaints, whilst hovering above the foaming surge.

“ A lizard, my inoffensive neighbour, peeps with its head out of a fissure in the rock, and gazes at me in wistful mood, as if wanting words to address me.

“ Through the silence of the night the caves below resound with hollow moans, and the voice of the deep is only interrupted by the plaintive lays of the distant nightingale.

“ Meanwhile I loiter here, groping about, the stars my only light; I look up and gaze at them one by one, seeking for the dire planet that influences my fate.

“ And when I spy its dark-red light, looking ominous and portentous, I then recognise the star that presided at my birth.

“ My father foretold it all, and he shuddered with fear, for I was born during an eclipse, and the owl's dismal notes announced my birth.

"If ever I saw a glimpse of fortune, it was only for an instant, to aggravate my next sufferings.

"My father left me a smart boat, and of nets an ample supply; I had then numberless friends who called me by the name of brother.

"When I returned, from my fishing course, half the village crowded round me; my Chloris looked ever joyful, and could not bear to be away from my side.

"If perchance my boat was a few moments later than usual in reaching the shore, I saw Chloris perched upon the most advanced crag that jutted into the sea, as if deprecating the winds for my safety, and invoking to my aid all the gods of the deep.

"But, alas! when my treacherous destiny changed, in an instant I found myself robbed of my boat, my nets, my mistress, and my friends.

"When I think on that fatal night, I still groan with horror, and shed tears of agony, a cold sweat overspreads my trembling limbs. A pitiless storm swallowed my bark, and left me bare and destitute on the coast.

"All was changed in an instant, misery surrounds me now, and the most brilliant day seems to me like a deep dark night."

The catastrophe follows. As if irritated by the touching voice of Polemuni's complaints, Fate hurls a fresh and more fearful storm against his devoted head, the winds are let loose and shake the rock on which he sits, the hoarse thunder and dismal howling of the tempest seem to sound his dirge, when the waves swell beyond all bounds, and rising in one mountain billow, overwhelm the cliff, and sweeping away the wretched victim in their receding ebb, plunge him into the deepest abyss of the sea.

Meli's Odes, which fill up the second volume of his works, are chiefly amatory or anacreontic, a species of composition more ambitious in style, but at the same time more open to freedom of sentiment than the pastorals. Meli has been compared to Anacreon,\* with this distinction, that the Greek poet, though less imaginative, and dwelling chiefly upon corporeal objects, expresses the most trifling things with the greatest delicacy and grace, whilst Meli excels more in the beauty of his thoughts, and is at times careless about the justness of their expression. This very assertion corroborates our judgment that the Sicilian poet is less sensual, and that, in spite of the voluptuousness of some of his images, there is in his poetry a redeeming spirit which tends to elevate the mind, even while he is singing the triumphs of a leveling passion. We, however, even with reference to truth and nature, prefer his pastorals.

Of his Odes, some of which are exquisitely finished, we have only space to notice the sixth, *Lu Labru*, and by way of compa-

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\* Scinà, *Prospetto della Storia letteraria di Sicilia nel Secolo XVIII.* Palermo: 1838.



ison, we have placed by its side an Italian translation by Professor Rosini, of Pisa, whose novel was reviewed in our last number.

"Dimmi, dimmi, Apuzza nica  
Unni vai cussi mattinu?  
Non c'è cima ch' arruasiaca  
Di lu munt' a nui vicini:

Trema ancora, ancora luci  
La ruggiada ntra li prati;  
Duna accura non ti arruci  
L' ali d' oru delicati!

Li scuriddi d'urmigghiusi  
Ntra li virdi sui buttuni  
Stanno ancora stritti e chiusi  
Cu li testi a pinnuluni.

Ma l' aluzza s' affatica!  
Ma tu voli e fai caminu!  
Dimmi, dimmi, Apuzza nica,  
Unni vai cussi mattinu?

Cerchi meli? E s' iddu è chissu  
Chiudi l' ali, e un ti straccari;  
Ti lu' n'zignu un locu fissu  
Unni ai sempri chi sucari:

Lu cunosci lu m'iu amuri,  
Nici mia di l' occhi beddi?  
'Ntra ddi labbri c' è un sapuri,  
'Na ducizza chi mai spediti.

'Ntra lu labbru culuritu  
Di la caru amato bemi,  
C' è lu meli chiù squisitu,  
Suca, sucalu, ca veni."

"Dimmi, dimmi, Apetta cara  
Ove vai si di mattino?  
Tatto è notte, e non rischiara  
Anco il monte a noi vicino.

Trema ancora, ancor biancheggia  
La rugiada in grembo ai prati:  
Deh! che molli io non ti veggia  
D'oro i vanni delicati.

I fioretti dormigliosi  
Entro i verdi lor bottoni  
Stanno ancor tutti nascosi  
Colle teste a pensoloni.

Ma che val se non rischiara?  
L' ale movi e fai camminol  
Dimmi, dimmi, Apetta cara  
Ove vai si di mattino?

Cerchi il mel? Se hai tal desio  
Chiudi l' ale, e non stancarti:  
Certo un loco so ben io  
Ave avrai da saziarti.

La diletta del mio core,  
Nice mia, conosci tu?  
Ne' suoi labbri ell' ha un sapore  
Un tal dolce, che non più!

Entro il labbro colorito  
Del mio caro amato Bene  
Evvi il mele più squisito:  
Suggi, suggilo, che viene."

That Meli was a moral and religious man, although his muse sometimes assumed the sportive garb of the Tejan, we have abundant proofs even in these volumes. His "Inno à Dio," his sonnet "Fiducia in Dio," and even his eclogues, are full of expressions of gratefulness to the Author of All, and of admiration for His works. Meli shared the proverbial lot of poets; he was poor, though not indigent. The late King Ferdinand granted him, however, a small pension, for which the poet expressed his gratitude in respectful but not adulatory terms.

Meli wrote a mock-heroic poem under the title of "Don Quixote," in twelve cantos. It is a sort of imitation in verse of that celebrated novel. It abounds with beauties of detail, although the ludicrous prevails throughout, and is often carried to the farcical. He also wrote a volume of fables. His works were collected and published at Palermo, under his own revision, in 1814, in seven volumes. The poet died not long after, at an advanced age. Since that time other editions have been made; and Professor Rosini of Pisa has translated into Italian some of Meli's finest lyric and pastoral pieces, which, however, lose considerably by the transfusion.

ART. VII.—*Relation d'un Voyage dans la Marmarique, la Cyrénaïque, et les Oasis d'Audjelah et de Maradeh ; accompagnée de Cartes Géographiques et Topographiques, et de Planches représentant les Monumens de ces Contrées.* Par M. J. R. Pacho. Ouvrage publié sous les Auspices de S. E. le Ministre de l'Intérieur. Dedié au Roi. Texte in 4to, avec Atlas de Planches in folio. Paris. 1827-29.

ALTHOUGH the year 1827 appears upon the title-page of this volume as the date of publication, the fourth and concluding *livraison* has but recently appeared—we regret to find—as a posthumous sequel to the work. The interest of M. Pacho's narrative is considerably lessened, to the English reader, by the account of the Cyrenaica contained in Captain Beechey's narrative. This circumstance detracts nothing, however, from the merits of his performance; and as he reached Cyrene by a different route, and explored several parts of the region to which the English traveller did not penetrate, our abstracts of his narrative may not be unacceptable to our readers. But the circumstances which led to his enterprise must first be explained; and with these we shall connect a brief notice of his life, extracted from the memoir prefixed to the present volume.

In the year 1824, the Paris Geographical Society offered a premium of 3000 francs to the traveller who should furnish the best account of the Cyrenaica; a tract of country highly interesting from the historical recollections connected with it, and reported to be rich in the monuments of ancient art. Hitherto, the attempt to explore this region had been constantly baffled. About the year 1760, a French surgeon of the name of Granger penetrated to Cyrene under the dangerous and equivocal protection of a chieftain of banditti, and he succeeded in copying a great number of inscriptions; but his papers never reached Europe. The vague and imperfect notices relating to this country furnished by Paul Lucas and Bruce, served only to excite curiosity. The narrative of Dr. Della Cella, who accompanied the army of the Pasha of Tripoli in an expedition against the Arabs of Barca in 1817, communicated some acceptable and interesting information with regard to the coast of the Pentapolis; but he had no opportunity of pushing his researches far into the interior. In 1819, a journey to Cyrene was accomplished by the Apostolic prefect at Tripoli, Father Pacifico; but of its results we know nothing. In the following year, Lieutenant-General Minutoli, in the Prussian service, accompanied by Drs. Hemprich and Ehrenberg, attempted to reach Cyrene from Alexandria; but the general had only reached the foot of the *Catabathmus Minor*, when he was induced

to abandon the enterprise, and three of his companions who resolved to proceed, were stopped at the ridge of hills which divides the territories of Tripoli and Egypt. In 1822, Captain Beechey and his brother were employed by the Admiralty to survey the northern coast of Africa from Tripoli eastward as far as Derua, and their researches among the ruins of Cyrene formed the crowning labour of the expedition. M. Pachó, however, was not aware that he had been anticipated by the English traveller, till he received the information at Cyrene itself. He was in Egypt when he learned, through our late Consul-General, Mr. Salt, that the Geographical Society had issued the *programme* above mentioned, which decided him upon attempting the enterprise that had long occupied his imagination. Before the end of the year 1825, he presented himself at Paris as a claimant for the offered prize. After due investigation, on the report of the late estimable and learned M. Malte Brun, it was adjudged to him; and this honourable reward had been preceded by a vote of thanks from the Academy of Inscriptions, which had respect more particularly to the archæological portion of his labours. The publication of his *Travels* was immediately decided upon, and permission was obtained to dedicate them to the King. But M. Pachó appears to have anticipated more solid rewards; and wounded pride or disappointed ambition induced a state of mind which at length verged on insanity, and he perished the victim of his morbid feelings, having just lived to pen the last lines of the present work. The following particulars of his previous history are furnished by his friend, M. Larenaudière.

“John Raymond Pachó was born at Nice in January, 1794. His father was a rich merchant, much respected, whose ancestors were of Swiss origin. Left an orphan when only eight years old—an age at which the care of a mother and the vigilant tenderness of a father are so much needed—he was placed in the College of Tournon, in the department of Ardèche. There, his taste for drawing and botany was all at once developed, and was rivalled only by his love of poetry; predilections which ill accorded with the dry study of law, to which he was destined. Before the course of his studies at Aix was completed, he, in 1814, abandoned them, to return to his native place, where he received the portion of property that fell to him as an inheritance. Master of a fortune consisting wholly of personal property, at that time of life when little solicitude is felt for the future, and the necessity for saving is the last thing ever thought of, M. Pachó travelled into Italy, and spent some time at Turin. This tour enriched only his mind, increased only his information, and augmented only his enthusiasm for the fine arts and the monuments of antiquity. His fortune suffered from it; and in July, 1817, he came to Paris in the hope of repairing it. He flattered himself that, by the profession of painting, he might acquire a competence; and

he had made some lofty attempts in this line, when he received an invitation from his brother, a merchant at Alexandria, to join him there. He repaired thither under all the illusions of hope, but these were speedily dissipated; and, after remaining there a year to no purpose, he returned to Paris to resume the exercise of his pencil. The trifling remuneration he obtained for a few portraits, together with the still smaller sums he received for some contributions to the journals, were far from being adequate to his support. He began to be anxious respecting his future prospects, when his brother invited him to repair a second time to Egypt. He arrived at Cairo on the 12th of February, 1822. During the first months of his residence, he employed himself in taking sketches of some of the monuments in that great city and its environs. He submitted his performances to M. Jumel, then director of one of the pasha's cotton manufactories, who agreed to furnish him with the funds necessary for exploring Lower Egypt. He traversed that country from the month of December, 1822, till April, 1823, when M. Jumel, having fallen into disgrace, was deprived of the means of supporting this scientific enterprise. His death, which occurred shortly afterwards, blighted M. Pacho's hopes, compelling him to confine to his portfolio a great number of drawings, more or less curious, of ancient sites and monuments and objects of natural history. Possessed of this unproductive wealth, he pined without occupation or patronage in the city of Cairo, till his health began to give way under the anxieties arising from inaction, so painful to individuals of ardent temperament; the decline of his physical vigour brought on despondency; and he was upon the point of sinking under it, when he had the good fortune to find a protector and friend in M. Celestin Guyenet, of the Canton of Neufchatel, the founder and director of the viceroy's calico manufactory. On M. Pacho's representing to him his precarious situation, he became warmly interested in his exploratory projects; and from this merchant, the friend of science, M. Pacho obtained the funds requisite for prosecuting his researches, and for undertaking a visit to the five Oases. Setting out from Cairo on the 17th of November, he visited successively Fayoum, the Oasis of Siwah, El Arashieh, and Faredghah. He regretted that circumstances did not allow of his exploring three isolated villages four days N. W. of Faredghah, which were described to him as containing numerous ruins of ancient edifices. From Faredghah he returned to Siwah, the Oasis of Fayoum, and the temple of Keroum; thence he turned his steps towards Beni Hassan and Siout, and repaired to Beni-All, where he remained thirteen days, in order to obtain from Hamed Bey, the Kiahya of Cairo, some Arabs as guides. With them he visited the Valley of Ruins, the Oasis of El Karjeh, Gainab, Boolak, Dakakim, Berys, and their environs. Retracing his steps, he then turned to the westward, and penetrated to the Oasis of Dhakel, passing through Ain Amour, Ballat (or Ballata), and Themida (Tenida?); he explored Wady El Gharb, which contains nine villages, and the Bahr-bila-ma, (or waterless river,) which traverses the Oasis. He then took a northern route, which led him through Farafrah to Siout, whence he returned to Cairo in the course of August, 1824.

During his first journey to the Oasis of Ammon, our Traveller had frequently heard the Welled-Ali Arabs speak of Jebel Akhdar, the modern name of the Cyrenaic Pentapolis; and their descriptions of its verdant hills, springs of pure water, and marvellous ruins, had powerfully inflamed his imagination, exciting a strong desire to explore that ancient site. He imparted this project to Mr. Salt, who, while he concealed from our traveller none of the perils of the excursion, put into his hands the proposal issued by the Paris Society. M. Pacho's resolution was soon formed; but a formidable obstacle remained to be got over. He was without money, and his first applications for the requisite assistance were unsuccessful. His anxiety became extreme, when M. Guyenet again stood his friend, and defrayed all the expenses of his journey with a disinterestedness which, as M. Larenaudière remarks, finds more admirers than imitators. He was accompanied in this enterprise by M. Müller, a young orientalist, whose acquaintance with Arabic had already been of great service to him in the Oases, and would be still more needful in Cyrenaica. Having obtained letters of recommendation from Mohammed Ali, addressed to the Pasha of Tripoli, as well as from the Consula-General of France and England, they left Alexandria on the 3d of November, and arrived at Derna in safety. Thence they explored the region of the Pentapolis in all directions; and, after visiting the Oases of Maradeh and Aujela, returned to Cairo by the Ammonian Oasis and the Valley of Natron. They reached the Egyptian capital on the 17th of July, 1825. M. Pacho arrived in Paris, to lay before the Geographical Society the fruits of his researches, in the November following. The sequel must be given in the words of M. Larenaudière.

"From the day of his arrival at Paris to that of his death, M. Pacho applied himself unremittingly to the preparation of his Travels for the press. Living in profound retirement, he devoted the whole day, and frequently the hours of night, to the work which he looked to as his fairest title to the approbation of the learned world. This constant tension of mind, together with his complete isolation from society, and the absence of every object that might divert his thoughts, rapidly induced a state of misanthropic feeling, which was fatally aggravated by the constant pressure of the difficulties inseparable from a literary life and a precarious situation. The same M. Guyenet who had defrayed the expenses of his travels, continued to afford him his pecuniary assistance at Paris. Too proud to solicit at the hand of power those favours which he deemed himself entitled to as a right, M. Pacho became indignant at not having his application anticipated. Perhaps rewards, which would not have been favours, might have had a happy effect upon his character, and have subdued his dark melancholy. This soon gained upon him to that deplorable degree, that he was led to suspect the fidelity and attachment of his friends, and to withdraw himself within a daily contracting circle. It

overspread with gloom the prospects of futurity, which would have presented no source of disquietude to a person of different character. Had he entered upon that future, he would have seen that he stood in need of no one to ensure his success. In the midst, however, of his laborious occupations, his health began to give way, and the stimulants to which he had recourse revived his energies for the moment, only to plunge him into a state of greater exhaustion. Agitating thoughts of death at length began to haunt his mind. The writer of these lines had sometimes the happiness of calming for a short season his troubled spirit; but the impression of such consolations soon wore off, and despondency would seize afresh upon its victim. Under this fearful struggle reason gave way. M. Pacho ceased to live, or rather ceased to suffer, on the 26th of January, 1829, at the age of thirty-five years and three days."

The sad tale is here told with all the delicacy of friendship, and we have no wish further to lift the veil,

"Or draw his frailties from their dread abode."

It is sufficiently apparent, that, while possessed of physical energies that rendered him equal to all the fatigues, privations, and dangers which he had to encounter in traversing unknown and desert regions, this enterprising traveller was unarmed with those principles which are the only source of moral strength, as well as the sole means of self-government. The men of the desert had furnished him, we are told, with the model of the independent character which he aspired to maintain; and smitten with the wild virtues of the wandering Arab, he displayed too much of the same untameable spirit, which led him to resent the restraints and customary forms of civilized society. He had been buoyed up throughout his exertions by a fervid enthusiasm,\* and the ebb tide of his feelings left him stranded in helpless dejection. And thus, after weathering the storm, he went down in port. The death of poor Clapperton in the midst of the friendly Fellatahs, or even that of the more unfortunate Major Laing, who fell beneath the dastardly hand of an assassin, strikes us with less melancholy than the unhappy and premature termination of M. Pacho's ardent career, amid the glitter and gaiety of the *soi-disant* "capital of the civilized world."

That portion of the present work which is, in some respects, the least interesting to the general reader, is valuable on account of its making us acquainted with a part of the coast to which Captain Beechey's survey did not extend, and a region scarcely known to modern geography, the ancient Marmarica. This tract,

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\*In speaking of his own arduous career as a traveller, M. Pacho uses these expressions:—"à cette carrière dans laquelle, luttant sans cesse contre les fatigues et les souffrances, on succomberait bientôt, si l'on n'était soutenu par l'imagination, et si l'imagination ne l'était elle-même, par l'amour pur et désintéressé de la vérité."

extending from Alexandria to the Gulf of Bomba, is 150 leagues in length from east to west. The northern part consists of a strip of arable soil lying along the coast, and not reaching inland further than from ten to fifteen leagues. In proceeding southward towards the Ammonian Oasis, nothing is to be met with but an arid desert, spotted here and there with patches of a saline soil. The tract of arable land is divided into a series of plains, by the hills which cross it: these gradually rise in elevation as they recede from the coast, and sometimes give birth to torrents which, in winter, find their way to the sea. From Abousir to the Smaller Akabah, the shore is in general bordered by a dike of whitish sands, which runs out very far under the waters, occasioning shallows dangerous to vessels. This sandy dike is sometimes interrupted and replaced by the rocky prolongations and spurs of the hills. To the west of the Smaller Akabah, the coast presents a greater inequality of surface, sometimes terminating in steep rocks against which the waves of the sea dash themselves. In this part of the shore, more especially, there are still to be seen numerous creeks or coves, which have served in remote times as natural ports, or have afforded shelter to vessels; but the sands with which they are now blocked up, and the encroachments of the sea, have rendered them, for the most part, useless; and it is only in the rocky parts of the coast that any vestiges of their ancient form have been preserved.

"The soil of Marmarica bears throughout," (says M. Pacho,) "the traces of having undergone great physical changes, as its actual state of devastation presents the picture of human revolutions. Marine shells, incrustated in the rock, madrepores scattered on the hills, basaltic and granitic fragments rolled down upon the secondary rocks, and a disorderly assemblage of minerals of various descriptions, form the general appearance which this country exhibits. Painful is the impression which it makes upon the mind of the traveller. The continued nakedness of the soil renders him the more sensible of the annihilation of the towns and the disappearance of their inhabitants. He sees nothing before him but grey plains and arid hills: he proceeds, and still the scene wears the same aspect; and in the midst of this vast picture, destitute alike of life and colour, the presence of man is faintly indicated to him by the distant bleating of flocks and the dark spots of the Arab tents."

The geological structure varies as little as the physical aspect of the region. In the Mareotic valley, freestone is more frequent than the calcareous formation; but, on approaching the Akabah-el-Soolom, or Greater Akabah, the latter predominates, and frequently becomes testaceous, or is mixed with the freestone. Beds of quartz are sometimes, but rarely, found in a few of the ravines. In the tract of higher land between the Greater Akabah

and the Gulf of Bomba, masses of freestone are, as it were, grafted upon the calcareous rock, and sometimes the two sides of a valley present hills of a different formation. The soil, chiefly argillaceous, is by no means ill adapted to cultivation. The most fertile spots are the low places which longest retain the waters left by the rains, and the table-land on the summit of the hills, the elevation of which secures them against the encroachment of the sands. Wherever the rocky barrier, or the spurs which proceed from it, running from east to west, leave an opening, or afford a passage by their diminished height, the sands driven by the southerly winds, join on to the arable lands, and sometimes extend their encroachments to the very shore.

The scanty vegetation which covers the soil of Marmarica, consists chiefly of different species of salt-wort, growing along the sea-shore and near the salt-lakes: among these is constantly seen the *salsola vermiculata*, which rises into a shrub. A ligneous species of *artemisia*, called *sheah*, extends from the Smaller Akabah to the Syrtic Gulf, following the southern part of the arable land. The *scilla maritima* is found throughout the same tract, but only in the most fertile parts, between the shore and the boundary of the arable land. The plains are generally thick set with its long upright spikes, which, when dry, serve the inhabitants for fuel, and while green, afford relief to the eye, by the white flowers growing in a terminal cluster. In the same parts is found a species of *rubia*. After the early rains, foliaceous lichens and other cryptogamia (*roccella* and *lungwort*) cover the soil in profusion; the climate of Marmarica approaching, in this respect, to that of Europe, and being entirely distinguished from that of Egypt. In the hollows of the plains, the bottoms of the valleys, and even in the sandy places, numerous species of *gramina* are found, with some of the tribes of *syngenesia* and other families, which are particularized by M. Pacho, but none very remarkable. As to trees, with the exception of a few palm-trees at Boun-Adjoubah and Berek Marsah, any that are to be found in this country, far from interrupting for a moment the bareness of its aspect, actually elude observation. "In fact," says M. Pacho, "the alluvial lands, which contain the ruined cisterns and the quarries, afford room for the growth of some wild fig-trees (*figus carica*) and carob-trees; but these trees, the tops of which scarcely rise above the level of the soil, have the appearance of being buried in the bowels of the earth, and till you are very near them, are undistinguishable from the surrounding vegetation." The zoology of Marmarica is confined to a small number of animals. The hare is most frequently to be met with, and is hunted by the Arab with the *soulouk*, a species of greyhound,



force. But, wherever the desert has encroached upon the territory of productive industry, man has been the real author of the devastation. War, tyranny, and crime have opened the way for the tremendous operation of that physical agency which has perpetuated the desolation. In many places in the Oases, ruins and monuments are seen isolated in the midst of the sandy ocean. One reason of this is, says M. Pacho, that "the Christians, and after them the Arabs, have been led by the spirit of their religion to establish their dwellings at a distance from those of the ancient inhabitants. The latter being thus abandoned, the trees, with which they were surrounded, have perished for want of care; and this rampart being destroyed, the desert has advanced." We very much question, however, the voluntary abandonment of fertile plantations by either Christians or Arabs; and the stumps of burned palm-trees and vine-stocks in some places tell a different tale. Under a feeble and oppressive government, the cultivator has been compelled to retire before the inroads of the sons of the desert; and the canals of irrigation which once converted even the sands into fertile soil, have, through neglect, become closed and choked up. The springs that once fed them, having ceased to flow, become brackish, and the vegetation withers. The soil laid bare to the action of a Libyan sun, is rapidly pulverized; the atmosphere becomes drier, and evaporation more rapid; the wild animals, which had retired before the domestic flocks and herds, can no longer find sustenance in their ancient domain, where once an indigenous vegetation formed their natural food. The character of the winds of heaven become changed by the altered nature of the soil they blow over, and come laden with the fiery particles swept from the quartz or sandstone rocks, which are being ground to powder by their fiery action. Mingled with animal and vegetable matter, this fatal deposite might, by irrigation, be rendered subservient to the purposes of agriculture; but, suffered to accumulate, the sands extend like an inundation, till every thing living disappears, except the ant, the lizard, the scorpion, and the beetle, which claim the desert as their own.\*

The modern inhabitants of Marmarica are entirely Bedouin. The region between Alexandria and the Greater Akabah, is occupied exclusively by those of the great tribe of Welled Ali, who are divided into four branches or clans, subdivided into families. The plateau of Zarab, on the summit of Jebel Akabah, is divided between the Welled Ali and the Harabi (or warriors), to whom the remainder of Marmarica belongs. Some Maraboot families

\* That the Hedjaz, the desert in which Mecca stands, has undergone a similar physical revolution, is far from improbable. It seems difficult otherwise to account for the original choice of the site.—See *Modern Traveller*; ARABIA, p. 292.

are distributed among all these tribes. The total population of Marmarica, M. Pacho estimates at not more than 38,000 souls, of whom half may be capable of bearing arms, and 4000 possess horses. This estimate, however, requires explanation, since the proportion of male adults to the total population is made to differ widely from every usual calculation. If 19,000 armed men be a correct estimate, the number of souls can scarcely be under 100,000. But of wandering hordes, it is impossible to form any computation approaching to correctness.

From the plain of the Egyptian delta to the Cyrenean plateau, there is a succession of ascents, the table-lands forming vast terraces one above the other. Dresieh, a ruined town not far from the sea, is the limit of the district of Mariout (Mareotis). The traveller then enters upon that of Jebel Kourmah. At seven hours from that place is Maktaërai, where are remains of what appears to have been a Troglodytic village. More than two hundred chambers have been rudely excavated in the freestone rock, each with its separate door-way; and there is no appearance whatever of their having been designed for sepulchral purposes. Half an hour further, on an eminence, are the ruins of one of those square forts enclosing a well, which are found throughout the Syrtis and the district of Barca, forming, apparently, a chain of fortified posts for the protection of the frontier against the barbarians, and for keeping open the communication between Egypt and Africa. Both Appian and Diodorus mention the practice of erecting these *pyrgoi*, near or over the watering places. Seven hours further is another similar walled enclosure crowning a height, called Kassar Jammerneh. Two hours to the north are several wells and foundations, not far from the promontory now called El Haif, where M. Pacho would place the ancient Deris. About twelve hours to the westward, the traveller arrives at the Akabah el Soughaïèr, or Smaller Descent, the *Catabathmus Minor* of Ptolemy, forming the first step of the vast staircase. This range of hills, running from south to north, rises about 500 feet above the level of the sea, and terminates in Ras El Kanais, the *Hermæa Extrema* of Ptolemy. Beyond this is another chain of heights, called Mendar el Medah, running N. N. W. and S. S. E.; and forming the valley of Wady Thaoun, in which are several ancient sites. A remarkable square monument on an eminence, called Kassaba Zarghah el Ghublieh, M. Pacho pronounces to be undoubtedly a mausoleum of the Ptolemaic era; and at Kassaba Zarghah el Baharieh, two hours further northward, is another monument of more elegant proportions, and, probably, later architecture. Near it are ancient foundations, and a sepulchral grotto containing arched niches; and a little to the

east is the small port of Mahadeh, which our Traveller would identify with the ancient Gysis or Zygis. Six hours to the N.W. is a port which presents a very advantageous maritime position. Upon the sandy shore, and covered with a bed of *algæ*, are the faint traces of an ancient town, the ancient *Parætonium*. M. Pacho states, however, that it is no longer known under the name of Baretoun, but is called Berek-Marsah. It was formerly made, by the Welled Ali, the periodical entrepôt of their commerce; but, in 1819, Mahommed Ali succeeded in inducing them to desert it for Damanbour and Alexandria; and since then, the winds of the desert have covered with sand what remained of cultivated land and the few habitations still standing.

Three hours and a half from Berek Marsah, is the fertile valley of Boun Ajoubah, where M. Pacho fixes the site of Apis, the ancient frontier town of Egypt, as this valley still, according to some, serves as the line of demarcation between the territories of Egypt and Tripoli. Some groves of the fig-tree, mingled with the date-palm, which here re-appears, give to this valley a picturesque appearance, highly refreshing to the eye after traversing the bare and dreary desert. There are ten wells of sweet water, near which are remains of a Saracen edifice, and some more ancient vestiges. According to the ancient geographers, however, the boundary of Egypt is the Greater Descent, now called Akabah el Kebir, or el Soloum, the latter appellation being taken from a spacious port of that name, which M. Pacho supposes to be the Panormus of Ptolemy. The canton of Jebel Akabah forms, in fact, he says, an independent territory, separating the two pashaliks; and, on this account, the greater part of the inhabitants have, from time immemorial, been fugitives of different tribes, who have here sought impunity for their crimes, and whose lawless character has rendered this pass the dread of all travellers. The valley which runs along the mountain, is an hour in breadth. As the waters which flow down the declivity in winter, give birth to a luxuriant vegetation, it is covered at all seasons with numerous Arab encampments. The pass itself is thus described:—

“It took us an hour to ascend the Akabah el Soloum, by a path formed from the remotest antiquity. It is bordered, great part of the way, by immense rocks, the jutting angles of which have sometimes been removed by the chisel, where they obstructed the passage. This mountain rises in undulations of progressive height; or sometimes presents steep sides which the camel climbs with difficulty. The rock is generally of compact and testaceous limestone. Masses of freestone are found insulated upon the calcareous formation, or the latter is blended with the former. Shrubs covered the spots of earth, and filled the crevices of the rocks; and I here saw, for the first time in this journey, clumps of the mastick-tree and furze.

"The mountain of Akabah appeared to me about 900 feet high. It rises immediately from the sea-shore, whence it runs in a S.S.E. direction to join the heights which border on the Ammonian Oasis. On the summit is a table-land, extending a distance of thirteen hours from S.E. to N.W. Although the soil differs little, as regards the vegetation and colour, from that of the Smaller Akabah, the lands are more fertile and more generally cultivated. Hence the name of *Zarah* (field) given to the plateau by the Arabs. In traversing it, we frequently passed by large encampments of shepherds."

The northern declivity of the Akabah is a gentle descent of not more than ten minutes to the valley of Daphneh, which is divided from the coast by a range of low hills, running in a direction parallel with the mountains, and terminating eastward in Ras el Mellah, the ancient Ardanaxes. In this valley, more especially, the traces of ancient cultivation are numerous in the canals of irrigation which traverse it, and wind along the sides of the hills in all directions. At the end of nine hours, the valley opens into a plain, the mountain of Akabah on the left running westward to join the Cyrenean plateau, while the hill on the right loses itself in undulations towards the north. A road cut in the rock, leads over this broken country to the pretty port of Toubrouk, which is sheltered by the rocky coast from all winds, except the east. Here are ruins of a Saracen town, apparently founded on more ancient vestiges; the site, probably, of Antipyrgus. From the heights of Toubrouk, the route descends into the spacious valley of Wady el Sedd, extending to the Gulf of Bomba. Here, opposite the site of an ancient town, indicated by numerous handsome foundations, are a great number of catacombs excavated in the southern side of the hill (*Mons Bombæa*), and remarkable as being decidedly in the Græco-Egyptian style. Synesius, in a passage cited by M. Pacho, apparently alludes to these caves in Mount Bombæa as resembling the *hypogæa* of the Egyptians.

At the western extremity of the Wady is a fine spring, called *Ain el Gazal* (Gazelle's Fountain), forming a rivulet which falls into a little bay at the bottom of the Bombæan Gulf. The water of the spring, however, is sulphurous and brackish, and the waves of the sea, in rough weather, mingling with it, render it not drinkable. The eastern end of the little bay is bordered with marshes, which are inhabited during summer by a prodigious multitude of frogs, whence the port derived its ancient name of *Batrachus*. At six hours from Ain el Gazal, the traveller reaches Wady Temmimé, running N.E. between the heights of Jebel Toubrouk and the mountain of Cyrene, and discharging its waters into the gulf. This valley M. Pacho considers as the ancient Aziris, and its torrent as undoubtedly the Paliurus of

Ptolemy; at its mouth must consequently be placed the site of the town of that name, which once disputed with Port Menelaus the honour of being the chief place of a third Lybian nome. Here he fixes the doubtful limits of the ancient Marmarica.

We have been more particular in our abstract of this part of our author's narrative, because, as already intimated, it relates to almost new ground. We must more briefly despatch the remainder of his journey. Immediately after passing a lagoon formed by the gulf, the traveller begins to ascend the lower terraces of the Cyrenean plateau. A few thinly scattered olive-trees, and some shrubs foreign to Marmarica, are the first perceptible indications of a change in the soil. The vegetation increases in vigour as he ascends; and on reaching the summit after a four hours' march, an entirely new scene presents itself. "The earth, uniformly yellow or sandy in the more western cantons, is, in these parts, of an ochrish-red. Rivulets gush forth on every side, nourishing a beautiful vegetation, which pierces the mossy rocks, clothes the hills, extends in rich downs, or develops itself in forests of dark juniper, green *thuya*, and pale olive-trees." The modern name of the Cyrenaica, *Jebel Akhdar* (the Green Mountain), expressively indicates its rich and smiling aspect.

Crossing the north-eastern extremity of the mountain, our Traveller descended to the port of Derna, the modern capital of the district of Barca, where he was compelled to halt for twenty days, till leave was obtained from the governor of Ben-Ghazi to explore the tract between Derna and Grennah, the modern name of Cyrene. He then proceeded to explore the coast of the Pentapolis and the adjacent valleys. It is not till the fifteenth chapter of his work, that we reach Cyrene itself; but, to compensate for this delay, between seventy and eighty pages are devoted to the subject. M. Pacho appears to have made the best use of his time, and he describes some remarkable monuments which Captain Beechey seems to have overlooked; in particular, a very large *hypogeum*, picturesquely situated at the extremity of the only grove that is found in the plateau, and some very large and deep grottos about half-way between Cyrene and Apollonia, which he supposes to have served, in ancient times, as magazines or bazars. Of the fountain of Apollo and its subterraneous conduit, so interestingly described by Mr. Beechey, M. Pacho gives a somewhat different account, in some respects hardly reconcilable with the story of the English Traveller. The latter, it will be remembered by those who have read his work, explored the excavated channel for nearly a quarter of a mile, till he was at length compelled to creep upon his hands and knees through the water; and at the end of forty feet further, he found the channel terminate in a

small aperture, scarcely a foot in diameter. M. Pacho passed this *ne plus ultra*, and crawling along through the water, reached a very wide but low grotto, hung with stalactites. He attempted to penetrate still further by crawling through the rocky bowels of the mountains; but at length he was enveloped in darkness, and the water gushing out in all directions,—appearing at once to spring up from the earth, and to fall from a thousand crevices in the crystallized ceiling,—rose to his neck, and rendered it “impossible, with the incumbrance of a human form, to push any further his aquatic reconnaissance.” M. Pacho does not seem to have noticed the Greek and Roman autographs seen by Captain Beechey; but, on one side of the channel, he observed, to his consternation at first, the distinct prints left by the paws of hyenas and some smaller animals, “the real magicians and spectres of the cave.” He was, however, emboldened to proceed, by observing that these foot-prints were covered with a slight layer of alluvial earth, whence he inferred, that the channel is frequented by the wild animals only in the dry season, the volume of water being sufficient, in winter, to cover the pathway in most places. In one part, a subterraneous torrent fell with a loud noise through a hollow chasm into an abyss which seemed to go deep into the heart of the mountain; and M. Pacho conjectures, that it may find an outlet in a cavern situated at the western extremity of the necropolis, from which a rivulet issues.

Among other remains of ancient edifices not specifically noticed by Mr. Beechey, our Traveller particularizes those of a bath built of brick, of which some parts of the vaulted work are still left; several castles or forts; and two small excavated temples of the Roman period, with Christian emblems: what the emblems are, we are not informed. One of the most remarkable excavations at Petra has in like manner been made to serve as a Christian church; but such ecclesiastical monuments cannot be referred to a high antiquity, or to the purer ages of the church. All the buildings at Cyrene of which any traces remain, as well as a large proportion of the mausolea, M. Pacho refers decidedly to the Roman period. Cyrene is stated to have been in fact destroyed by the Romans, on account of an insurrection, and to have been subsequently rebuilt. If the temples were spared, they would require to be repaired; and M. Pacho says that some of these structures were evidently raised upon the ruins of more ancient edifices.

An “Historical Introduction,” prefixed to the author’s narrative, contains a sketch of the annals of Cyrene, which ascend as high as the thirty-seventh Olympiad. In the time of Aristotle, this Greek colony was an independent republic; and it continued to

be governed by its own laws till the reduction of Egypt by the Macedonians. The Queen of Amasis, the patron of Pythagoras and the friend of Solon, was a native of Cyrene. Under the Ptolemies, it formed a dependent viceroyalty, till it was made over as a separate kingdom by Ptolemy Physcon to his illegitimate son Apion. The Cyrenean monarch bequeathed his kingdom to the Romans; and it was at length reduced, B. C. 76, to the condition of a Roman province.

Numbers of Jews had settled in the Cyrenaica long prior to the Christian era, a Jewish colony having been planted there by Ptolemy Soter. Cyrenean Jews were present at Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost; some of them took part with their Alexandrian brethren in disputing against the Proto-martyr; and Christian Jews of Cyprus and Cyrene, fleeing from the persecution of their intolerant brethren, were the first preachers of Christianity to the Christians at Antioch. The Jews of Cyrenaica were, however, chiefly confined to the city of Berenice, where they formed a political body, governed by archons. Cyrene itself had probably already begun to decline, as the maritime cities rose in wealth and importance. Under the reigns of Trajan and Adrian, the most frightful disorders were occasioned by the turbulent insurrections of the Jews, and the province became almost depopulated, till the latter emperor colonized it afresh. In the fifth century, however, under Theodosius the younger, Cyrene itself had been reduced to a mass of ruin, probably by the invasions of the barbarians of Libya, and its wealth and honours were transferred to the episcopal city of Ptolemais. The final extirpation of the colonies of the Pentapolis dates from the destructive invasion of Khosroo Purveez, about A. D. 616. Having overrun Syria and Egypt, the Persian conqueror advanced as far westward as the neighbourhood of Tripoli, and returned in triumph through the sands of the Libyan desert. The Saracens completed the work of the Persians; and for seven centuries, this once populous region has been lost to civilization, to commerce, and even to geographical knowledge. For three parts of the year, Cyrené is untenanted, except by hyenas and jackals; and during the fourth, the pastoral Bedouins, too indolent to ascend the higher range of hills, pitch their tents chiefly on the low ground to the southward of the summit, once crowned with the polite and voluptuous metropolis, "the city of the golden throne." But, remarks M. Pacho, "if the labours of man have been annihilated, nature remains the same."

"Le soleil n'éclaire plus que le deuil de l'antique cité; les pluies bienfaisantes ne tombent plus que sur des déserts: mais ce soleil émaille encore des prairies toujours vertes, ces pluies fécondent des champs

toujours fertiles; les forêts sont toujours ombreuses, les bocages toujours rians, et les myrtes et les lauriers croissent dans les vallons solitaires, sans amants pour les cueillir, sans héros pour les recevoir. Cette fontaine, qui vit élever autour d'elle les murs de Cyrène, jaillit encore dans toute sa force, elle coule encore dans toute sa fraîcheur; et son onde seule interromprait le calme de ces solitudes, si la voix rauque des pâtres, ou le bêlement des troupeaux errants parmi les ruines, ne se confondaient parfois avec son murmure."

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- ART. VIII.—1. *Berichtigungen und Zusätze zum ersten Bande der zweiten Auflage von B. G. Niebuhr's Römischer Geschichte. Aus den Ergänzungen der 3ten Auflage mit Bewilligung des Verfassers zusammengestellt.* (Corrections and Additions to the First Volume of the Second Edition of Niebuhr's Roman History. From the Supplement to the Third Edition, published with the Author's permission.) Berlin. 1828. 8vo.
2. *Einleitung in Rom's alte Geschichte,* (Introduction to the Ancient History of Rome,) von Dr. R. L. Blum. 8vo. Berlin. 1828.

THE demand for a third edition of the first volume of Niebuhr's Roman History, within so short a period after the appearance of the last, while an impression of but a thousand copies of the first edition in 1811-12 was for years slowly and painfully making its way from the shelves of the publisher to the library of the student, is a proof, not merely of the superior merit of the enlarged and improved work, but of the awakened and active taste for historical and political inquiry now so prevalent on the continent. At that period Europe groaned beneath the heavy yoke of the Gallic despot; gloom everywhere overcast the prospect; it seemed of no avail to search the records of the past, for the doom of the present generation was fixed, and patient submission to the commands of Napoleon, or incorporation in his huge and everyday extending empire, was to be the lot of all. The physical sciences and the arts, which embellish external life and cherish national vanity, alone found favour in the eyes of the emperor; history is dangerous to despotism, and those who seek a despot's countenance, or would avoid his suspicion, must shun its perilous paths. Need we then wonder that, independent of its difficulty, Niebuhr's work found in 1812 but few readers?

The war which shivered the colossus of empire which Napoleon had been raising, next succeeded; almost every one in Germany was then called on to be an actor; speculation and inquiry were for a season abandoned; the present engrossed the thoughts of all, the past was for the time neglected. It required some



years for the sea, which had been raised and agitated, to subside and regain its wonted calmness. But how different is the face it now presents from that which it exhibited before the storm! Then it was the stagnation of corruption, which engendered monstrous forms beneath the torrid sky of despotism; now it gleams more and more every day beneath the ascending sun of liberty, which hitherto had diffused its radiance over the western portion alone of the horizon. The ardour for historic inquiry, which had been checked, has again revived, and the republication of old and the production of new historical works has, more particularly in France and Germany, gone on with accelerated velocity. The recently free, and those who aspire and look forward to be such, will eagerly explore the records which tell of the past.

We felt a pride when, in the course of our critical labours, it became our task last year to give the English public an account of the enlarged and improved work of Niebuhr. We then expressed the high degree of admiration we felt for it and its illustrious author; and though some have thought fit to underrate the objects of our praise, we have seen nothing which might induce us now, when noticing some of the alterations which have been made in the third edition, to retract any thing we have said. We will readily acknowledge the style of Niebuhr to be difficult—for such even his countrymen find it to be—beyond that of German writers in general, and we could certainly have wished that he had chosen to put his thoughts into a less condensed and repelling form, as he might thereby have increased the number of his readers. But as his motto shows, this style was a matter of choice, it is formed on a peculiar system into which the perusal of a few pages will initiate the reader, who will then have, as far as the language is concerned, little more than the ordinary difficulties of the German tongue to contend with. There is, however, another difficulty, which many perhaps are not aware of, or do not choose to confess:—he who sets about reading this Roman History must bring to the task a large share of previous knowledge; not only must he be familiar with the works of Livy and Dionysius, but he must have the history and institutions of ancient and modern times continually present to his mind, as reference, in general too concise, is continually made to them. Niebuhr's is, in short, no elementary work; and the greater part of those who find such insuperable difficulties in the way of understanding it, are only in the condition of the man who, unacquainted with geometry and algebra, should take up one of the higher works on mechanics, and declare that it was utterly impossible to comprehend it. To him who comes properly furnished to the task, this Roman History will differ from most other works of the kind only as Tacitus

differs from Sismondi—by demanding a greater portion of attention.

As little do we feel disposed to retract the praise we have bestowed on the translation of the Roman History by Messrs. Hare and Thirlwall; that praise was comparative, and elicited by the difficulty of the task, and, even if it were a little exaggerated, it should be excused by its being immediately prefixed to some strictures which a reader might good-naturedly suppose it was intended to soften. But we seek no such indulgence; we repeat it—that if it be, as we believe it is, the character of a good translation to give as perfect a similitude of the original as the nature of two different languages will admit—to give as it were a *cast* of it—then the translation of the Roman History is one of the best our language possesses. Its difficulties are neither more nor less than those of the original; its fidelity has, we understand, drawn forth the warm praises of the author, and from the few morsels we have had ourselves to translate, we have perhaps a clearer conception than most people of the difficulties that were to be overcome.

The elegant and judicious little work of Dr. Blum, to which; he informs us, as to many others, that of Niebuhr has given occasion, is designed to complete in some measure what he conceives to be rather a deficiency in this last—namely, the omission of the history of the cities of Magna Græcia, in so far as they operated on Rome, and that of the history of the religion of the last-named state. It is pleasing to observe the tone of respect in which Dr. Blum expresses himself on all occasions when speaking of Niebuhr, while at the same time he criticises, and at times rejects, his opinions with the utmost freedom.

The additions made by Mr. Niebuhr extend his volume to 712 pages. These, and the alterations he has made, have however been printed separately in a *brochure* of 79 pages, for the sake of those who had already been purchasers of the second edition. It is perhaps to be regretted, that he should thus find occasion to make so much alteration in each successive edition; but such is the lot of all things human. A large portion of the present volume is hypothesis, which ever must be variable and fleeting. The magic-decked palace of regal Rome has vanished at the spell-dissolving voice of truth; inquiry seeks to discover what the real edifice was, over which fiction had spread its brilliant colours, and its illusive charms; and many must be the changes which the draught will have to undergo, before it has assumed the form in whose truth all will acquiesce. In other parts, chance or inquiry will continually furnish additional proofs and illustrations of what has been advanced; and a work of this nature must resemble a

newly-invented piece of machinery, which does not come forth perfect at once from the hands of its inventor, but receives, from his own reflections, or the suggestions of others, each succeeding year some improvements, till it at length attains its utmost point of simplicity and perfection. It is chiefly, however, to the Ante-Roman and the regal periods that this applies; for after the establishment of the republic, the vessel of discovery gradually nears the shore of real history, objects begin to appear in their true forms, continuous narrations assume the place of ingenious conjecture, and less and less necessity for change and emendation occurs. As for those who—

“tarpe putant parere minoribus et quæ  
Imberbi didicere, senes perdenda fateri,”

and still fondly cling to the truth of the old legends, we shall only remind them of the well-known fact of Harvey's discovery having been rejected by almost every physician in Europe who had arrived at his forty-fifth year.

The changes made by Niebuhr in the part of his work treating of the early inhabitants of Italy, present few, if any, new views. They chiefly tend to give clearness and force to what he had originally written. It is thus, for example, he gives greater steadiness to his employment of the words *Tyrrhenian* and *Tuscan*, as being expressive of what he deems two essentially distinct nations. This last term, he says, he, in compliance with the usage of the ancients, employs as synonymous with *Etrurian*, though it is plainly only a form of *Turinus*, i. e. *Tyrrhenus*.

For the paragraph on the diversity of languages, beginning at page 56 of the original, (44 of the translation,) our author has substituted the following, in which he more fully develops his ideas on the subject.

“The farther back they lie in time, the richer, the more definite, the more sharply distinguished, are the dialects of great languages: they subsist alongside of each other, to all intents as original, as if they were totally distinct tongues. A general German or Greek language, from the beginning downwards, exists only in imagination: a common language arises when the dialects, impoverished and enfeebled, become extinct, and learning is grown universal. The only way in which varieties of languages can arise, is, when entire nations, or even masses of people, such as slaves introduced in large bodies, are obliged to adopt a foreign one. Such new forms arise also in the natural, material world; and these may recede farther from those whence they have sprung, than species do which are essentially different from them.

“In a rich family of languages, one dialect recedes still farther than another, till that of a sister-tongue becomes its proper name. Yet even then it has nothing in it essentially foreign; but as nature elsewhere has her transitions, so this is also the case with the languages of the races of

humankind. Many exhibit an affinity to two others, which, especially in words, are totally foreign to each other; and when in this case it so happens that the forms show no certain traces of distinction, it is illogical to suppose that a new one has here arisen from intermixture. There is frequently no where to be found a language to which the foreign element which has determined its nature may have belonged.

"Two languages may be thus in part nearly related, in part totally strangers to each other. This is the relation between the Slavonian and the Lithuanian, perhaps also between the Gaelic and the Cymric; the Persian is in this way related, in many points of its forms and etymology, to the Slavonian. In the Latin there are two mingled elements; the one akin to the Greek, the other a total stranger. But even the former is as clearly distinct from, as it is akin to it: and thus, as national species, the Greeks and the Pelasgians were both: the former might thus consider the latter as foreign from themselves, and term their language barbarous."

In an addition to the note at page 113, Mr. Niebuhr, in accounting for the manner in which the language of their Tuscan conquerors may have become that of the subjected Tyrrhenians of Etruria, notices the hitherto little observed but remarkable fact of the Christians of Asia Minor having adopted that of their Turkish masters. This fact will tend much to explain the no less remarkable one of the diffusion of the Latin language over France and Spain, and of the Anglo-Saxon in England. In effect, if the conquerors will not adopt the language of their subjects, the latter must learn that of their masters.

A substitution of some length has been made in place of the paragraph in page 206, (169 of the translation,) which contained some speculation on the foundation of Alba and Lavinium, in which Mr. Niebuhr did not reject the tradition of the prior existence of the latter town. He is now of opinion that the legend of the Penates, when removed to Alba by Ascanius, returning of themselves to the deserted walls and temple of Lavinium, and the consequent sending back of 600 colonists thither, only conceals the truth of Lavinium having been a joint-foundation of the Alabans and the common Latium. From its very name he asserts it to have been the central point of the Latins, (also called Lavinians,) as Panionium was that of the Ionians in Asia; it may be inferred, he thinks, from the number of the colonists in the legend, that the thirty Alban, and an equal number of Latin towns, sent each ten persons thither. The assertions of Livy and Dionysius, of the Latins (*Prisci Latini*) having all been colonies from Alba, are refuted by the fact that, according to the legend of *Æneas*, *Asclea* and *Laurentium* existed before Alba, as also did *Tibur*; and yet no one can doubt of these having belonged to the *Prisci Latini*; and the thirty cities. Pliny also enumerates more than

twenty Latin towns, of which there was no trace remaining, and then adds, as Albensian people, the Albans and thirty others, whose names he arranges alphabetically, who had formerly partaken with those of the flesh of the victim on the Alban Mount, and had disappeared like them. The name and number, according to our author, here speak for themselves, and prove that these were the thirty towns which are said to have been colonies from Alba. It is observable that but six or seven of the names in Pliny's list occur in that given by Dionysius of the thirty Latin towns. The circumstance of the Alban villages partaking of the flesh of the victim, with other Latin towns, exhibits the latter in the same relation to Alba on the Latin hill, as they afterwards stood to Rome. These Alban towns lay all in the vicinity, and were; doubtless, thirty in number; some of them afterwards entered into alliance with Rome, others were made colonies by her, or, like Medullia and Cameria, utterly destroyed.

"Thus," says Mr. Niebuhr, "this inquiry also gains the cheering result which has rewarded the toil in so many of those of which this book consists: the absurd is such only through superficial apprehension, and envelopes an uncorrupted ground which may be disclosed; so that the critical elaboration of history is far richer in facts than credulous repetition."

A very curious addition has been made in page 259 (213 of the translation). Mr. Niebuhr had formerly brought forward some strong arguments to prove that there could have been no contemporary Pontifical Annals, at least previous to the battle at the Regillus, remaining. The passage in Cicero's Republic, which has since come to light, shows that all eclipses (a chief portion of the contents of those Annals) were calculated back from one which took place in the 350th year of the City. But it now appears, that that eclipse was not, and could not be, observed at Rome, for the inquiries of Münchow and Heiss show that it must have been that which took place on the 21st June, 399 A. C., and which did not occur at Rome till after sunset. But at Gades, where the obscuration was more than eleven digits, the moment of greatest obscuration was just three minutes before sunset, a circumstance which Mr. N. observes gives great justness and beauty to the seemingly tautologous language of Cicero, (or rather Ennius, his authority,) *soli luna obstitit et nox*. The knowledge at Rome of the observation made at Gades, has nothing in it, he thinks, which should surprise us.

The most important alteration which the opinions of Mr. Niebuhr have undergone, is on the subject of the Lucares, the third of the original Roman tribes, p. 305—311, (252—257 of the translation,) and which we shall give in the words of the author.

"The citizens of the two towns, (Roma and Quirium,) when federation had passed into union, became Tribules of two tribes, whose names, Ramnes and Tities, are by common consent derived from the royal founders. But with them we find a third tribe, the Luceres, a name, the derivation of which has been much contested among the Roman Archæologists. The greater number deduce it from Lucumo, a supposed Etruscan ally of Romulus, who is said to have fallen in the Sabine war: some from one Lucerus, a king of Ardea; in other words, the burghers of this tribe passed with those for Etruscans, with these for Tyrrhenians.

"A perfectly unforced derivation of the name is furnished by another form of it, namely, Lucertes, which is plainly, like Tiburtes, deduced from that of a place—Lucer, or Lucerum. They also were a civic body, who became Tribules: their town is to be looked for on the Cælius. This hill is reckoned to have been among those of the city so early as in the time of Romulus; yet Tullus Hostilius passes for the proper author of its being inhabited, as he settled the Albans on it. Here, therefore, dwelt the Alban families who were by him raised to the rank of Roman ones, as the Sabine families did on the Quirinal. A portion of the Romans is connected with Tullus, in the same manner as the two first tribes are, with Romulus and Numa, and the Plebs with Ancus. These four kings are named as the authors of the old laws, and they alone, for Tarquinius is not; and as all the assignments of land are ascribed to them, by this it is intimated that they were regarded as Oikists, each of them for a portion of the Roman nation. Hence then there are only the Luceres remaining for Tullus; they therefore are identical with the burghers of his town on the Cælius, which I shall henceforth, without apology, call Lucerum. The derivation from the Romulian Lucumo leads us thither also, for he is no other than the Tuscan captain, Coles Vibenna, who is said to have settled with his troops on that hill, which derived its name from him. What king it was that received him is a point which has been given with great variation. Some went so far back as Romulus, as that place belonged to Rome before the union with the Sabines. The powerful Etruscan was regarded as a Lucumo, and the duplication, as Lacumo, and as Cælius, comes from those who looked on the former as being a proper name.

"As Numa, the father of the Tities, derived his origin from Cures, so did Tullus Hostilius, through his father, derive his from Medullia, a Latin town, become by conquest subject to Rome. The subjection of Lucerum and its Latin nationality are thus indicated for an earlier period than that of the Alban settlement; as also by the narrative that the Cælius obeyed the Roman king in the days of Tatius.

"As the citizens of each town became a Tribus, so did their land become a Region in the united territory. This has been erroneously represented as a division of the Ager; the view is less incorrect which ascribes to the Archegetes of the three tribes, the three first kings, a letting out of the landed property, for according to Roman maxims, this proceeded from the republic; those who became citizens surrendered it to the state, and received it back again at its hands. The ignorance of those of later days has seen in this a division of the domain."

It is not very easy to make out the exact period at which Mr. Niebuhr would set the origin of the Luceres. He says that when Roma and Quirium united, they formed themselves into three tribes, and that the Luceres became the third tribe, though they were under the supremacy of Roma, and their senate was not yet admitted into the combined one, nor their burghers on the Comitium. Just, he observes, as the Irish parliament was till 1782 dependent on the long before united one of Great Britain. The hypothesis of Mr. Niebuhr is, we apprehend, that Tullus, a Lucer himself, added the Albans who came to Rome to his own tribe. Mr. Niebuhr is now of opinion that the destruction of Alba was effected by a union of the Romans and the Latins, who divided between them her territory and her population. We had ourselves in some measure anticipated Mr. Niebuhr in inferring a closer connection than is usually supposed between Tullus and the Luceres; we had ascribed to him the admission of their representatives into the senate, a measure which Mr. Niebuhr now more positively than before ascribes to L. Tarquinius. The Tarquinius he holds to have been the heads and representatives of this tribe. The father placed the *Minores Gentes*, (i. e. the Luceres) in the senate, and these were the aiders of the conspiracy of the son against Servius. As the Albans were essentially Tyrrhenian, the religious ceremonies adopted at the *Ludi Romani*, so inexplicable in the case of an Etruscan monarch, become of easy solution. The passage in which Mr. Niebuhr had formerly spoken of Tuscan kings is now expunged.

With respect to Servius Tullius, were it not for the well-known fragment of the speech of the emperor Claudius, Mr. Niebuhr would feel inclined, as the Tullii were an Alban house, to make him also a Lucer; but though he deems it possible that the uncritical Claudius might have been deceived by a later Etruscan writer, who arbitrarily made the Mastarna of tradition identical with Servius, yet he still thinks it manifest that Rome received Tuscan forms from a prince of that nation, and was the great and splendid capital of an Etruscan state; and Servius is certainly the only one of her princes whom we can now regard as a Tuscan.

The coming together of the four Romans, Sp. Lucretius, P. Valerius, Collatinus and Brutus, and swearing to expel the tyrants, Mr. Niebuhr regards as having all the appearance of a real transaction, yet as being in fact only a representation of the union of the three Patrician tribes and the Plebs, though he will not deny that they may have represented their orders, Lucretius belonging to the Ramnes, Valerius to the Tities, Collatinus as a Tarquinius to the Luceres, and Brutus being a plebeian.

These are the chief alterations we have observed in the third

edition, which is certainly an improvement on the preceding one. We shall not be at all surprised to find the next edition also modified, for the activity of Mr. Niebuhr's mind will never relax, and theory is always subject to variation and improvement. We now pass to the work of Dr. Blum.

This judicious and agreeable writer commences his work by some reflections on the manner in which the Roman history has been written. The first and most important fact that strikes us here is, that the earliest annals and histories of Rome, both in verse and prose, of which we have any knowledge, were not composed till the time of the conclusion of the second Punic war, which ended about the 550th year from the supposed foundation of the City, (but there is every reason to believe that the origin of Rome dates much farther back,) and about 200 years after it was burnt by the Gauls. We must regard it as an indisputable fact that few monuments of any importance survived that catastrophe, and that the *fasti*, pontifical books, family archives, and the other usually assigned sources of history, are all posterior to that event. This alone should throw doubt on the early history of Rome. With a people possessing few or no books, where agriculture and war engaged the time and the thoughts of almost every one, we might *a priori* assert that ballad-poetry would be the chief, almost the only, literature; and poetry, we know, always loves to cast a halo of the marvellous around the heads of its heroes, especially where distance of time gives free scope to fiction. In our former article we noticed the fact of the history of Cyrus having been narrated in three different modes within less than a century after his death, and we shall now point out other instances of the falsehood which the access of poetry will infuse into true history. Are not the celebrated feuds of the Zegries and Abencerrages frequently considered as an authentic part of the history of Granada, and do they not even enter into some popular histories of Spain? Yet their original place is the romantic *Guerras Civiles de Granada* of Ginez Perez de Hita, and Mr. Conde classes them with the Knights of the Round Table, and the twelve Paladins; and yet there is so little in the narrative to awaken suspicion, that had there not been contemporary history, or had Spain been in a state at all approaching to that of ancient Rome, it might easily have become incorporated in her annals. Again: the exploit of William Tell, in shooting the apple on the head of his son has long passed for a real portion of Swiss history, yet the whole story is to be found in Saxo, the Danish historian, who wrote long before Tell was born. It was thus that the tales of Greece became gradually mingled with Roman traditions, and that fancy often sported ca-



preciously among them, and few are the events prior to the capture by the Gauls, which we can venture to fix upon as absolutely true: in all their parts. Little reliance can ever be placed on what is not related by contemporaries. It was this that made Hume pronounce with more truth than was generally supposed at the time, that the first page of Thucydides was the first page of true history.

Dr. Blum gives well-merited praise to Beaufort, who was almost the first to discern and prove the uncertainty of the early history of Rome. He observes at the same time, that Beaufort's mode of writing united all the advantages of perspicuity, "which, let the Germans say what they will, is almost peculiar to the French. But few have in this respect (says he) followed the great example of Lessing." This is no doubt intended for Niebuhr, whose warmest admirers must lament his want of facility; two writers, however, at least, of the present day, Wilken and Schlosser, are untouched by it. The effect of Beaufort's work was, our author thinks, stronger in Germany than in France, but German acuteness applied itself first to language, then to natural science, and last to history. A powerful influence is justly ascribed to the illustrious Wolf, his obligations to whom Dr. Blum thinks Niebuhr might as well have acknowledged.

"It was destined for a great idea, which guided the celebrated Wolf in his inquiry into the origin of the Homeric lays, to kindle anew, as a spark of inspiration, the minds which applied themselves with earnestness to the contemplation of antiquity. However a class of literati of the present day, who are indebted for the most valuable part of what they possess to that great master, may, amidst demonstrations of respect, affect to be ignorant of the influence he has exerted over them, it is certain that it was he who made an entire revolution in the mode in which the various ancient languages and their monuments should be regarded and treated.

"It would have been more becoming in Niebuhr also, if, instead of quoting Perizonius, whose excellent essay on the old Roman lays he had been ignorant of, to have expressed to the manes of Wolf, the gratitude which he owed him for having given origin to his view of the historic lays of Rome. For this is so completely founded on that of Wolf, that Niebuhr, without ever thinking on the necessary proof, which he is still under obligation to produce, of the existence of a school of singers at Rome, assumed a transmission of long poems from ancient times to later days,—a thing which without it is inconceivable.

"Fortunately, the extent of Niebuhr's merit does not depend on the value or worthlessness of that single point. We Germans must ever declare with pride that, with the appearance of Niebuhr's incomparable work, a lively and connected image has been given to us of the early days of Rome, such as antiquity itself was ignorant of. Instead of lifeless shadows, forms full of animation now step forth to meet us, from the twilight which envelopes Rome's early history. Beaufort totally de-

stroyed the belief in the truth of that history as it had been handed down to us, and Levesque applied the inquiries of his predecessor and countryman, without ever naming him, to his own description of the Roman state; but it was reserved for the historic glance of Niebuhr to set in the place of the errors which he and his predecessor had overturned, a crowd of truths on which his perspicacity has founded a new and beautiful edifice."

But in the opinion of Dr. Blum, Niebuhr has made an important omission in not having explained how that false conception of the Romans respecting their early history arose, and he proposes in some measure to supply that deficiency. He therefore next proceeds to consider the nature of popular poetry, a subject on which he makes several very profound reflections. He asserts of course the indisputable fact of Rome having possessed a large quantity of ballads, resembling those of modern Greece, but he absolutely denies, as we had done, the existence of any one poem of considerable magnitude. In the two earliest poets of Rome, whose names, and unhappily little more, have reached us, Cn. Nævius, and Q. Ennius, Dr. Blum thinks he can discern the opposite character of the Patricians and the Plebeians.

"Violent national commotions," says he, "always strongly affect the most internal life of a people, and if the external consequence of them be the placing it in a splendid position, they awaken instantaneously and permanently those noble mental powers which had hitherto been slumbering. The proof of this is given by the effect of the Persian war on Athens. Rome felt herself not less excited by the Punic war; there, where hitherto only the arts of war had flourished, and the toils of judicature, with public cares and party dissensions, had claimed all the higher powers of the citizens, now of a sudden arise poets of eminence, who, while they hold fast to the hereditary seriousness of the national character, still introduce into life a cheerfulness and a vicissitude unknown before. As the oldest among these stands forth Cn. Nævius. For we should not reckon his elder contemporary Livius Andronicus, since he, a Greek by birth and education, did scarcely any thing else than give a Roman dress to Grecian ideas and fictions."

Nævius, who was at all times a mocker of the great, particularly the Metelli, who made him at last feel their indignation, took, as the subject of a long poem, the first Punic war, in which he himself had served, and he wrote it in the Saturnine, *i. e.* the popular verse. Dr. Blum, who acutely notices the predilection the ancients had of relating the events of their own time, observes, that "we may not now, as formerly, ascribe this choice of the poet to the unimaginative character of the Roman mind, but recognise in it the strength of the inspiration, which, heedless of the past, immerses itself in the present, and by fond conception and representation turns its appearances to enduring

images and forms." The departure of Æneas from Ilium opened the poem, and the poet, it is probable, brought him to the Sibyl at Cumæ; the building of Rome formed a part of it, but Romulus was in it the grandson of Æneas; the various succeeding events were probably concisely related, and the poet poured forth the abundance of his powers on the scenes in which he had himself been an actor, and which had occurred after the plebeians had gained their due elevation. Nævius was a thoroughly national poet; his works, long after Rome had been completely Græcised, still formed the delight of the people.

Nævius in manibus non est, et mentibus hæret  
Pene recens, adeo sanctum est vetus omne poemâ;

says a chief agent in the change. Cicero, Quintillian, Gellius and others speak with affection of this genuine Roman poet, the loss of whose works is perhaps more to be deplored than that of any other portion of Roman literature.

Q. Ennius, the contemporary of the old age of Nævius, was a poet of another stamp. By birth and education connected with Greece, and the friend and companion of the greatest men of Rome, he was ambitious to introduce into her the forms of Grecian literature and the then prevalent tone of philosophy. He therefore enriched, if we are so to term it, the literature of Rome with numerous translations and imitations in verse or prose; among others he made the Romans acquainted with the work of Euhemerus, which exercised such a fatal influence on the subsequent ideas of religion and mythology. Ennius loved to dwell upon the glorious recollections of the country of his patrons, he took the ballads which had hitherto preserved them, and in his *Annals* moulded them in hexameters, into a continuous narrative from the days of Romulus down to those of Scipio. This is in reality the long poem, that floats before the view of Mr. Niebuhr, from which—and not directly from the ballads, even if they were still in existence—Livy derived the poetic tinge of his first decade. Dr. Blum, however, thinks that the account of the war against the Samnites in Campania in the 7th book owes its poetic hue to the verses of Nævius, who sung with rapture the events of his native country.

Dr. Blum observes a similar difference between the two oldest prose writers of Rome, the patrician Fabius and the plebeian Cincius. The former, full of the dignity of his family, of his order and the city, sought on all occasions to exalt them; eagerly catching at the old family traditions and personal panegyrics, he gave to Roman history the tone which it ever after retained, and spread along it the glories of the Fabian house, which thence makes such

a figure in the early history. The latter, to whom the ancient times of Rome presented chiefly the oppression of his order, and its often unavailing struggles against it, felt his best compensation in the love of truth and the diligent inspection of ancient monuments; the facts which Livy and others have given from him are not only valuable in themselves, but prove him to have been a man whose sagacity was far beyond that of Varro, who alone followed him in his thorny path, while the crowd gaily strolled along the flowery one trodden by Fabius.

A glance over the earliest developement of Roman prose is next presented to us. Here Dr. Blum considers the character of the *Annales Maximi*, the Twelve Tables, the family records, and the other sources of Roman history. With respect to the first, he quotes a passage from the *Origines* of Cato, which does not appear to have sufficiently attracted the attention of Niebuhr. "I have little inclination," says the old Roman, "to write what is on the tables of the Pontifex Maximus, how often corn was dear, how often darkness or any thing else interfered with the light of the sun or the moon;" coupling this with a passage of Pliny, which says "the *Annals* were full of accounts of how the auspices were interrupted by the squeaking of shrew-mice," and other circumstances, he infers that the contents of the *Annals* were of extremely little value.

A very interesting subject occupies the next division of the work, namely, what was the early influence of Greece on Rome? This, Dr. Blum thinks, and we fully agree with him, was much greater, and commenced at a more early period than is usually supposed. Greece of course is to be taken in an extensive sense, inclusive of *Magna Græcia*. It is to be recollected that *Agylæ* or *Cære*, with which Rome stood in such intimate relation, had always been connected with Greece; the origin of the *Tarquins* was referred to that country, which, however devoid of truth it is, still seems to intimate a connection between them and the Greeks; the elder introduced a large portion of Grecian religion at Rome; the younger is said to have sent to Delphi, and was intimately connected with the prince of *Cumæ*, and we think it a much more probable supposition than that of Niebuhr given above, that it was through this last channel that Grecian ceremonies came to Rome. It should also be steadily kept in view that Rome must, under the kings, have had a good deal of maritime commerce, or Carthage would never have made the treaties she did with her, and a large portion of that commerce must have been directed to the Greek states of Italy and Sicily. The following passage which occurs in this place, is somewhat opposed to Mr. Niebuhr's theory of the origin of the Latin language; we do not, however, think it so just as his.

"Cumæ belonged to the *Æolian* colonies of *Magna Græcia*. *Æolian* forms, as was discerned by antiquity, and is also abundantly discerned in modern times, exist to superfluity in the Latin language. If we then reflect on that early connection of Roman kings with Cumæ, on the legend of the Cumæan sibyl in Rome, and moreover on the highly probable importation of religious ideas and ceremonies to it from Cumæ, we might easily trace the veins of *Æolian* forms, as they ramified themselves through the very earliest growth of the Latin language, to another quarter than that whence they are usually derived."

The probability having been shown of an early influence of Greece on Rome, Dr. Blum proceeds to prove that the first Roman historians were entirely guided by the spirit of the contemporary Grecian ones. He adopts as a matter of certainty, the assertion of Plutarch, that Diocles of Peperethus, was the first who wrote the early history of Rome; and that Fabius followed him implicitly. The age of the work of Diocles he places between the time of Pyrrhus, and the second Punic war. To those who have observed how slavishly writers in an obscure period, the middle ages for instance, follow each other, there will be no difficulty in conceiving that Fabius, though writing in Greek himself, should have copied out the work of Diocles; yet still we cannot help thinking, that though Fabius may have been thoroughly imbued with the then prevalent spirit of Grecian literature, he might have been the original, and Diocles the copyist. Dr. Blum takes a survey of Grecian historic writing from Hecataeus down to the Alexandrine period. Hecataeus was the father of rational history—of that species which taking the old legends of a people, endeavours to give them a form accordant to the actual state of nature and course of events—and he gave the tone to all subsequent Grecian history.

"How closely," says Dr. Blum, "his immediate successors in historic composition have followed him in their conception and narration of the old stories and legends, is apparent from the work of Herodotus, who, by his frequent refutation of Hecataeus, evidently shows the importance which he attached to the views of that writer. The more the Grecian mind, henceforward on the path of the boldest mode of thinking, emancipated itself from the old traditional restraint, the more boldly did the historians who were influenced by this spirit seize on what had been handed down in various forms from antiquity, and model it after their own pleasure. They had no suspicion that every people has an antiquity of its own, whose mysteries no later eye has power to penetrate, and that the enigmas which from thence descend to later generations, derive all their importance from appearing and being regarded as such. Hence then, already in Hecataeus, much as he is to be admired as the author of free historic inquiry, that mode of exposition is displeasing, by which he, after shallow fashion, labours to extract a rational sense from religious traditions."

But this mode of writing became still more insipid when writers tinctured with philosophy and brought up in the schools of the Rhetoricians, began to write history, and instead of searching for truth, aimed only to please. The most distinguished of these was Ephorus, a writer however of no ordinary merit; but the creations of early piety had in his time ceased to have any meaning. It was therefore easy to draw down the images of inspiration to the mere exterior of earthly form, to bestow upon them, in place of the sense they had lost, the insipid reality of insignificant history. After the time of Alexander, this spirit increased more and more every day, and the "Sacred History" of Euhemerus gave a final establishment to the system of assigning a terrestrial existence to the gods of the nations, and thus turning mythology into history. Dr. Blum goes at length into an account of this writer and his work, which he considers to have exercised such powerful influence on after-times, of which Creuzer alone appears to him to have been sufficiently aware. To him we may now, however, add Schlosser, who, in the last published volume of his history, devotes considerable attention to Euhemerus. The translation of the "Sacred History," by Ennius, was perhaps the first prose Latin version of a Greek original, and its influence on the Roman mind was powerful and lasting; the mere inspection of the *Æneid* will suffice to show how Janus, Saturn, and the other ancient Italian deities were, like the Grecian Kronos and Zeus, made mortal kings. Its influence has continued even down to the present day, but the most remarkable instance of it is, perhaps, that which we have already more than once noticed in the case of the ancient mythology of Scandinavia. Dr. Blum gives the more consideration to this subject, as according to his theory, Romulus and Remus were ancient deities worshipped by the shepherds of Latium.

In a survey of the succeeding Roman writers down to Livy, Dr. Blum undertakes to show that they were feeble searchers into antiquity. Niebuhr, it is well known, bestows excessive praise on the first book of Livy, while Schlegel on the other hand, regards it as inferior to the subsequent books; the present writer thus expresses himself, and with him and Schlegel we perfectly agree.

"But in Livy, we easily discern the haste with which he hurried over the earlier times of Rome, to come to the firmer ground of history, where he might move sure and unimpeded in the entire fulness of his power of narration. Hence the obscure regal period is compressed into a single book, which is perhaps the feeblest of the whole work; hence the long period from the commencement of the republic to the war with Pyrrhus is disposed of in the following ten books, in order that 130

books might be devoted to the clear historic times of Rome, down to her late years. The ancients would narrate, not inquire. Their mode of narration has a freshness, a dignity, and a perspicuity, with which modern times have rarely produced anything to compete."

The latter part of this passage contains Dr. Blum's correct and just idea of the ancient historians, and the next shows in an animated view how admirably those of Rome, down to Tacitus, narrated the events of their own days, while on every thing relating to remote antiquity their inquiries and reflections are of little value; hence it is that modern times are able to form a juster conception of the remote ages of Greece and Italy, than were the Greeks and Italians themselves.

The remainder of the volume is devoted to the developement of the author's idea of the supposed founder of Rome having been an ancient pastoral deity, and it contains some extremely curious and original remarks on the old Roman religion. The work of Dr. Blum is of moderate compass, and the style is agreeable; it contains many new and just observations, and the possession of it we hold to be essential to all who take an interest in the early history of the Eternal City.

ART. IX.—*Quatre Mois dans les Pays Bas, Voyage Epistolaire et Critique dans la Belgique et la Hollande.* Par M. De ———  
2 vols. 8vo. Paris. 1829.

M. DE ——— calls himself a poet—a title, by the way, which an ordinary man has about the same right to assume as he has that of peer, or pope. M. de ——— is nothing but a pert pretender, (and it is difficult to say whether he has most of pertness or pretence) who just skips over the Netherland provinces, ignorant of the Dutch language, prejudiced against the Dutch people, and then comes back to Paris, in order to visit a nation with his poetical judgments, and to add something more to the too much of crudity, precipitancy, and ignorance, which fixes the fate of mankind, and submits millions to the foppish condemnation of some *little Unknown*.

Nations, that cannot rank in the first line of influence, and yet are not so contemptible as to count for nothing in the balance of politics, are generally the favourite objects of foolish speculations, and hasty decisions. Great nations impose by their magnificence, their omnipresence, and smaller political societies are not worth the "honouring" of those who dispose of futurity. To be in its turn petted and calumniated, has been long the portion of Holland. Sir William Temple is the best and the shrewdest observer on a large scale. The fact is, that generalities are

seldom just, and may be most frequently traced to a first and an erroneous impression, an unphilosophical spirit, a narrowness, instead of an expanse of mind, and a desire to say things of piquancy instead of truth.

He is a bold and a foolish man, and his boldness has none of the noble qualities of intrepidity in it, who having flown over a country as a bird does on its migration, pretends to open to us all that mysterious and elaborate machinery which forms "national character." If an anatomist were to look at a newly-discovered animal from a distance, and then presume to hold "most eloquent discourse" on all its marvellously adapted parts—if he ventured to describe the wonders of its organization, the functions of its curious frame-work, its habits, and its attributes, he would be laughed to scorn, and yet he would do little mischief. Indulging in no malevolence, he would awaken no resentment. It would be presumptuous ignorance only, not hatred-awaking prejudice. But he who vituperates masses of men is the spreader of evil on a great scale. He is a negative persecutor, a maleficent misanthropist. To destroy, on false and feeble evidence, our good opinion of nations, is calumny, smiting not one, but millions. And to calumniate how easy! He who will soil his fingers with dirt, may fling it at whom he pleases; and he who recklessly wills to smite, may find a dagger at every turning, and a subject on which to exercise his evil disposition.

Belgium is so well known, and what appears on its surface has been so often described by tourists, that we shall not dwell long on the first volume of the *Four Months in the Low Countries*. As our author sees nothing but the most obvious superficialities of things, the interlardings of personal vanity, and worn-out common-places, relieve his readers very little while he is passing over well-known ground, where a good story would be as acceptable as on a weary journey, and he was bound to give something interesting in the way of interlude. He professes to be an *episodical* and *critical* traveller. His episodes would for the most part be improbable every where, and are out of place where they are found, and his criticisms are the most uninformed out-pourings of presumption with which for a long time it has been our fate to be visited. He leaves Paris in disgust, because he cannot sell his rhymes, nor get his essays puffed, nor, in a word, take up the position to which his literary pretensions aspired. All the world refuses to recognise the poetical genius of M. de ———, (wicked world as it is, and as blind as wicked!) so off he goes to the Netherlands, in order to make out a case in favour of the sagacity of Parisian criticism, and to write *himself* down—what others had written him down—a flippant retailer of flippancies; and very



marvellous indeed are the stories he tells. We learn (vol. i. p. 81) that aneurisms are contagious; witness the Flemish husband, who caught an aneurismic infection from his wife. The male victim is a man of large fortune; and having learned the exact number of years (viz. ten) which the aneurism will require to destroy him, he determines to make his wealth last just as long as his own existence, and whisks into the dissipation and prodigality of the gaming-table—but having lived a little too fast, *il s'impatiente*, and bids his nephew shoot him, and falls down suddenly dead; and our readers may see how all this happened, in honour and glory of M. de ———, to enable him to fill two chapters, *vrais et vraisemblables*, of his most valuable book, and two days of his most interesting journey.

M. de ——— cannot account for the fact, that Belgium has not produced as many celebrated French writers as France itself, and he takes for granted there are no Flemish ones. But he knows nothing of the facts he assumes, and goes on vain-gloriously descanting on the “invincible causes” which make it impossible for a Fleming to be imaginative, and throw him necessarily into a state of most disadvantageous comparison with his illustrious Gallic neighbours. The sort of question with which Charles the Second puzzled the philosophers in his wit, M. de ——— proposes in his folly—“Why, if a fish be put into a full vessel, will it not overflow?”—“Why has Flanders never produced a poet?” We recommend to the attention of M. de ———, M. J. F. Willem's *Epître aux Belges*, and a little collection of Flemish writers published not long since.

It is but fair to give M. de ——— the *revanche* of the exquisite inscription which he says covers the *leg* which the Marquess of Anglesea left behind him at Waterloo.

“Ci est enterrée la jambe de l'illustre, brave, patient et vaillant Comte d'Uxbridge, lieutenant général de S. M. Britannique, commandant en chef la cavalerie des alliés, blessé, le 18 Juin, 1815, à la memorable bataille de Waterloo, qui, par son héroïsme à concouru au triomphe de la cause du genre humain, glorieusement décidée par l'éclatante victoire dudit jour.”

And he says the following epigram has been added by some *bel esprit*—no Fleming of course.

“Lorsque viendra le jour des morts,  
Que j'aurai de chemin à faire,  
Pour aller rejoindre mon corps  
Qui doit m'attendre en Angleterre !”\*

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\* A weary day must needs be mine  
When judgment day shall come,  
And I must march from hence to join  
My corps that lays at home.”

Every now and then our traveller gives evidence of that *jactancy* which is so amusing, and he it allowed us so to speak, somewhat too characteristic of the Great Nation. Standing before the huge brass lion at Waterloo, he tells us that if that lion was but alive, he would be more terrible to the French people than "*toute l'armée de Pays-Bas*," and then he goes on to show why Napoleon ought to have gained the battle of Waterloo, according to all proper rules,—that he ought to have beaten the English before the Prussians arrived, and the Prussians after he had beaten the English, *Q. E. D.* But he demolishes one commander after another, and says the soldiers "*on both sides*" did every thing. Then four Englishmen are introduced, who tell him that Waterloo is the Mecca, the holy place, which every "*well-born*" Englishman was bound to visit once before he died, and the chapter concludes by the assurance that a "*patriot Englishman*" bought for five guineas the tree under which the Duke of Wellington sat, and transported it, "*à grands frais en Angleterre, où il est maintenant l'objet des hommages et des délices des badauds de la Tamise.*"

There is also a curious ebullition of French feeling, where (vol. ii. p. 28) the traveller is subjected to the inconvenience of fetching his passport at Antwerp. This vile passport system, we might remind M. de ———, is of French origin; nor is it fair to omit the fact that, in no part of Europe, England excepted, are there so few passport annoyances as in the Netherlands. But being compelled to undergo the formalities,—the French formalities of 1793,—meaning thereby having the particulars of his person signalled, he exclaims:—"And it is thus that the pleasure of sojourning in a maritime town of the Low Countries is to be bought, and this is the recompense to Frenchmen for having twenty years ago spent some fifty millions in the town of Antwerp!"—as if an offended pedagogue should say, "*Ungrateful boy! and this is my reward for more than fifty pence spent in birches for his edification!*"

An intelligent traveller would be anxiously desirous to track the broad points of national character—to ascertain what circumstances influence the position of the many—to trace those circumstances in their ramifications among the different classes—and ultimately to single individuals. M. de ——— is one of those eminently superficial persons whose sphere of mental vision is as contracted as possible, and whose pruriency of taste leads him to dwell among objects which a purer and a better mind would hardly have touched upon—or touched upon with all delicacy. He knows where the polluted congregate for their libidinous pleasures, but he knows nothing, and says nothing, of the

many grand associations, the honour and the glory of Holland, where the great interests of society are discussed, projects of improvement organized, and the literary and the social spirit of the people fanned and fostered.

And this brings the second volume before us, over some of whose contents we shall rapidly glance, not recommending our readers to trouble themselves by consulting the book itself, but taking occasion to correct the false impressions which so careless a pen is likely to convey.

As for the language of Holland, of which it is clear he does not understand one word, this is the critical traveller's judgment.

"Nobody is tempted to learn this rugged language, which will never have any classical authority like the English or the German, of which it is a degeneration, unless the Dutch should some day become a great people, for which nothing less is required than a second battle of Waterloo. It is true that a trifling event of this importance only requires for its return the trifle of twelve or fifteen centuries."

The fable of the fox and the sour grapes, hath, of a verity, been long preached in vain, and fools are not corrected by all the stripes that have smitten them. But as to the fact that the Dutch is a degeneration of English and German, it will be news to M. de ———, should these pages be destined to illumine his understanding; that the Dutch is of considerably higher antiquity than either of the tongues he mentions, and certainly the least degenerated branch of the Teutonic stem.

The anti-French spirit, which M. de ——— discovered in Holland, and cannot account for, particularly as the Dutch "had a moiety of some of the glories of Napoleon, may, if he will look a little more closely to the circumstances, appear less surprising. Neither man nor beast likes the chastisements of oppression, and the hollowness of that word of imposture, "glory," will not weigh down the heaviness of griefs and grievances innumerable. "Though Hollanders look upon Louis Buonaparte even now as a little Henry the Fourth, he obtained great popularity, *solely* because he went to Leyden after the explosion which destroyed so much of the town. They thought him almost their father, because he allowed them to carry on smuggling for four years unmolested" (p. 384.) There have been, in truth, few better princes than Louis Buonaparte. His history in Holland is abundantly honourable to his affections, though not very creditable to his intellectual capacities. He always meant to do right, and he struggled, feebly and unsuccessfully, against the imperious sway of his stronger-minded brother. He encouraged the nationality of the Dutch, notwithstanding the line of conduct marked out for him, which was, in a word, to *un-Hollandize* the people.

His appearance at Leyden was one of the many acts in which the humanity and kindness of his disposition were manifested, and his "smuggling" ordinances were the legalized resistance he made to the commercial anti-English, and not less anti-Dutch, regulations and decrees of Napoleon. But with all his merits, there is no disposition in Holland to idolize Louis. His character was too feeble to inspire respect, and there is perhaps no man who has ever occupied a prominent public station, respecting whom public opinion has come to such an unanimous issue.

Rotterdam, he tells us, has only produced one great man in four centuries, Erasmus, on whose dwelling is the well-known inscription

*"Hæc est parva domus magnus quæ natus Brannus,"*

and he takes occasion to introduce a starving French author, who complains that all literary merit is strangled by the worldliness of the Rotterdammers. Now we speak advisedly in saying that Rotterdam has among its inhabitants writers of a high order, and that a literary spirit is widely diffused among them. Far from inattention to the removal of miseries, the schools, the hospitals, the prisons, (it is certain none of them were seen by our critical writer,) are entitled to the attention of an inquirer, and in many respects are admirably conducted, and do great honour to their founders and their supporters. At Delft, M. de ——— has occasion to speak of "*the Gothic Grotius*," whose writings (M. de ———, we will vouch for it, never read a word of him) are a poor title to celebrity (p. 52.) Of the green and quiet scenery between Delft and the Hague he gives a lively and a faithful description. It is a piece of animated tranquillity. All that art has done is to give appropriate decoration to rural objects, and every cottage bears the marks of comfort and of prosperity. Canals, raised above the level of the sea, and of the neighbouring plains—windmills curiously and beautifully thatched—large farms overspread with flourishing cattle—level and excellent roads—in which our traveller and his friend introduce the relief of such an accident as can hardly happen once in a century, where of eight travellers two are killed, two have their legs broken, two (themselves) receive contusions, and two escape. "*Quel destin fâcheux!*" says M. de ———, even such an event "*n'arrive peut-être pas une fois en deux ans*," and it was wicked indeed to happen just then; but the accident throws him in the way of the two lady-lovers of the gentlemen whose necks were broken, whom he meets in the wood at the Hague, and by whom he is conducted to the man, in order that she may hear the details of the catastrophe from one "*qui avait vu l'événement et qui y a pris part*." The lady shows little concern at the matter, and our author concludes his chapter,

by saying that her cold discourse "developed to him the entire philosophy of the fathers and mothers of Holland."

In the midst of so much that is trifling and trashy, there are observations not devoid of truth. Such are those on the national antipathy existing between the northern and southern provinces, and the jealousies and hatreds which neither Belgian nor Batavian ever takes the slightest trouble to conceal. The two nations are unlike in habits, in religion, and in language:—"Two blocks, whose substances, far from being identical, have only extremely weak affinities. They are only soldered together, and will separate at the first shock" (p. 97.) Every thing we have observed compels us to concur in this opinion. Holland would have been stronger, far stronger, with her compact population united by common interests and common feelings, than she can be, bound up with a country whose prosperity emanates from sources far removed from those which have been the source of the greatness of the northern Netherlands. All hopes of a fusion appear to us vain and baseless. In power, in population, the two parts of the kingdom are so equally poised, that one can hardly assume preponderance over the other. A few flatteries addressed to the sovereign—the official documents emanating from those who have to plead a particular cause—may seem to betoken unity, but the fact is very obvious to every observer. The Flemings look upon the Hollanders with distrust and dislike, and the Hollanders pay the balance of ill will in the same coin. The disunion has not been healed, it has rather been strengthened by time; and a dissolution will inevitably take place, should Europe be agitated by internal convulsions. We believe that Holland would be stronger if she stood alone, and that no nation was ever made more powerful by the addition of some millions of discontented citizens.

In speaking of the character of the King of the Netherlands, M. de ——— remarks with great justice on the security against oppression which his accessibleness gives to his subjects. Every Wednesday the doors of his palace are open to every applicant, and he listens with unbounded patience and courtesy to all the representations which any visitor may deem it fit to make; but our traveller's account of the levee is, like every thing else, spoiled by his vanity and affectation. M. de ———, who has nothing to say, obtains an audience five times as long as any body who follows him. For King William, it is but fair to pronounce that he does not fling away these audience days in undiscerning waste of time. They do him honour on all accounts. The meanest subordinate of his people is not more accessible than the monarch on that day. Peer and peasant, old and young, all who have a tale to tell, a grievance to complain of, a favour to ask, all are ad-

mitted, and encouraged by a rare urbanity to prefer their requests to the royal ear.

Of the poets of Holland we have endeavoured on a former occasion to communicate some idea to our readers. Our author gives his notions, precipitantly and ignorantly, as usual. On his way to Scheveningen he is shown the house of the poet Cats, (he says Catz,) who is called "the Horace, the La Fontaine, the Ovid, and the Boccaccio of Holland—the best poet of a country, all whose poets are hot-house productions." And then with a few words on Johannes Secundus, whose Kisses "have been translated into French by the elegant Tissot," the catalogue of the favourites of the muses among Hollanders is suddenly closed. He did not even know that the road from the Hague to Scheveningen, whose beauty and whose ornaments he so much admires, was the work of another poet, one of a family of geniuses—of Constantine Huygens. Equally instructed in painting as in poetry, and with less excuse, for he had only to open his eyes, he in the following chapter vituperates the Flemish school, talks slightly of Paul Potter, and the "peculiarities" of the Dutch artists, and then is in extacy with a collection of graceless and worthless Japanese carvings, which he stumbles on in the lower stories of the Museum.

M. de — goes to Haarlem, where he finds a tulip-fancier, who presents him with a tulip root, which he afterwards sells for 40,000 florins, or about 3500*l*.!—a tolerable experiment this on the credulity of his readers, and an *episode* of no small interest to himself; but the present is to reward him for having rescued the tulip-fancier's daughter from a watery grave. But with M. de — all is *grandiose*, all combines to make him out the special favourite of fortune. When he goes to the Haarlem lake, his companions have only to throw a harpoon into the waters, and out comes an ancient, wondrously-wrought cuirass of silver, all of silver, blackened by time and by "muriatic acid!"

M. de —'s orthography is in the style and spirit of him who insisted on printing our great dramatist *Chikspir*, and Newton *Nouveanton*. It is an abomination not to be pardoned by Gods or men, that any place, person, or thing, should be called by a name which will not run smoothly over the velvety lips of a Parisian *petit-maitre*. So the *Keyser-gragt* of Amsterdam must become *Keisèrs-gract*; the *Stoom-boot*, a *Stom-bôte*; Ryswick is *Rijveck*; the *Heerentogement*, *Heirlodgmene*; *De Wit* is transformed to *M. Vett*; the *Voorhout* of the Hague to the *Faurhaute*; *Wachteren* is *Valkere*; the *Zuyder-Zee* is so no longer, but the *Zeu-der-zi*; poor simple *Jan* is made a two-syllabled *Y an*; and so of every word or phrase upon which our critic stumbles. God save

the mark ! if there be some men who have an Ithuriel's spear, by which they turn up *truths* on all occasions, others bear about a broom-stick by which they never fail to produce a blunder.

Something may be said for the ignorance of the inquirer, but the ignorance of the presumptuous is intolerable. These volumes overflow with examples of shallow dogmatism, unrelieved by a spark of knowledge or sagacity; nations, literature, languages, handed over to wholesale condemnation by one who knows nothing of idioms, or books, or people.

He says (p. 361,) "the Dutch are ever jealous of the memory of those exploits which they shared with us. This *exceptional* people could no more amalgamate with the immensity of Frenchmen than with the Spaniards their ancient masters, with whom nobody will ever be able to amalgamate;" and this nationality, so honourable to the Batavians, is made the ground of unfriendly animadversions.

The author reports at some length the opinion of a compatriot long settled at Amsterdam, respecting the people of the country, of which these are the results: that the trade of Holland is decaying; the land hourly exposed to be overflowed; that the nation is not richer than other nations; that their economy is parsimonious, their religious tolerance a bargain for common convenience; that they would have more vices if they were more enthusiastic, and more crimes had they more subtilty; that all is artificial, and without the virtues of primitive or of civilized existence; that its canals are mere stagnancy and stink; that the population diminishes; that their reputation for industry is a fallacy; that their cleanliness is a physical necessity as far as it goes, but for the most part an imposture; that their national pride is as presumptuous, and their national degeneracy as great, as that of Venice; that they are cold, heartless, and nerveless, taciturn and thoughtless, good skaters but graceless, great smokers but inhospitable, careless about the education of their children, insensible to the claims of love, indifferent to domestic sympathies, libidinous without sentiment, luxurious without taste. Such, or something like it, is the picture which our observer sends forth to the world of a moral, religious, and highly-civilized nation, after an acquaintance of about eight weeks, for it seems half his four months were passed in Belgium.

We have somewhat doubted the propriety of meddling with this second *Pillet*, whose business in Holland seems to have been to gather up whatever he could find of prejudice against the Dutch people, and *reproduce* it, in rather lively style, at Paris. Such mischievous missionaries should be handed over to universal reprobation. There are in the world a number of wretched wit-

kings who fling about their petty firebrands in sport, careless how much of malevolence they create, and how much of mendacity they diffuse. But the most obscure and the most contemptible, may be an incendiary if he will, and unfortunately the love of evil and the power of evil are nearly allied. In most cases, perhaps, and assuredly in this case, mere frivolity and levity of spirit are the primary cause of the injuries done. Close upon such injuries punishment follows. The man who hates another, gets hatred for his recompense; and the nation whose writers play with contemptuous weapons, loses a portion of its own reputation. Such men as M. de — are the great fosterers of national animosities, and the scorn he pours out on the heads of Hollanders, will be returned on the heads of some of his unoffending fellow-citizens who may visit the Seven Provinces. There is no end to this moral epidemic, and it should be stopped by a rigid moral quarantine. How can Frenchmen or Englishmen expect a cordial, or even a courteous reception in any country, if it be their practice to vituperate and insult their hosts? "You called me Jewish dog, and for *this*, aye, for *this*, I must give you most Christian ducats." It is too much for human endurance—it is too much for mortal expectation.

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ART. X.—*Théorie Analytique du Système du Monde.* Par M. G. De Pontécoulant. Tomes I. et II. 8vo. Paris. 1829.

THE slow and gradual manner in which human knowledge in general progresses, is strikingly illustrated in the history of those sciences which are founded on the various applications of mathematics. From the simplest theorem of geometry up to the sublimest result of the doctrine of central forces, there is not, perhaps, a single truth, which, on its first discovery, was exhibited in all the evidence and generality of which it has subsequently been found to be susceptible. The eye of genius first catches a glimpse of some remote or obscure analogy,—some hitherto undiscovered law or mode of operation observed by nature in her productions and transmutations,—but it is only after much patient and laborious investigation that its relation to truths already known is ascertained, and its appropriate place in the constantly accumulating mass of knowledge determined.

But although it frequently happens in science that a new discovery derives its principal value from applications never contemplated by its author, there seems to be a disposition on the part of mankind to allow a comparatively small degree of merit to such applications; to estimate at a low rate the labours of



those who, if they cannot properly be said to extend the domain of science, perform a scarcely less important service in improving and rendering more productive the conquests achieved by those master-minds which lead the way, and overcome the only real difficulties. Nor is the tribute thus paid to originality at all unjust or unreasonable. Invention has always been, and must always be, regarded as the highest and rarest faculty of the human intellect; and the glory which attends the discovery of a useful truth, is very partially, if at all obscured, by the circumstance of its having been arrived at by an indirect or circuitous route. "Varignon nous generalisera cela," was the sarcastic but significant remark of the elder Bernoulli; and its application is alike extensive and obvious. Numbers are always at hand capable of extending a principle or simplifying a rule, who, by any efforts of their own ingenuity, could never have discovered either; and in general, when a result has once been obtained, there is comparatively little difficulty in exhibiting it under the most commodious or comprehensive form of which it may be susceptible. Thus there is a broad, palpable, and ineffaceable line distinguishing invention from improvement, the inspirations of genius from the product of labour, however useful and praiseworthy that labour may be. It concerns, however, the interest and happiness of the human race, not only that truth should be discovered, but that it should be made known to the greatest number possible. The knowledge of the physical causes of the various phenomena of nature is not only important on account of its multiplying the comforts and resources of mankind; it effects a great moral good, by making us acquainted with the relation in which we stand to the universe, and thereby tending to eradicate superstition and destroy the fancied connection which the vanity or timidity of man, in all ages of the world, has been eager to establish between the celestial appearances and his own insignificant destiny. Without deducting, therefore, in any degree from the glory of the original discoverer, no small praise is due to those who, by new illustrations, better arrangement, or simpler demonstrations, promote the diffusion of knowledge by rendering it more accessible and easy of acquirement.

Physical astronomy is one of those sciences which date their origin from the seventeenth century, a period distinguished for great and brilliant discoveries above all others in the annals of the human intellect. The application of algebra to geometry,—the invention of logarithms,—of the fluxionary calculus,—the discovery of the telescope,—of the micrometer,—the application of the pendulum to regulate timekeepers,—the science of dynamics,—the theory of central forces, and the discovery of the great

law of gravitation, are among the imperishable monuments which attest the activity of the human mind in that age of intellectual greatness. By the discovery last named, Newton ascended to the source of the infinite variety of motions which take place in the celestial spaces, and may be said to have explored the nature of those intelligencies which the ancients assigned as guardians to the planets, to direct their movements, and preserve order and regularity amidst their mazy and inextricable courses. Since the time of Newton the developement of the effects of attraction on the planetary motions has exhausted the efforts of the most profound mathematicians, and the principles which he established have formed the basis of a splendid edifice which it is the glory of our own age to have seen completed; the consequences of gravitation being now traced to the limit at which they cease to be appreciable to the senses.

But although this science has now reached a height which entitles it to be regarded as one of the noblest trophies of the human intellect, its principles and its evidences have remained hitherto entirely unknown to the great mass even of the best educated classes of society, and its results, though interesting to all, are generally received only as matters of faith. Nor is it at all probable the case can ever be otherwise. The very language through which alone the truths of abstract science can be apprehended or communicated, is not to be acquired but by an arduous and prolonged contention of the mental faculties, which involves much devotion and many painful sacrifices. There can be no greater mistake, than to suppose that the phenomena of the material world can be explained more clearly by laying aside the appropriate symbols of the calculus, and adopting the language of ordinary life. On the contrary, the language of the calculus, to those who have learned to read it, is simpler and more intelligible, as well as infinitely more comprehensive, than any other which can be substituted in its place. For this reason we are disposed to set little value on the popular treatises which are so copiously poured forth to enlighten the present age. They, however, give a currency to facts, and keep the attention awake to interesting subjects, and so far they may be useful; but it is not by such easy means that any one may hope to become acquainted with the mechanism of the universe.

One obstacle to a more general acquaintance with physical astronomy, hardly less formidable than the difficulties inseparable from the subject, arises from the great want of uniformity in the methods of investigation that have been proposed and followed by the different geometers who have laboured in this department of science. Almost every important result has been obtained

by a peculiar process of analysis, so that although the mathematical theory of the system of the world exhibits a sublime whole, its several parts are frequently connected by no other analogy than such as arises from their common intricacy. The immediate successors of Newton in the cultivation of the higher geometry treated mechanical questions in a manner so entirely isolated, that the solution of one problem seldom afforded any assistance in the investigation of another, even in cases where both were deducible from the same principles. By the discovery of a comprehensive theorem, which embodies a science in a single line, and affords the means of obtaining the equations necessary for the solution of any dynamical problem whatever, d'Alembert conferred a most important benefit on the science of mechanics. Lagrange, by combining the principle of d'Alembert with that of virtual velocities, first remarked by John Bernoulli, obtained simple and symmetrical equations to express the conditions of the motion of a system of bodies acting on one another according to any given law. In consequence of these and numerous other discoveries, Laplace, to whom physical astronomy had already been indebted for its most splendid results, found the science sufficiently advanced to be susceptible of explanation on uniform principles, and identical methods of investigation; and the *Mécanique Céleste*, which embodies the results of his researches, is at once the monument of his own vast genius, and the proudest display of the immense power of the calculus. Notwithstanding, however, the great excellence of that immortal work, which, by explaining the causes and calculating the effects of every irregularity in the planetary motions, renders the science in a manner complete, its difficulties are found to be such as to make it nearly useless to those who can devote only a comparatively small portion of time to the attainment of analytical knowledge. In order to bring the remote results of the theory of gravitation within the reach of the mathematician of ordinary attainments, a work of a different description was required; one in which the fundamental propositions and theorems should be brought more closely together, and the prolix computations, of little value to these whose object is only to study principles and become acquainted with methods, entirely omitted. Above all, it was required that advantage should be taken of the numerous improvements that have been made in different branches of the calculus within the forty years that have nearly elapsed since the publication of the first volume of the '*Mécanique Céleste*,' in order to illustrate some points which still remained obscure, and confer upon the whole the utmost simplicity and uniformity of which the present highly advanced state of the analytical sciences will allow.

The work of which we are now about to give an account to our readers was undertaken with a view to accomplish these important objects. The author of it is a young mathematician of great promise, who had, before its appearance, given proofs of his profound acquaintance with the calculus, and particularly with its application to the planetary theory, in an 'Essay on the Perturbations of Comets,' which was honoured with the prize of the Academy of Sciences, after the subject had been thrice remitted to competition. The Academy has since received him into its bosom, and cherishes a hope that he will be no unworthy occupant of the seat of Laplace.

The object of M. de Pontécoulant being to consolidate (if we may use the term) the analytical processes of the '*Mécanique Céleste*,' he has followed, at least in its general outline, the plan which has been adopted by the illustrious author of that great work. The first book is devoted to a summary exposition of the general laws of motion, and the investigation of the formulæ by which those laws are expressed. Through this part of the subject it is not our intention to follow him. The theorems he has demonstrated were all previously well known, and expressed by equations, which in point of generality, simplicity, and elegance, left nothing to be desired. Suffice it to say, that it is executed in the very best style, and with great ability; the different theories are developed in a compact and perspicuous manner; and the results deduced with a degree of ease and neatness which affords ample proof of the intimate knowledge possessed by the author, both of the subject of which he treats, and of the resources of the calculus he employs. To those who have studied the '*Mécanique Analytique*,' and the first book of the '*Mécanique Céleste*,' the perusal of this chapter will be as interesting, as it is calculated to be instructive to those who are less profoundly versed in the doctrines of mechanics.

After having established the principles on which the motions of a system of bodies soliciting one another are to be determined, our author proceeds to apply the general formulæ of motion to the system of the planets. Physical astronomy presents three great subjects for discussion. The first relates to the motion of translation of the planets; that is to say, to the determination of the curves they describe about the sun; the second to their motion of rotation about their own axes; and the third to their figures, which, as well as their motions, are modified by the effects of gravitation. Of these three questions the first is that which admits of being determined with the greatest degree of exactitude. By reason of the great distances of the planets from one another, and the near approach of their figures to that of a

sphere, their attractive forces are the same as if their masses were collected at their respective centres of gravity; so that with respect to their mutual actions, they may be regarded as so many material points, gravitating towards one another according to a given law. This circumstance greatly facilitates the computation of the effects of the different forces, and the unlimited means of comparing the results of the calculus with observation gives a degree of precision to this part of the subject, which unhappily can never be obtained in the others. The effects of gravity on the rotatory motion of the planets are detected with much greater difficulty, being modified by their figures, the law according to which their densities vary from their centres towards their surfaces, and even by the irregularities of the surfaces themselves; with all which circumstances we are very imperfectly acquainted even in the case of our own earth, and in regard to the other planets have no knowledge of them whatever. Besides, the difficulty or rather the impossibility of arriving at a correct knowledge of the rotatory motion by observation, baffles all attempts at a comparison of theory with the actual phenomena, except in the cases of the earth and moon; so that however completely the general problem of rotation may be solved, its solution cannot be extended, for want of the requisite data, to any of the other bodies belonging to the system. The same observations apply also to the theory of the planets.

Of the numerous improvements for which analysis is indebted to the fertile genius of Lagrange, one of the most important consists in the method of varying the arbitrary constants which are introduced into differential equations by integration. This method, which is extensively applicable in various departments of mechanics, is of singular use in the theory of the planetary perturbations, which it reduces to the case of a variation of the constant quantities constituting the elements of the elliptic motion. In order to obtain a clear understanding of this subject, it is necessary to recollect that, if the motion of a planet were influenced by no other force than that of the sun's attraction, its path would be the ellipse of Kepler; in consequence, however, of the action of the other planets, its path is not accurately an ellipse, but an infinitely more complicated curve. Now the masses of the planets, compared with that of the sun, are extremely small: their influences on the motions of each other are consequently proportionably feeble, so that the deviations from the fictitious elliptic orbit are not, in any case, very considerable. But small as these forces are, they render it impossible to integrate the differential equations of motion by any known process of analysis. In order to elude the difficulty occa-

sioned by this circumstance, Lagrange assumes the integral to be of the same form as that which is obtained on integrating the equations of motion on the hypothesis that the sun's force is the only one which acts on the planet, but supposes, at the same time, the arbitrary constants to be variable. The whole is then differentiated on this hypothesis, whence equations of condition are obtained, by means of which the arbitrary constants can be determined so as to satisfy the equation of which the integral cannot be directly obtained. All this procedure is equivalent to the supposition that the planet always moves in an ellipse, but at every succeeding instant in a different ellipse, the variations, like all other changes which take place in the material universe, being effected by insensible degrees, and observing the law of continuity.

In the planetary theory the integration of the differential equations of motion gives the equations of the elliptic motion, and the constants which complete these integrals, are the six elliptic elements of the planet, namely, the major axis and the eccentricity, the inclination of the plane of its orbit, the longitude of the nodes, the place of the perihelion, and the longitude of the planet at a determinate epoch, all which would be absolutely invariable if the reciprocal action of the planets were insensible. Euler first gave expressions for the variation of five of these elements, in a memoir which was crowned by the Academy of Sciences, in 1756, but it was not till twenty-five years after that the subject was placed in its true point of view by Lagrange. Struck with the simplicity of the form under which the expressions of the variation of the elliptic elements had been finally reduced, both by Laplace and himself after immense labour, this acute geometer was led to suspect that his result must be only a particular consequence of some general theorem of mechanics, entirely independent of any particular hypothesis respecting the law of the attractive force. Further investigations confirmed this conjecture, and led him to formulæ for the variations of the constants not only of the planetary system, but of any system of bodies whatever, subject to the influence of central forces capable of being expressed by any function of the distances of their points of application from the centres of attraction. The very ingenious artifice of analysis by which this is effected, may, on account of its extensive utility, and the light which it throws over many parts of the celestial mechanics, be regarded as a real discovery, and one of the most valuable with which analytical science has been enriched since the days of Newton. By means of it the computation of the effects of the various forces is greatly simplified, and the results exhibited under a form which enables their

mutual relations to be more easily perceived, especially when the calculus is applied to a great number of attracting or attracted points, as in the theory of the figures of the planets, of the tides, of the precession of the equinoxes, &c. The method is very extensively and successfully employed in the work now before us, and is the means of conferring unity and symmetry on the whole treatise.

In the present state of physical astronomy the theory of the cometary motions is that, perhaps, which is most deserving of attention, as being the most likely to lead to new and interesting results respecting the constitution of the world. Since it was demonstrated by Newton that the comets obey the attracting force of the sun, and that their motions are regulated by the same laws as those of the planets, they have been assiduously studied, both by astronomers and geometers, yet their theory is still in a very unsatisfactory state. This arises from various causes, but chiefly from the infrequency of their returns and the impossibility of observing them excepting during the time they describe a very small portion of their orbits, by reason of which we are left in ignorance of their masses, and of the amount of the forces which counteract the solar attraction. The chief aim of the geometer is the exact determination of the orbit from a few observations, in order to have the means of recognising these bodies on their successive returns to the perihelia. Numerous methods have been proposed for this purpose, among which the formula given by Lambert for the determination of the time employed in the description of a parabolic arc in terms of that arc and its extreme *radii vectores*, and which he afterwards extended to elliptic arcs, is distinguished for its remarkable elegance. The methods of Laplace and Lagrange may, however, be considered as the principal, because most of the others which have been since proposed are derived from them with more or fewer modifications. M. Pontécoulant, in adopting that of Lagrange, has rendered it susceptible of a far easier application, and in this improved state it is, perhaps, the best adapted to computation of any with which we are acquainted. As, however, there are certain cases in which it is convenient, or even indispensable, to have recourse to that of Laplace, he has given it also, with some alterations, in one of the notes at the end of the second volume.

The perturbations of the cometary orbits are much more considerable than those of the planets, and determined with far greater difficulty. The effects of the disturbing forces are, indeed, expressed in the same manner, by the variation of the elements of the orbits; but the circumstances which, in the case of the planets, render it possible to develop the formulae in con-

varying series of the powers of the perturbing force, namely, the small amount of the eccentricities and inclinations, do not exist in regard to comets, so that there are no means, at least none yet discovered, of obtaining equations embracing an indefinite number of revolutions. In order to surmount this difficulty, it became necessary to have recourse to the method of successive approximation by quadratures, that is, to determine the partial perturbations which take place while the comet describes a very small portion of its trajectory, and the summation of these partial derangements by the rules of the integral calculus, gives the whole amount of the alterations which the orbit undergoes during a complete revolution of the comet. This method, however, although it admits of great simplification in respect to those parts of the orbits which are at a great distance from the disturbing planet, is exceedingly operose and tedious; but none of easier application has as yet been discovered, and in the mean time, as M. Pontécoulant remarks, the patience of the calculator must supply the imperfections of analysis.

Among the vast number of comets which traverse the fields of space, and occasionally make their appearance within the boundaries of our system, there are three only whose periodical return has been satisfactorily determined, although the orbits of not fewer than 130 have been computed from observation. One of them is that which made its last appearance in 1759, and will always be remarkable on account of its having been the first which was recognised as an attendant of the sun. Dr. Halley discovered the identity of the orbit it described in 1682, with those of two comets which had appeared in 1531 and 1607; and, after making a vague estimate of the perturbations it might sustain from the attraction of Jupiter and Saturn, hazarded the bold prediction that it would reappear in 1758 or 1759. This prediction had at that time an interest beyond what any similar one could have at the present day, or will again have in any future age. The law of gravitation was not then universally admitted, and many astronomers continued to think with Descartes, that the comets had no permanent connection with the solar system. Clairaut, therefore, rendered a great service to science when he undertook to apply his solution of the *Problem of Three Bodies* to the perturbations of this comet, in order to fix the time of its return with more precision than had been done by Halley, and thereby put the Newtonian theory to a decisive test. After computations of prodigious labour, he announced that its passage through the perihelion of its orbit would take place about the middle of April, 1759. The phenomenon did actually happen about a month before the time predicted, and it is now known



that if Clairaut had been possessed of more accurate data respecting the mass of Saturn, and been aware of the existence of Uranus, which had not then been discovered, the result of his computation would have been greatly nearer the truth. This rare and interesting visitant may be again expected in 1835, and astronomers will eagerly improve the opportunity presented by its return of obtaining further information on many interesting points, with regard to which we are still in great uncertainty. The difference between the observed and computed effects of the attraction of the planets on its motion will give us more precise ideas respecting its mass, and probably enable us to determine whether it meets with any resistance from light or other fluids scattered about in the celestial spaces. Although the hypothesis of a resisting medium has been long abandoned, in calculating the perturbations of the planets, it is not altogether improbable that, notwithstanding the almost inconceivable tenacity of the celestial regions, a body whose density is so small as that of a comet, and on which, when in the superior part of its orbit, the sun's action is exerted so feebly, may be sensibly resisted in a medium rare enough to produce no appreciable effect on the denser masses of the planets. The comparison of its appearance and phases with those which it exhibited in its former visits may also afford grounds for some plausible conjectures regarding its physical constitution, and whether the mass of vapours of which it seems to be composed has suffered any sensible diminution since it was last observed. As an example of his method of computing the perturbations, M. Pontécoulant applies his formulæ to the elements of this comet, and finds that it will pass through its perihelion on the 31st of October, 1835. The semi-transverse axis of its orbit is 17.98355, the distance of the sun being unit; the ratio of the eccentricity of the semi-transverse axis is 0.967453, and the inclination to the plane of the ecliptic  $17^{\circ} 46' 50''$ .

The honour of having added a second periodic comet to the bodies already known to belong to the solar system is due to M. Encke, of Gotha. It had been remarked, both by Arago and Olbers, that the elements of the comet which appeared in 1819, had a remarkable analogy with those of one which had been observed in 1805. Those elements had been computed, as usual, on the supposition that the body moved in a parabolic orbit, but it was evident that if they belonged to the same comet, its period could not be very long. Hence, Encke was induced to compute the observations of 1805 and 1819 on the hypothesis of elliptic orbits, and the resulting elements were found to agree still more exactly. No doubt could therefore be entertained that they belonged to the same comet, which, as its period was found

to be three years and about three months, had completed four entire revolutions between 1805 and 1819. The frequency of the return of this comet will probably develop some curious facts relative to the theory of those bodies. Its motion is influenced so powerfully by the action of the planets that its passage through the perihelion of its orbit in 1822 was retarded no less than nine days. On this occasion it was invisible in Europe, but it was observed at Paramatta, in New South Wales, and the observed time of its perihelion passage differed only about three hours from the result of Encke's previous computations. Its next appearance, in 1825, agreed equally well with the predictions, and on its return towards the end of last year, its observed and computed places coincided more nearly than could well have been anticipated, considering the small portion of its orbit in which it can be observed. To account for the great amount of the retardation, Encke revived the old hypothesis of a resisting ethereal medium. A few more of its revolutions will probably throw some light on this very interesting point of celestial physics. The calculations recently made to prove its existence are founded, as M. Pontécoulant justly observes, on hypotheses too arbitrary to admit of any certain conclusion being drawn from them.

Encke's comet presents, in some respects, a considerable analogy with the planet Ceres, having the same inclination, and the transverse axis of its orbit of the same magnitude. Its ellipse is, however, extremely different, for the perihelion falls within the orbit of Mercury, while the aphelion is situated between Jupiter and the new planets. The time of its periodic revolution is only about forty-six days shorter than that of Vesta.

The other periodic comet has received the name of Biela's, on account of its having been first observed by that astronomer in Bohemia on its last appearance in 1825. MM. Gaubert and Clausen, the one at Marseilles and the other at Altona, perceiving a remarkable similarity between its elements and those of two comets observed in 1772 and 1806, separately undertook to compute the orbits of all the three comets on the elliptic hypothesis, and it was not long ere they recognised so great an agreement as to leave no doubt that the elements deduced from the observations belonged to the same identical body. Its revolution is accomplished in six years and between eight and nine months. It may be again expected in the month of November, 1832, about the same time with Encke's. The amount of the perturbations which it will then have sustained from the actions of the planets since its passage through its perihelion in 1826, have been computed by Damoiseau. Of the different elements

the longitude of the node is that which will be affected in the most remarkable degree, and will have retrograded no less than  $3^{\circ} 13' 45''$  on the ecliptic. The inclination will be diminished about  $20'$ . These effects will be principally produced by the comet's near approach to Jupiter in May, 1831, when it will be for some time within the sphere of the attraction of that planet. On applying his formulæ for the perturbations to the elements obtained from the observations of 1826, M. Pontécoulant finds that it will pass through its perihelion on the 27th of November, 1832, the semi-transverse axis of its orbit being 3.53683; its eccentricity 0.7517481; and its inclination  $13^{\circ} 13' 13''$ .

Although the physical constitution of comets is a subject which possesses only a secondary interest in the eyes of the astronomer, who concerns himself chiefly with the circumstances of their motion, it is one which is not only highly curious in itself, but but also of great importance in reference to the construction of the solar system. Whether these bodies are permanent and eternal like the planets, or occasionally generated by the accidental collapse of nebulous matter scattered through the wastes of space, is a question reserved for the determination of distant posterity. If in its successive approaches to the sun any portion of the substance of a comet is converted into vapour, and elevated so far above the centre of the mass as to be no longer within the sphere of its attraction, this must fly off and be dissipated, so that the body will be ultimately annihilated; unless, indeed, in the superior part of its orbit it may chance to fall in with unattached nebulous matter, which it will seize in virtue of its attractive force, and in this manner repair the loss it sustained by the dissipation of its substance in its approaches to the sun. Newton thought that, in consequence of the resistance comets encounter in passing through the sun's atmosphere, they must ultimately fall into that body, and that their destination is probably to repair the loss which the great luminary sustains from the constant emission of light. Whatever functions they may be appointed to perform in the system of the universe, the discovery of two comets of short periods is a circumstance of great importance, inasmuch as the frequency of their return multiplies the opportunities of observing them; whence their changes, if they are affected by any, must sooner become known. All that has yet been discovered with certainty is, that their masses are so small that the influence of their attractions on the planets is altogether insensible: but this is an important fact, inasmuch as it obviates every cause of apprehension on account of any derangement of the orbit or of the axis of rotation of the earth, and the future accuracy of the astronomical tables.

Of the actual number of comets which obey the attraction of the sun it is impossible to form any idea. Almost all those which are visible to us come within the orbit of the earth; and if we supposed them to be equally distributed in space, the number which has been actually observed would lead to the inference that not less than 250,000 comets approach nearer to the sun than the planet Uranus.

After having discussed the first great question which occurs in the consideration of the planetary system, namely, the laws which regulate the motion of translation of the celestial bodies in space, M. Pontécoulant next enters upon the more intricate subject of their rotation, which he treats with the same felicity, and with the same perfect command over the instrument of investigation. The effects of gravitation on the rotatory motion of the planets were long supposed to require a method of investigation very different from that employed to discover the derangements of the orbits; but by means of the variation of the arbitrary constants, they may not only be computed in the same manner, but can be absolutely included in the same general formula, the analogous constants of the two problems having the same differential expression. This singular result, namely, the identity of the formulæ expressing the perturbations arising from the mutual action of a system of bodies attracted towards a fixed centre, and those of the rotation of solids about their axis, was first made known, if we mistake not, by Poisson, in a memoir read to the Academy of Sciences, in April, 1827, and it is, doubtless, one of the most remarkable theorems with which the science of mechanics has recently been enriched. Nothing is better calculated to give an exalted idea of the immense power of the calculus than the circumstance of its embracing in one grasp the whole effects of the universal gravitation of matter, manifested in ways apparently so dissimilar; and of its expressing all the motions which are produced, or can possibly take place, in the system, in a manner as uniform as the cause from which they are derived is single and universal.

The effects of the attraction of the different bodies which compose the solar system on the rotation of a particular planet, are twofold: they may either occasion a displacement of the axis of rotation with regard to the planet itself, or they may change the direction of that axis in space, and cause it to point successively to different regions of the heavens. The theory of the motions of the earth's axis of rotation, in respect of the fixed stars, was first given in a complete manner by d'Alembert, who assigned the ratio of the axes of the small ellipse which Bradley had observed to be described by the pole of the equator, and by

means of which that great astronomer had explained the phenomena of nutation. But it is evident that the consideration of the position of the axis of rotation, with respect to the stars, does not embrace the question in all its generality; for it is possible that the axis may be fixed, or have a determinate motion, with respect to the stars, at the same time that it is variable with regard to the interior of the earth. This circumstance is equally deserving of consideration with the former; for, every variation in the position of the axis of rotation, with respect to the interior of the earth, must cause a corresponding displacement of the terrestrial equator, the effects of which would be a derangement of the geographical latitudes, and a disturbance of the equilibrium of the waters of the ocean. Observation, it is true, has as yet indicated no change of this sort; but, although too minute to be appreciated in the comparatively short interval which has yet elapsed since instruments of requisite delicacy to detect it have been used, it may nevertheless exist; and, indeed, analogy renders its existence by no means improbable. Some of the secular variations of the axis in respect of the stars, which are known certainly to take place, are so slow that they cannot be detected by observation. For example, the secular inequalities of the motion of the equinoctial points, occasioned by the influence of the planets, affects the length of the tropical year, yet, although this motion has been constantly accelerated since the time of Hipparchus, the length of the tropical year is at present only about nine or ten seconds shorter than it was at that remote period. Observation cannot directly take cognizance of changes effected so slowly: it is therefore by theory alone that the permanency of the position of the axis can be determined. Laplace first showed, and the discovery has been confirmed by the analysis of Poisson, that the position of the earth's instantaneous axis of rotation is subject to no secular inequality which can ever become sensible; or, what amounts to the same thing, the poles of rotation and the terrestrial equator are invariable on the surface of the earth. The demonstration of these fine and remote consequences of gravitation, is given by M. Pontécoulant in so perspicuous a manner, that it may really be followed by any one moderately acquainted with the calculus, with a very trifling expense of thought more than is necessary for the due understanding of a common mechanical problem.

The effects of the mutual gravitation of the planets on the positions of their respective axes of rotation can only be observed in the cases of the earth and moon. On the axis of the earth they are manifested in the phenomena of the precession of the equinoxes, the nutation, and the diminution of the obliquity of the

ecliptic: on that of the moon they are made sensible in the curious phenomena of the libration, a subject which has been profoundly and completely discussed by Lagrange.

The astronomical theory of the lunar rotation is indebted for two very curious results to Dominique Cassini, the first of which is, that the moon's axis of rotation always preserves the same inclination to the ecliptic; and the second, that the nodes of the lunar equator and orbit always coincide; in other words, that the planes of the equator and orbit always intersect the ecliptic in the same straight line. Lagrange demonstrated that the second of these remarkable phenomena is a necessary consequence of the first; and he showed, moreover, that if, at the commencement of the motion, the nodes of the equator and orbit *nearly* coincided, the attraction of the earth would produce, and eternally maintain, a perfect coincidence of the mean nodes. The moon is thus placed in a state of stable equilibrium, or such, that if its axis were slightly deranged by any accidental cause, it would exert a tendency to recover its primitive position. Lagrange's theory of the moon's libration has received no improvement, excepting by taking into consideration some additional inequalities, to which, though unimportant in themselves, the increased precision of observation renders it necessary to have regard. All that is now wanting to render the theory complete is a sufficient number of good observations to fix the data which analysis must borrow from astronomy. The most interesting point remaining to be determined is the ratio of the moments of inertia of the three principal axes of the lunar spheroid, a correct knowledge of which would furnish more accurate notions than we yet possess respecting the figure of the moon.

The application of the general theory to the determination of the inequalities of the moon's rotation arising from the action of the sun and the earth (for that of the planets is altogether insensible) is rendered greatly more difficult by two circumstances, namely, that the plane of the lunar equator is not perpendicular to the instantaneous axis of rotation, and that the position of the poles is variable on the lunar surface. In other respects the application of the general formulæ is made in the same way as to the earth, and the results are perfectly analogous. Of these the most remarkable is, that the uniformity of the lunar rotation is affected by no periodical inequalities whatever. This is proved analytically by the circumstance, that the values of the constants introduced by integrating the equations of motion, and which depend on the initial conditions of the revolving body, are nothing, or, at least, insensible. There is every probability that this result is equally true of all the planets and satellites; in fact, it is easy to conceive that whatever circumstances might originally affect

the uniformity of the rotatory motion, these must long since have been destroyed by resistance or friction, so that no effects now remain but such as have a permanent cause.

The solar action, which so notably affects the moon's motion in her orbit, has no appreciable influence on the position of her axis of rotation, all the variations of which are due solely to the attraction of the earth. It is another singular result of this theory, that, although the inclination of the planes of the lunar orbit and ecliptic to the equator are affected by periodic inequalities, the coincidence of the nodes, already mentioned, is not disturbed by the secular inequalities of the elements of the orbit. If the rotatory motion were absolutely uniform while the motion of translation is subject to secular variations, the moon would, in the course of ages, successively present to the earth all the points of her surface. But it is proved by theory, that the attraction of the earth on the lunar spheroid communicates to the moon's motion of rotation the secular inequalities of her motion of revolution, so that one of the lunar hemispheres must be for ever concealed from the inhabitants of our planet.

The third division of M. Pontécoulant's treatise relates to the figures of the celestial bodies, a point in the system of the world which is still far from having attained the same degree of perfection as the theory of the double motion discussed in the two former. Not that the subject has engrossed less attention, or that the labours of mathematicians have been less successful in the investigation of this important and difficult problem; for, in fact, no application of analysis to physics has led to more important analytical discoveries, or to formulæ of greater elegance or more extensive use. But the imperfections of the theory arise entirely from the circumstance, that it is necessary to make some arbitrary assumptions relative to the primitive state of the revolving body, in order to obtain the necessary data for the application of the calculus. In regard to bodies perfectly rigid, no hypothesis or assumption is necessary, and the figure may be any whatever; but in the case of such as are wholly or partly fluid, and of which the component molecules are at liberty to move in any direction, the figures must be such that any particle will be maintained in *equilibrio* between the central and centrifugal forces by which it is solicited. Now the determination of the central force, depends not only on the density of the mass, or the whole number of its particles, but also on their arrangement; that is to say, on the figure of the body, or the very thing which is sought to be made known. Hence the necessity of making an hypothesis respecting its primitive figure in order to compute the effects of the attraction of the molecules on one another, and thence to deduce the law of gravitation at the surface. The hypothesis adopted with respect to the

planets is, that the materials of which they are composed primarily existed in a state of fluidity, and that the molecules attract one another in the inverse duplicate ratio of the distance: and the question to be determined, is the figure which a body so circumstanced, and endowed with a motion of rotation, will assume when it arrives at the state of equilibrium.

The theory of the attraction of spheroids is not confined in its application to the figures of the planets. It is indispensable in the investigation of many physico-mathematical questions, such as the theories of hydrodynamics, electricity, magnetism, and, in general, in all cases where we have to consider the action of molecular forces emanating from a centre. Hence its results are among the most important additions which have recently been made to analytical science. To Laplace it is indebted for its most interesting applications, but considered on the side of analysis, it may be said to have been perfected by Mr. Ivory, who, by extending to the case of exterior points a theorem of Maclaurin, respecting the attraction of points on the surface of the spheroid, happily removed a difficulty which had proved insurmountable to every geometer who had considered this subject since the time of d'Alembert.

In relation to this subject, two very remarkable theorems were demonstrated by Newton in the *Principia*, namely, 1st. that a particle of matter situated in the interior of a homogeneous spherical shell is maintained in *equilibrio*, or equally attracted in all directions; and, 2ndly, that a material point, exterior to a sphere, is attracted exactly in the same manner as if all the matter of the sphere were condensed at its centre. It is extremely remarkable, that these theorems, which are of vast importance in respect of the stability of the system of the world, and in preventing any unlimited departure from its actual conditions, are only true when the law of attraction is that which is observed in nature, that is to say, directly as the mass and inversely as the square of the distance. The near approach of the figures of the celestial bodies to that of a sphere renders it evident that the same properties must be true of them, if not rigorously, at least approximately; but even here the calculus does not abandon us to the guidance of analogy, although, in respect to the figure of the earth, or the planetary perturbations, it could lead to errors of no sensible magnitude. It was demonstrated by Laplace, in the third book of the '*Mécanique Céleste*,' that spheroids, differing little from spheres, attract points situated on their surfaces, exactly in the same manner as spheres themselves. The analysis, however, which led to this singular conclusion, is not in all respects so free from objection as is desirable in a subject of this nature, and has, accord-



ingly; given rise to much criticism, and provoked farther discussions, particularly on the part of M. Poisson and Mr. Ivory: M. Pontécoulant has brought forward a demonstration somewhat different from that given in the third and eleventh books of the '*Mécanique Céleste*,' and which he considers as beyond the reach of any serious objection; it does not, however, appear to us to add any thing to the proof given by Laplace; for although the final equation is obtained by a different process, the principles on which the reasoning proceeds are entirely the same.

There are some other points connected with the theory of the figures of the planets, particularly the physical conditions that are requisite to ensure the equilibrium, on which the opinions of the most eminent geometers are divided, but as their consideration would involve discussions of pure analysis, it could not with propriety be entered on in this place. The eyes of the scientific world are directed towards Mr. Ivory for a complete revision of the whole theory, especially as applied to the earth;—a task for which long and deep meditation on the subject, a singular power of illustrating the darkest and most perplexed subjects, and the habit of constantly reverting to first principles instead of ringing the changes on algebraic formulæ, eminently fit him above all the other philosophers and mathematicians of the present day.

In applying the general formulæ to the case of a homogeneous fluid mass endowed with a motion of rotation, M. Pontécoulant arrives in a very elegant manner at the curious discovery of Legendre, that when the velocity of rotation is confined within certain limits, there are two spheroidal surfaces which satisfy the conditions of equilibrium. Both figures could not, however, result from the same impulsive force; it follows, therefore, that when the intensity of the impulsive force is given, there is only one figure by which the condition of equilibrium can be satisfied.

The comparison of the actual figure of the earth with that which is assigned to it by the theory of gravitation, is one of the most interesting subjects connected with physical astronomy. There are four different methods of arriving at the knowledge of the figure of the earth. The first, which is the most direct, although not that which is the most easily executed, or of which the results are the least exposed to objections, consists in the actual measurement of portions of the meridian, perpendiculars to the meridian, or parallels of latitude. The second consists in comparing, by means of the seconds' pendulum, the intensity of the force of gravity at different points of the terrestrial spheroid; and it possesses great advantages in consequence of the comparative facility with which it can be executed, and of its being less sensibly affected by accidental variations in the density or disposition of the interior.

strata of the earth. The third consists in the computation of those inequalities of the moon's orbit which depend on the non-sphericity of the earth. This must appear to the unlearned as one of the most extraordinary and incomprehensible of all the results of science. That an astronomer, without leaving his observatory, and by merely following the motions of the moon, should be able to determine the form of our earth, its distance from the sun, and even the mass of the fluid surrounding its surface, is a proposition to which the mind requires some training to assent. The fourth and last method is furnished by the phenomena of the precession and nutation; which, although they do not afford the means of determining the absolute value of the fraction which expresses the ellipticity, assign limits within which it must necessarily be included.

Every one, who has given the slightest attention to the history of scientific discovery, is acquainted with the operations that were undertaken in the course of the last century, at the instance of the Academy of Sciences of Paris, to ascertain by actual measurement the lengths of meridional degrees on the earth's surface. The famous expeditions to Peru and Lapland, undertaken about the year 1732, reflect equal honour on the government which ordered them, and on the zeal and devotion of the astronomers to whom the execution of the objects in view was confided. The meridional arc, stretching between Dunkirk and the Balearic Isles, was measured by Mechain, Delambre, and Biot, and the utmost refinements of theory and practice exhausted to attain the highest possible degree of accuracy. The trigonometrical operations carried on in Britain, under the superintendence of Colonel Mudge and Colonel Colby, gave another arc, extending from the south of England to the remotest of the Shetland Isles. This, having been connected with the French arc by means of triangles carried across the channel, gives a line reaching from Shetland to Formentera, ascertained by actual measurement—the greatest work ever executed by human industry for the benefit of astronomical science. On combining the results of the operations in France with those obtained by Bouguer and his associates in Peru, an ellipticity is found which agrees well with the figure determined from the laws of hydrostatics, and the other methods which may be had recourse to. The length of the degree measured by Maupertuis and his colleagues, under the polar circle, could hardly be reconciled with the others on the supposition of the spheroidal figure of the earth; but it has since been ascertained that these astronomers had committed errors of considerable magnitude, probably in determining the latitudes of the extremities of their arc. The same arc was remeasured about the

beginning of the present century by Swanberg, when the resulting degree was found to correspond much more nearly with those of France and Peru. Degrees of the meridian have likewise been measured in various other parts of the earth, so that the compression of the spheroid is known by this method alone with considerable accuracy. On combining the five results obtained by Bouguer in Peru, Lacaille at the Cape of Good Hope, Boscovich in Italy, Mechain and Delambre in France, and Swanberg in Lapland, the ellipticity of the meridian, that is, the difference between its major and minor axis is found to be  $\frac{1}{298.25}$ , which is probably as near an approximation as we may hope ever to obtain.

It must be observed, however, that this value of the ellipticity differs very considerably from other values obtained in the same manner, by a comparison of arcs situated at no great distance from each other. The mean of five arcs of the meridian of France, comprehended between Dunkirk and Montjouy, and measured with great care by Mechain and Delambre, give an ellipticity amounting to  $\frac{1}{244.75}$ , not only greatly exceeding the value of the fraction stated above, but not even included within the limits determined by the laws of hydrostatics, and the phenomena of the precession and nutation, which, even in the extreme case of homogeneity, do not allow of a compression exceeding  $\frac{1}{230}$ , as was demonstrated by Newton. It is not a little remarkable that this discrepant result is confirmed by the meridians and perpendiculars which have been measured in England; and it necessarily implies one of two suppositions—either that the figure of the earth in those countries deviates considerably from that of a spheroid, or that the homogeneity of the strata near the surface is disturbed by some unknown cause, the effect of which is to incline the plumb-line, at the extremities of the arcs, a few seconds to the north or south of the perpendicular to the horizon. To whichever of these causes the discrepancy may be owing, it is certain that the figure of the earth and the density of the exterior strata are extremely irregular, and that no accurate conclusions as to the general figure can be drawn from the comparison of arcs situated near each other. It is necessary that they be separated by a wide interval, in which case the effects depending on the local irregularities of the surface, and the non-homogeneity of the strata, disappear, leaving those only which depend on the general form.

The geodetical measurement of degrees is an operation of extreme delicacy, and liable to numerous sources of error: it is besides, one of great labour, and cannot be executed on a large scale by individual zeal or activity. On these accounts the indi-

rect methods of determining the compression of the earth will generally be preferred, especially as their comparative facility of execution confers the immense advantage of rendering them capable of indefinite multiplication.

The observations of the length of the seconds' pendulum in different latitudes, give results less anomalous than the measurement of degrees, being less affected by the accidental irregularities of the earth's surface or density. Discrepancies are nevertheless remarked, similar to those which arise in the measurement of degrees, when the results of experiments are compared which have been made at places not very remote from each other. When the distance between the different stations is not great, the diminution of gravity indicated by the experiment is seldom found to observe the law of proportionality to the square of the sine of the latitude, as it would do if the earth were spheroidal and homogeneous. Taking the results of the experiments made by Bouguer in Peru, by the same astronomer at Petit-Goave, by Biot and Mathieu at Paris, by Mallet at Petersburg, and by Maupertuis and Clairaut in Lapland, the increase of the length of the pendulum as we advance towards the pole is found to be tolerably regular, and in conformity with the law just indicated. From these five results, M. Pontécoulant deduces an ellipticity amounting to  $\frac{1}{22}$ , which agrees well with that given by the direct measurement of the meridian. It ought, however, to be remarked, that the *ensemble* of the observations of the pendulum, which have been made very extensively of late years, indicates a compression much more considerable.

From the theory of the lunar motions, Laplace found the compression to amount to  $\frac{1}{308}$ , an agreement truly surprising when the difficulty of the determination and the dissimilarity of the methods are considered. It is also a singular deduction from theory, that the phenomena of the precession of the equinoxes, and the nutation of the earth's axis, are exactly what they would be if the earth was an oblate spheroid of revolution. The whole series of facts, indeed, which have been discovered relative to this subject, renders the inference extremely probable, that all the meridians are equal and similar ellipses; as the experiments are multiplied the local deviations from the regular figure are found to be more partial and inconsiderable.

Such are the subjects discussed in the two volumes at present before us. In order to render the treatise complete, a theory of the Satellites, of the Tides, and of Refraction, is still wanting, which we trust M. Pontécoulant will be induced to supply in a third volume. No labour is so likely to be effectual in bringing about a more general acquaintance with physical astronomy as

that which is bestowed in attempts to condense and simplify the analytical methods and formulæ already known; and it ought always to be borne in mind, that discoveries in science are barren and unprofitable unless they are accompanied by corresponding improvements in the elements, through which new conceptions and new truths ultimately become part of general knowledge.

We cannot conclude our account of this very able work without making a few remarks on what is done for the analytical sciences in this country, compared with the successful zeal with which they are cultivated on the continent. It is a fact too well known to be disputed, that of all the sublime results which have been deduced by means of the calculus from the theory of gravitation, since the days of its immortal discoverer, there is scarcely one to be found for which science is indebted to an English mathematician. The attention of our astronomers seems to be turned entirely to practical matters; while whatever respects theory, or requires the application of the higher geometry, is tacitly abandoned to the care of foreigners. Some illustrious exceptions to these remarks, indeed, occur; yet it is undeniable, that it is to assiduity and skill in observation, and not to any successful employment of the calculus, that England must look for astronomical glory. Since the days of Flamsteed, practical astronomy has been cultivated in this country with the most distinguished success; and at no period has it been in more general favour, or found more active followers, than at the present moment. The graduation of astronomical instruments has been brought by Troughton to a degree of exactness which the hands of man will probably never much surpass; and our observers, aided by the most powerful telescopes that have ever been fabricated, have begun to trace effects of gravitation far beyond the boundaries of the solar system, and in the remotest regions of space. The establishment of the Astronomical Society is an event which shows the extensive interest that is at present taken in everything relating to observation, and also affords a pledge that the current of zeal, which at present flows so strongly, will be directed into useful channels. But highly as we laud the objects and value the active labours of this flourishing Society, we could wish to see a larger portion of the columns of its Transactions devoted to theoretical disquisitions. Greatly as the analytical theory of the system of the world has been advanced, there is still ample room for improvement; and as this is confessedly the highest, the most arduous, and withal the most interesting department of astronomy, one might reasonably expect to find it occupying a corresponding share of attention. The labours of the Astronomical Society have, however, taken a different direction. Few of the papers con-

tained in their 'Memoirs' are devoted to the development of the theory of gravitation, and of these few by far the most remarkable is the production of a foreign associate. This backwardness, to say the least of it, on the part of our geometers to direct their labours to physical astronomy, is felt and regretted by the most enlightened members of the Society itself; and the Council, by proposing medals and other encouragements, have made repeated appeals to their mathematical members; who, however, have shown no haste to respond. From all this we are inevitably led to the inference, that the knowledge of the higher branches of mathematical science is not yet very generally diffused among our astronomers. Good observations are unquestionably the foundation of all astronomy, and are even indispensable to the theorist, as they afford him the only data from which his calculus can deduce any useful or interesting result. Yet it will be acknowledged that the art of observing is an art purely mechanical, and requires for its successful practice only eyes, patience and industry. It is independent of mathematical acquirements, and is, perhaps, more likely to be injured than benefited by a solicitous attention to physical causes, or the difficulties of the integral calculus. Certain it is, that some of the most eminent observers—those from whose labours practical astronomy has gained its greatest advancement—have been men who seldom troubled their heads about theory; and when the successful cultivators of the science can thus dispense with knowledge which is not to be acquired without labour and difficulty, it would be unreasonable to look for any great degree of it among amateurs. In fact, to point a telescope, or compute from a formula, is the utmost that is aimed at by the greater part of those who betake themselves to the harmless amusement of star-gazing.

We have no fear that the mathematical science of this country is in danger of retrograding, or falling into decay; but it is to be deplored that our public institutions provide so ill for the effectual instruction in the abstract sciences of those through whom theoretical knowledge can be turned to the greatest practical account, and rendered most productive of advantage to the country. The higher branches of the mathematics are taught nowhere excepting at Cambridge; but our engineers, civil and military, the officers of our army and navy, cannot, for obvious reasons, receive their education at Cambridge. We have no Polytechnic School, as in France, where promising talent, or early success in mathematical studies, is matured and prepared by a course of elaborate instruction for the public service. Of the great utility of such institutions, no more striking instance could be adduced than what is offered by the work which has occupied our attention in

ness and vigour of youth to exercise a powerful influence on the national science and education.

Although the habits and prejudices of this country are opposed to establishments on the plan of the Polytechnic School, many of its most valuable improvements might be adopted with great advantage, were it possible to overcome that tenacious adherence to established modes which characterises the public instruction in this country through all its departments. A modern education embraces a wide range; it is consequently impossible to enter profoundly into any particular branch, at least within the time which young men not destined to follow a learned profession, can devote to the acquisition of general knowledge. The object, therefore, which ought to be steadily kept in view, is to impart such instruction as will enable an attentive student to peruse with advantage the best works that have been composed on such special subjects as his peculiar avocations may make it desirable he should be acquainted with, and thereby give him the means of afterwards perfecting himself in his profession. Unless this object is accomplished, his time, however sedulously he may have been employed, has been consumed to little advantage; and if, when his course is completed, he takes up an intelligent French work on a professional subject, and finds himself stopt at the very first page because he is unable to decipher the Algebra, his education is obviously still to begin. Now we fear that this is what must take place in almost every instance. Euclid and the Conic Sections are desirable acquisitions; but without other aids, without some knowledge of Algebra beyond Simple Equations, they will no more enable any one to read a page of Poisson, or Francoeur, or Dupin, than to calculate from a Peruvian Quipo or a Chinese Swan-Pan. While the elements are so little adapted to the actual state of science, it is not to be wondered at that our public schools should send forth so few proficient in Analysis.

ART. XI.—*Monuments des Arts du Dessin chez les Peuples tant Anciens que Modernes, recueillis par le Baron Vivant Denon, Ancien Directeur-General des Musées de France, pour servir à l'Histoire des Arts; lithographiés par ses soins et sous ses yeux. Décrits et expliqués par Amaury Duval, Membre de l'Institut.* 4 tom. folio. Paris. 1829.

THE General History of the Fine Arts comprehends not only a critical description of the most important works of art, arranged in classes to assist the memory, and to enable the mind of the reader to embrace the whole subject, which is the direct object of that department of history, but also an account of the taste, the

manners, the religion and the genius of various nations at different periods of their existence, and indeed of the prosperity and happiness of the human race, with which the origin, progress and decay of art are intimately connected. The vast extent of these indirect objects would render the task of executing such a history one of almost infinite labour, for the great works of art are so numerous, that a bare description of them would alone demand considerable time and talent, and much diligence. It is certain that no complete history has hitherto been produced, and we may reasonably doubt whether the whole life, and the entire mental powers, of a single individual would be sufficient to detail fully and philosophically the immense mass of facts: if, however, such a historian should arise, or, which seems more probable and practicable, if a writer possessed of the rare qualifications that are requisite for the due performance of the arduous duty, should separate a portion from the entire mass, and attempt to handle it in the elaborate style of workmanship that the matter deserves, the materials are wanting that would enable him to execute in a satisfactory manner the office of Historian of the Fine Arts. Investigations have been pursued in some directions with great activity and brilliant success, but in others little has yet been effected: of certain objects valuable and extensive collections have been already formed; others have either been neglected, or the endeavours of the curious have been frustrated by untoward accidents: many learned and elaborate volumes have discussed largely various topics connected with art, and have accumulated important facts; but much is still desired, to fill up that scheme and system of the whole subject, which the lover of these engaging pursuits chalks out to assist and regulate his own studies. The Baron Denon has contributed largely on other occasions to extend our acquaintance with works of art, and these posthumous volumes form a considerable addition to his former good deeds, and would alone entitle him to a distinguished place amongst the benefactors to the fund of humane and elegant knowledge.

We will first say a few words about M. Denon himself, and then proceed to offer some observations on the present work. A short prefatory memoir, "*Notice sur la Vie et les Ouvrages, &c.*" is prefixed to the first volume. This distinguished person, however, was so well known, that it is unnecessary to repeat, even in an abridged form, the events of his life, and the history of his labours in literature and *virtù*; we will only mention, therefore, two matters that are new and curious, which we have learned from this short notice. It is accompanied by some letters from Voltaire to M. Denon, which were never before published; and although their contents are not altogether creditable to the person



to whom they are addressed, every particular concerning Voltaire is so generally interesting; and the least morsel of his writings so highly valued, that we feel grateful to the editor for making them public. In the year 1775 M. Denon visited Geneva, and was naturally desirous to be admitted to Ferney; he accordingly addressed a letter to the philosopher, was immediately invited to supper, and was of course kindly received, and entertained with hospitality. The young stranger, however, made an ill return for the courteous familiarity of his venerable host, and proved himself an ungrateful guest, by the misapplication of that remarkable talent for drawing by which he was distinguished at an early age: he made a caricature of Voltaire, which was engraved and circulated in Paris. The subject of the drawing was much annoyed at the impertinent and unpardonable violation of the sanctity of social intercourse, and these letters contain his expostulations and complaints, which are conveyed with so much mildness, and such gentleman-like forbearance, that they are sufficient in themselves to give a very favourable impression of the character and disposition of Voltaire; but the tone, however subdued, shows throughout how deeply the sensitive old man felt the heartless and wicked insult. "*Je ne sais pourquoi vous m'avez dessiné en singe estropié; avec une tête penchée et une épaule quatre fois plus haute que l'autre.*" It would not be easy to give a reason for making such a representation, that would be satisfactory to a man of honour. If such was in truth the appearance of Voltaire at that time, on that very account ought Denon the rather to have abstained from the cruel and treacherous outrage. It is impossible to read these letters without a strong feeling of indignation, nor can we express it adequately, except by saying that the offence seemed to demand the horsewhip, as the only sufficient expiation. We believe also, that we utter the sentiments of the most respectable of our fellow-citizens, when we declare that we would equally consign to the hands of the public executioner the writings and the persons of those who have traitorously abused the confidence of patrons and friends, by publishing for hire, or through malignity, secrets of which they were the unworthy depositaries, and the details of domestic privacy that, through a mistaken indulgence, they had unhappily been permitted to witness. We turn from this painful subject to the other incident in the life of M. Denon, which is curious. During the rage for changing every thing, which characterized the French Republic, it was decided by the government that the national costume should be altered; and M. Denon, who it seems, so that he might be permitted to engrave, was always ready to work for angel or devil, was employed about the intended transmutation of the coat of the Frenchman into the Roman toga.

"At this period an adventure happened to him, which," says M. Cousin, "I have heard him relate many times. He was summoned by the Committee of Public Safety to report the progress of the work on which he was employed: twelve o'clock at night was the time appointed. He arrived at the precise hour, but the Committee was sitting with closed doors, to discuss, as he was told, matters of importance, and M. Denon was obliged to wait. Two hours passed, during which he heard occasionally loud bursts of laughter, that afforded a strange contrast to the kind of business with which the Committee was commonly engaged, and proved that their conversation was not so serious as he had been informed. At last Robespierre came out, and unexpectedly entered the room where M. Denon was sitting. On perceiving a stranger, the savage countenance of the Tribune contracted, and assumed an expression of terror, mingled with anger. He asked the unhappy artist, in a tone to turn him to stone, who he was, and what he was doing there at that hour? M. Denon thought he was a lost man: he told his name, however, and answered that he came in obedience to the summons he had received, and was waiting until he should be called. Robespierre immediately softened; he conducted M. Denon into the chamber, passed a part of the remainder of the night in chatting with him, and during the whole of their conversation endeavoured to convince him that he was a lover of the fine arts, and had the tastes and manners of a man who had seen good society. M. Denon used to say that the recollection of this event always seemed to him like a dream."

The hour at which this happened, by the eternal usage of the human race, has been esteemed sacred to dreams, and men have rarely departed from that usage for any purpose of real and permanent advantage. We feel moreover the same emotion of incredulous surprise on reading of the bursts of laughter of the mirthless and truculent radicals, as when we are informed that Cromwell and his gang were once detected on their knees innocently seeking something else than foul fraud and their Lord.

In reading the memoirs of this celebrated person, we are compelled, in spite of ourselves, to compare him with a still more celebrated character, we mean our own countryman, the renowned Vicar of Bray. He was in the favour of, and employed by the Bourbons before the Revolution and since the restoration of that family, and was the retainer of every form of anarchy, or of despotism, that grew up in the interval; and we are compelled also, by the bombast of his biographer, to remember how entirely he was the tool of Napoleon, and was in fact his chief agent in impressing the materials of which the Museum of the Louvre was formed. It is not to be denied that an artist and a man of letters may soar above all political considerations, and it is honourable to that dignified character, and to the independence of literature and the arts, that he should be agreeable to and respected by contending parties; but it is his duty in such a case to keep equally

aloof from both, and not to accept the unworthy office of a diplomatic spy under the one government; nor to become under another the ready slave of a military despotism, even to such an extent as to consent to the degradation of his art, for which we meet with the following lame and ridiculous apology.

"M. Denon has been reproached with having permitted the arts, whilst in his office of Administrator of the Museums of France he possessed such a powerful controul over them, to take a direction which must have led rapidly to their decline. The artists, it is said, were permitted to represent nothing but battles—to copy uniforms, cannons, smoke, swords, boots, and so forth. I will ask, by way of answer, at what time have the compositions of artists shown that they were independent of circumstances, and were not subject to the opinions of the age, and especially if it be possible to refuse to conform to the taste of the governments which pay them for their labours? Under a warlike prince they will represent battles and triumphs; under a devout king, saints, miracles and madonnas. Thus the productions of the arts offer to posterity the most certain proofs of the opinions and tastes that prevailed at particular periods of history."

It is well known, however, to every manufacturer of fustian, that the representation of "saints, miracles and madonnas" never led to the decline of the arts. We have been provoked by the impertinence of his editor to censure M. Denon in some respects, but he had such rare and great merits that we are confident the blame which may be justly imputed to the man will not impair the credit of the artist and *virtuoso*, nor will it detract from the importance of the present work, of which we are fully sensible.

The *Monuments of the Arts of Design* are comprehended in 310 plates, which are contained in four large volumes, of an inconvenient, and perhaps unnecessary magnitude. They are, however, less culpable on account of their size than the gigantic productions of M. Denon concerning Egypt, in which he forgot that nature has set limits to the bulk of books; for since they are designed for the use of man, and to be read by him, if he be so inclined, it is necessary not only that the reader should be strong enough to turn over the leaf, but also when he stands at the bottom of a page that he should be able to see clearly to the top. Few private houses are of sufficient magnitude to admit the ponderous Egyptian tomes, and with what face can the visitor of a public library require the half-starved and meagre librarians to bring even one of them for his inspection? In imitating his master, "the great man," who always strained after the *gigantesque*, his zealous admirer and servant, Vivant Denon, too often forgot, like him, the useful, the probable, and the possible. Whenever we examine the proceedings of Napoleon with that

sobriety of vision, which mountebanks stigmatize by the title of "narrow views," they appear in the same light as the efforts of a mad shoemaker who should seek to demonstrate the inherent greatness of his soul, by invariably making his shoes and boots immeasurably too large for his customers; or of an ambitious tailor, who would mark the grandeur of his conceptions by a similar excess, and would construct the first waistcoat of a boy of five years on the model of a first-rate alderman, who had been thrice Lord Mayor; such insanity in a tradesman must inevitably lead to bankruptcy, and in an emperor to abdication. The magnitude of the present volumes does not by any means equal the inconvenience of the Egyptian ones; there is, however, something of the imperial tendency to exaggeration to be discerned in them, for if we compare them with similar collections published in Italy, which reached the extreme limits that convenience will permit, there seems to be a slight excess; we speak in this instance, however, rather of the sentiment that is manifested, than of any practical evil.

The work is divided into three parts, of which the editor gives the following brief account:—

"The first part is devoted to the History of *Ancient Art*. Art is taken up at its first origin and conducted to its decline. In the second part we see, that art, which was neglected and almost extinct for several centuries, rises again, takes a new life, and shortly after its second birth shines forth with the greatest splendour. The third part is an extension of the second. All the schools of painting known in Europe appear in their turns; their different characters and styles are pointed out and criticized. Details are given respecting the lives and talents of the most distinguished masters of these schools. At the head of each section, into which the three parts of the work are subdivided, will be found a short historical, and sometimes philosophical, dissertation, calculated to introduce the reader to that portion of art which is the subject of the section."

In so extensive a collection, the plates, which are all lithographs, and executed by different hands, are of course of very various execution. The art of engraving on stone has received great improvements since the Abate Pietro Zani called it "*arte miserabile*;" it is peculiarly adapted to present not only a cheap and facile, but an eminently faithful representation of those productions which form the principal and the most precious part of M. Denon's Cabinet, viz. studies and sketches by the ancient masters, executed with chalk, or pen and ink, or perhaps lightly tinted. Many of the plates, as the Landscape representing a Storm, No. 87, from a drawing by Zuccharelli, were engraved by M. Denon himself, who executed in the course of his long life

the prodigious number of nearly 500 pieces. His works were too numerous to be highly finished; a certain utilitarian style of execution has been attributed to him by some critics, who affirm that he introduces into his drawings so much only of the original as is necessary to represent what he supposes it is useful to show, without employing much time or labour in pursuit of the beautiful, where the means of attaining it are not at once intelligible, and that his copies render the more obvious meanings only. Such, however, was the spirit of the times, and he lived chiefly amongst men who aimed only at the useful according to their own views, and their first and spontaneous impressions of the ends of human life: if we are compelled, therefore, to adopt the criticism, we must admit also the accompanying circumstances of extenuation. The first part commences with representations of the furniture and utensils of savage nations. A superficial observer would not easily discover what connection these objects have with the fine arts. The editor affirms, however, that they are necessary in order to comprehend the subject fully; and it is certain that the invention of the plough and the hatchet, of the distaff and the loom, must have preceded the master-pieces of sculpture and painting, of Phidias and Raphael. He assigns moreover a reason for presenting us with these figures, which is curious and satisfactory, and fully justifies their insertion.

"We may observe," he says, "even in the rudest and commonest necessities of savage life, an attempt to add the ornamental to the useful.

"The other animals are not entirely destitute of organs with which they might represent certain objects that they either dread or desire. Nevertheless, the dove, for instance, has never been known to trace with its bill, upon the moist and soft ground, the flight of the vulture in pursuit of its prey; nor has the ape ever taken a pointed stone in his long fingers to sketch on the sand the charms of his female.

"Man, on the contrary, is not contented with representing surrounding objects as truly as he can by means of various substances; he adds ornaments to everything which he uses, and especially to whatever passes through his hands, to his arms and furniture. The bird no doubt plans her nest with great symmetry; the beaver builds his habitation with great care, with a skill which men admire and could not surpass, perhaps not even imitate. But neither the bird nor the beaver seek to adorn their dwellings with anything that is not necessary to their safety, to their own wants, or to those of their young; with a representation, for example, of a plant or animal.

"It is only to man, therefore, that nature has given this very peculiar talent, this spirit of imitation, which we call the picturesque, and the taste for ornaments, or rather for decoration. Accordingly, in the most savage countries, even in the islands of Australasia, we find monuments of the arts of design; they draw and paint every where, even before society is regularly organized."

If we are to understand, therefore, that the useful is essentially opposed to the ornamental, and that the utilitarian aims steadily at the former, the dumb animal is the only true and orthodox utilitarian, for even the most stupid and unlettered savages cannot escape the taint of heresy.

The second section treats of the arts amongst the Egyptians, but briefly and imperfectly, and the reader is referred to the "*Voyage en Egypte*." The execution of Egyptian sculpture is marvellous, and the entire subject of immense importance, for Egypt was the cradle of Grecian, and consequently of modern arts. But we must pass over the mysterious birth of the beautiful, and we will probably resume it on another occasion.

The third section comprehends oriental works. We are happy to find in the editor an advocate for the antiquity of the Hindoos. It is too much the fashion to disparage that nation in all respects, and by affirming that they are nearly on a level with the brutes, to justify those who would willingly treat them as such. That this doctrine should find favour with their oppressors, and should be sedulously and boldly taught by those who court their smiles, is not wonderful; but it is the duty of all who are unwilling to see individuals enrich themselves, under the pretence of making a people happy against their will, to assert the just dignity of the Indians.

"If we were to judge of the whole nation from the whimsical figures of the Indian gods which we see in Europe in the cabinets of the curious, we should suppose that they had scarcely emerged from barbarism, and we should find in their monuments of religion and the arts a great conformity with those of ancient Mexico. Some writers, therefore, struck with the rudeness of all the productions of the Indians, have thought that their existence as a nation scarcely extended to the middle ages of our æra; that their temples, their laws, and their books are of this epoch. But this opinion appears to be hardly tenable. Temples, such as those at Elephanta, Salsette, Ellora, Malabipuram, &c., could hardly have been constructed at any period so near to our own times; moreover Greek authors, who preceded our æra by several centuries, have spoken of the Hindoo nation, and of their manners and institutions, and we still find them such as they are described. We must conclude, therefore, that the Hindoos are very ancient as a people, perhaps as old as the Egyptians, but through causes which are unknown to us, they have to this day remained stationary."

We are unable to enter into this subject at present, but we conjure all men of letters, as they love their tea, and it is the staff of literary life, not to be deluded into the belief that the Hindoos are like the cattle that are driven through our streets, from the fallacious results that are to be obtained by the application of

certain fantastic tests of civilization, whether they were invented in Iceland, or still nearer the North Pole.

This section is enriched with a learned communication from Professor Matter, respecting an intaglio in green jasper representing an Abraxas: plate 7, fig. 31.

The fourth section comprehends Chinese works, in which, we are informed, the collection of M. Denon is extremely rich, and that a few only have been selected as specimens. In justice to the artists and *dilettanti* of the extreme East, we extract the following very liberal remark:—

“Without doubt we shall always find that they are in a bad taste, and whimsical; but are we not in truth too much inclined to call whimsical every production of art in which we do not find that manner which is common to our own artists, every production in which those rules are violated that they ordinarily follow, and that we ourselves are accustomed to respect as laws?”

The group in *terra cotta*, plate 22, and the observations respecting it and some similar and unpublished works, would serve to illustrate the manners of the Chinese ladies.

The fifth section treats of the ancient monuments of Greece and Rome, which are commonly called *antiques*. It is the most scanty and least satisfactory part of the work, but many celebrated and magnificent volumes will supply the deficiencies in this department. We are almost inclined to doubt whether any Frenchman was ever able fully to comprehend, and perfectly to feel the entire force, the whole power, the severe beauty, the simple grandeur, and the graceful ease of ancient art. They are quite incapable of imitating, or even of faithfully copying, the ancients: hardness and incorrect drawing are national vices; they can be hard in every style, and can produce distortion when they seek to render the symmetry of the antique. The addition of the skipping-rope to the spirited figure of the Dancing Fawn, plate 30, is a characteristic trait of French taste.

In the sixth section we find specimens of the numismatic art; and of the seventh the subject is the decline of the fine arts in Italy and Greece—an interesting topic, which, together with their revival, would deserve to occupy a large space in a general history of art. This section contains many curious specimens, to which we lament that our narrow limits will only permit us to refer generally. We have a decided opinion, formed after much reflection, and upon reasons which it is not necessary to state, that the long period from the reign of Constantine to the revival of the fine arts, (it is convenient to speak in round numbers, we will therefore say that it comprehends a thousand years,) has been too

much neglected by *virtuosi*. This millennium is a mine of vast and unexplored wealth. The short and imperfect excursions that have already been made into the regions of darkness, have greatly confirmed our opinion, and have convinced us that if they were days of twilight, it was not unfrequently the twilight of the gods! We will readily admit that the productions of this millennium are very unequal; that some may be shown that are not superior to the first rude efforts of savages: but we affirm, that others may be exhibited, of various and distant dates within that period, that are radiant with rare and exalted beauty. The representations of the works of this period are commonly obscured by certain very serious disadvantages. Artists seldom do justice to them; for, being prejudiced against a composition by its date, they copy and exaggerate the peculiarities and defects in order to give character to the imitation; and they neglect to render the great beauties, which they overlook through carelessness, or in the existence of which, as being contrary to their preconceived notions, they refuse to believe.

Plate 46 is interesting on account of its connection with the origin and history of the art of engraving; we can only point it out as deserving the attention of the curious.

The first part contains forty-two plates; the second part only twenty plates, and is divided into two sections, the first of which treats of the first ages of the revival of the fine arts, which are of course comprehended in the period of a thousand years of which we have just spoken, and to which our observations are equally applicable. The second section illustrates the revival of the numismatic art, both respecting coins and medals. The third part is by far the most considerable, both in bulk—for it contains 254 plates—and in value, for herein we principally find the strength and beauty of the work, it being chiefly composed of copies from the delightful drawings of the old masters. It is divided into three sections. The first is entitled "*Italian Schools*," and comprises samples of the compositions of Florentine, Roman, Venetian, Lombard, Neapolitan and Genoese, and Spanish painters. The second section, under the title "*Germanic Schools*," includes the Flemish, German and Dutch artists. The third and last section is given to the "*French School*." We pointed out one instance where M. Denon had in his youth shown an unfortunate want of delicacy: it is but just to his memory, to say, that he seems to have been scrupulous in this respect towards his brother-artists. These volumes conclude with the following note:—

"The public will perhaps be surprised at not finding here, amongst the productions of the French school, any drawing or painting of the



masters who so recently rendered it illustrious—of David, for example, and of Girodet, &c.; but at the time when M. Denon was making preparations for the present work, those masters were still alive, and he made it a rule to observe a strict silence with regard to living artists: he was of opinion that posterity alone had the right to decide concerning their talents.”

If we expressed indignation at the violation of domestic confidence, we are not insensible to the merit of this forbearance in a man of honour towards persons who might be considered in some measure as his rivals; and in one who had long held what we may perhaps term an official situation, such delicacy was truly meritorious. The numerous plates to the third part of this great work, of which the object is to show the progress of the art of painting or drawing, afford a comfortable assurance of the improvement of the useful art of lithography. They are, as we before observed, of various merit. It would be easy to point out many inaccuracies, of greater or less importance, as, for example, in plate 155 *bis*, we see a concert of left-handed musicians, a blunder which produces a most unpleasant effect. We must suppose that the drawing has been reversed, for we know that Garofalo was too familiar with angelic habits to represent angels striking the guitar with the left hand, or holding the bow in that hand when they play on the violoncello: we have remarked the same ungraceful mistake in other plates. Several of the drawings have been engraved before. A beautiful engraving by Bartolozzi, of the Adoration of the Magi of Guercino, plate 205, is now before us. We refer to this specimen, however, chiefly on account of the foolish criticism which accompanies it, and is an admirable sample of the spirit of the vulgar critic of the present day, clothed from head to foot in the whole armour of self-conceit, which covers him as the shell protects and encumbers the tortoise. He who would be truly wise must get rid betimes of the pernicious notion of the prodigious superiority of the present age—a notion fatal to improvement, and which is held as an article of faith by a very large and powerful class—those who know little of modern, and nothing whatever of ancient learning. An age in which any one amongst the lowest vulgar, by the perusal, or purchase, of a sixpenny tract, may instantly become perfectly wise, or at least as wise as he is who wrote it;—as the cattle of the most improved breeds, so the breeders assure us, suddenly grow enormously fat by eating a single wisp of straw, or smelling once at a turnip. An age in which knowledge is so easily communicated, and spreads like wild-fire, ought to be an age of erudition: but we deny it, and however paradoxical it may seem to some, we could show clearly, if this were the time, that it is not.

The only work of an English artist is a pleasing and simple drawing in crayons, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, plate 256. As the remarks of the editor may interest our countrymen, we will transcribe them *verbatim*, and without comment.

“ We shall find all the coldness of the English countenances in this portrait of a young lady carrying a stout child on her back, and dressed in the costume of the end of the eighteenth century. The author of this drawing, Joshua Reynolds, was born in 1723 and died in 1792; he is the most famous of the English painters, and was very successful in every kind of portrait. He was a long time President of the Academy of Painting in London, which was only founded in 1769; and he delivered there on different occasions some very good discourses, which have been collected and form a work in two volumes; they may be consulted with advantage, although they contain many paradoxes. We may say, that since the establishment of this academy the existence of an English school of painting has been pretty generally recognized;—the principal qualities for which it is distinguished have likewise been enumerated; they are said to be, a judicious composition, a beauty of form—but with a certain exaggeration, incorrectness in drawing, an elevation of ideas, and tolerable truth of expression. This school, however, is much less known, except in England, by paintings, than by the engravings, executed with great skill and remarkable for an exquisite finish, which the English commerce distributes throughout the whole world. We thought it our duty to say these few words respecting a school which will not be the subject of a separate article in our present work, the drawing of Joshua Reynolds contained in this plate being the only work of an English pencil which M. Denon had engraved on stone.”

The paintings of Raphael Mengs are scarce, but we find one in the collection of M. Denon; the plate, however, No. 262, does not give us a favourable idea of the original; it is a half-length of St. Paul preaching; the physiognomy is Jewish—the editor complains that the portrait is not historically correct, and refers to the Philopatris of Lucian.

These interesting volumes suggest innumerable reflections concerning the history of the fine arts, some of which we would gladly pursue, but our narrow limits compel us, however reluctantly, to forbear. The plates which enrich this publication, the originals themselves, and the other treasures that adorn the cabinet of M. Denon, are the materials which he had collected to enable him to compose a history of the fine arts, or at least of the arts of design;—this favourite project was never executed; the time of the venerable collector was fully occupied by exercising in his own person the arts of which he intended to treat, and superintending the exercise of them in others; in society, where he was universally courted and of which he was passion-

ately fond, and especially in showing his museum to visitors, and in explaining to them, with patience and perspicuity, the objects it contained. He contributed, therefore, largely and liberally, in his latter days, to the stock of humane and elegant knowledge, if not as a writer, not merely by his valuable collections, but as a public lecturer—a voluntary and gratuitous one it is true; and this office, which in the present age is unhappily too rare, is scarcely less important than that of an author.

We have a cause of serious complaint against many of the French *littérati* of the present day, which we may as well mention on this occasion as on any other, for the work of which we are now speaking has so much intrinsic merit, that a complaint, relating to matters entirely distinct from the fine arts, cannot in any degree diminish the favourable impression we desire to give of its value and importance; it is, besides, an error that pervades a large class of writers, and is not peculiar to these volumes. We complain of the vulgar rant—we are aware that this is an opprobrious term, but we cannot permit ourselves, with a safe conscience, to adopt a milder phrase—about the military glory of France, with which so many works of merit are defiled. We will suppose that the conclusion of the last war was as glorious to France as any other part of it, that the renown of the French arms is still perfectly entire, that there was no interruption whatever in the career of conquest;—we have of course our own opinions on these subjects, but we will not obtrude them upon our readers, for it would not be to the present purpose;—let us concede, then, that from the commencement of the war to its termination their armies met with no check, and that, if it be rightly understood as the faithful interpret events, the whole period was one grand uninterrupted victory,—let us concede this, which is as much as even Napoleon himself would desire, and we may still be permitted to ask, what has all this military glory to do with the fine arts, or with the other subjects in treating of which it is commonly intruded without mercy or moderation? Let it be admitted that France has attained the summit of martial renown; in the history of the wars of France this could not be too much insisted upon, but in such a work as the present all allusions to it are woefully misplaced. However sublime military glory may be, other nations have compassed it as well as the French; but the naval glory of Great Britain is something quite new and peculiar, and was never equalled by any people on earth,—it has received continual augmentation and has never been repressed, and if we were inclined to be boastful, we should perhaps be more extensible for choosing sometimes to dilate on this topic; yet it is never brought forward, except in some of Dibdin's songs and a few

low farces. If M. Denon and his executors are permitted to celebrate his cabinet to martial strains, to the sound of drums and trumpets, we may surely be allowed to accompany a descriptive catalogue of the Elgin Marbles with the boatswain's whistle—to sing the praises of these renowned stones to the tune of 'Cease, loud Boreas,' 'Hosier's Ghost,' 'Black-eyed Susan,' or some other sea-ditty.

Our French Editor describes any object, as for example, a morsel of papyrus, thus:—

"We do not pretend to put this MS. however curious, in comparison with the never-dying glories of the youngest of the Marshals of France, but we may safely affirm, that it is very valuable; it was found in Egypt, in the hand of a mummy, whilst the French valour was spreading its renown quite round the globe, or rather was making fast, after having taken two whole turns round our planet; it was brought to France in the same vessel that had the honour to convey home the invincible 38th Regiment of Infantry, a band of heroes of whom the smallest fifer, perhaps even the doctor of the regiment, by a single frown, could have routed Cæsar and all his legions; and it was finally framed and glazed, and safely hung on the wall in M. Denon's study in Paris, the unconquered and unconquerable, the city of glory and of triumph."—See *Mémoires des Arts du Dessin, passim*.

If this style be in accordance with the rules of good taste, and be a sober and rational mode of discoursing concerning works of art, what but a respect for ordinary decency and common sense should prevent us from describing the Theseus at the British Museum in such terms as these:—"This fine fragment is interesting as being a production of the chisel of Phidias, but it instantly becomes radiant with a brighter glory, and enveloped in a more intense and engrossing interest, when we reflect that since it was originally formed at Athens, it must have been transported to England, and we know indeed that it was brought hither by sea; it is probable therefore, that the marble itself, or at least the case that contained it, has actually been touched by the hands of British sailors, a godlike race, who spread the naval glory of England from Pole to Pole; who are clothed in royal purple, as the monarchs of the ocean; crowned with hats so highly varnished that nothing sordid will adhere to them, an apt type of the unsullied purity of their bosoms; and adorned, if any thing can adorn these beautiful and majestic beings, with noble pigtails, fashioned in the likeness of the club of Hercules, a mythological symbol of resistless might, ever employed on deeds of mercy and disinterested justice." If similar descriptions of our works of art and of our peculiar national glory were extended through four large volumes, surely even M. Amaury Duval, with all his gravity,

since the credit of the French arms would not be concerned, would begin to think them somewhat ridiculous. We complain, moreover, that even according to the laws of war, and the editor has thought proper first to proclaim martial law, he does not deal quite fairly, for he invariably asserts that the acquisition by the French armies of the various works of art that once adorned the Louvre, was not only perfectly just, (which we will not dispute at present, but will take for granted,) but prodigiously and indescribably glorious; he says, however, that the acquisition of the same by the allied armies in the same manner, and the restoration of them, not only was not glorious, about which no one but a Frenchman will think it worth his while to argue, but not even just. We will transcribe his description of the affair in the original, for it is impossible for any translation to do justice to his indignation.

“A la chute du trône où s'était placé le vainqueur de l'Europe, les fonctions administratives que M. Denon exerçait en son nom durent cesser. En les abandonnant, l'unique regret qu'il éprouva fut de voir les Musées qu'il avait enrichis *crucellement dépourvus, d'être obligé de rendre* tous ces chefs-d'œuvre des arts, par lui rassemblés avec tant de fatigues, placés avec tant de discernement et de goût sous les yeux des amateurs instruits et des élèves nombreux de nos écoles. Rome, dans les temps de sa force et de sa splendeur, avait ravi à la Grèce les plus précieux de ses monuments; et, dans le moyen âge, Rome les avait ou mutilés elle-même, ou avait permis à des barbares de les mutiler: la France, *qui avait conquis en Italie ces augustes débris*, aurait su les mieux conserver et les honorer. Ceux-ci du moins devraient encore orner le sanctuaire qu'on leur avait élevé au centre même de Paris. M. Denon, pour les conserver, lutta long-temps contre les prétentions des envoyés de Rome: mais le duc Wellington les appuya, et mêla même à l'ordre de tout rendre, *les plus violentes menaces*. Il fallut céder aux baïonnettes: Wellington envoya ses habits rouges dans le temple des Arts, et M. Denon courut même quelques dangers. Disons le à la gloire de Louis XVIII. c'était malgré lui que les alliés enlevaient, sans y être autorisés par une stipulation expresse d'un traité, *ces trophées de nos victoires*. Le roi avait gémi avec M. Denon de *cet abus qu'ils faisaient de leur force*: Défendez tant qu'il vous sera possible le Musée, lui avait-il dit; ne cédez qu'à la dernière extrémité.”

The whole transaction, according to his own account of it, is one of the sword; if the original violent taking was just, so was the violent retaking, if glorious, glorious; if, on the contrary, the capture was unjust, the recapture was glorious; but we are unwilling to enter further into the question. When the treasures of the Louvre, however acquired, went away justly, or unjustly, gloriously, or ingloriously, the principal occupation of M. Denon; and his importance likewise, went also; we can excuse, therefore;

the complaints of himself and of his family, which are sufficiently natural, and had they been moderate, we should not have complained of them; we lament that they were not, and that these meritorious virtuosos have greatly exceeded the license to be unreasonable, which misfortune always gives. We lament also their excess of Bonapartism; we are willing to make every allowance for gratitude on account of honours, favours, and facilities conferred, and if it be always decorous to express gratitude, it becomes glorious—to use for once the editor's favourite word, but with a plain and obvious meaning—to be grateful, when not only no further benefit is to be expected, but disgrace and loss are to be apprehended; nevertheless the admiration of Napoleon, which is scarcely tolerable in the mouth of a lieutenant on half-pay, becomes odious in that of a scholar and a man of taste: it is consistent with no higher qualities than the talent and erudition, the manners and morals of a recruiting serjeant.

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ART. XII.—1. *Histoire de la Revolution Grecque*; par M. Alexandre Soutzo. Paris. 1829. 8vo.

2. *Histoire du Siège de Missolonghi*; par M. Auguste Fabre. Paris. 1829. 8vo.

3. *Mémoires sur la Grèce, &c.*; par Maxime Raybaud. Paris. 1825. 2 vols. 8vo.

4. *Mémoires Historiques et Militaires sur les Evénemens de la Grèce*; par Jourdain. Paris. 1828. 2 vols. 8vo.

5. *Histoire des Evénemens de la Grèce, &c.*; par M. C. D. Raffet. Paris. 1822, 1824, et 1825. 3 vols. 8vo.

6. *Histoire de la Régénération de la Grèce*; par F. C. H. L. Pouqueville. Paris. 1824. 4 vols. 8vo.

THE war of the Greeks against the Turks has nearly rivalled in duration their famous war against Troy, and has terminated, we trust, in a similar manner, by their final triumph over Asiatic barbarians. The prize which of late they had undertaken to recover, was not, as of old, a ravished beauty, but plundered freedom; and the result of the contest has been, not the sack of a city or the extinction of a people, but the establishment of national independence and enlightened institutions. Meanwhile, the character of the warfare and of the combatants, the wild atrocities which have distinguished the struggle, and the disasters which have left their traces at its close, are not very different in the two distant periods. Of the brave men who began the Greek contest, though fighting on their own soil, probably as small a proportion remain to celebrate its conclusion, as those who occupied the fleet

which is said to have returned from the Asiatic shore some three thousand years ago.\*

It has been too much the habit in this country, of late, to represent the Greek question as devoid of political importance, and the Greek people as unworthy of national sympathy—to censure the Treaty of Intervention as the sacrifice of British interests to classical recollections, and to ridicule the friends of Greek independence as visionaries or pedants, influenced by the dreams of a college or the fashions of a coterie. Nothing, we think, can be more mischievous than such representations—nothing more misplaced than such ridicule. From a concatenation of events, which may be regarded nearly as necessary in all its links, it was easy to foresee, after the first year of the Greek insurrection, and nearly impossible not to acknowledge subsequently, that the Greek question was destined, till its final settlement, to become the pivot on which European policy was to turn. It was easy to see that Russia, by making the Greek struggle and the interests of the Greek people the constant object of her vigilance—the standing pretext for her interference, as she had attempted to do without the same motives, for the last fifty or sixty years—would confer upon it in the end a real or factitious importance. But the long and sanguinary conflict of a Christian people, against the forces of an infidel empire—destitute of the resources of civilization, and ready to crumble to pieces by the inherent vices of its frame, but making up for its want of real power by devastations and massacres, was calculated not to interest their co-religionists of Russia alone—it irresistibly engaged the sympathies of the whole Christian world. The success or failure of this persecuted people was to unsettle or to fix, for a long time, the line of demarcation for Asiatic conquest, which had been arrested in its progress westward by the ancestors of this same people, more than two thousand years ago, and which, when afterwards reinforced by a fiercer fanaticism, or opposed by a feebler barrier, had swept over Greece and been repelled only from the ramparts of Germany. The establishment of Greek independence was to rescue another portion of Europe from its unchangeable barbarism—to drive it back to its more appropriate haunts, or to compel it to adopt the laws of good neighbourhood. The contest was not one between two bordering nations, acting under similar moral or political influences, or between different classes of the same nation, contending for political superiority or equal rights—but between two races, who residing in the same country

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\* It has been calculated that more than 100,000 Greeks have perished in this struggle by battle, by massacre and by famine.

for centuries as oppressors and slaves, had never approximated more than ravenous animals and their prey in the same forest—between two religions, the one of which makes it a sacred duty to exterminate the professors of the other—between two marked stages of civilization, or at least between a capacity and an incapacity for civilization—in short, between barbarism on the one hand, created by oppression and aspiring at improvement, and, on the other, that barbarism which is preserved in civil and religious institutions, and which cannot be eradicated without changing the whole essence and structure of society. Another consideration could not fail to strike even common humanity, divested of all regard for political freedom. The perseverance of the Greeks in resisting their tyrants for years, without almost an example of treachery or a proposal of submission—their declared determination never to return under their former yoke, proved by an unrelaxed hatred of their masters, and by sacrifices unknown in other conflicts—and, on the other hand, the fixed resolution of the Turks to consider the Greeks, if reconquered, not as insurgent subjects, but contumacious slaves—these circumstances, we say, afford sufficient evidence that no alternative remained for the former but independence or extermination. To massacre or to successful resistance, indeed, they seem to have made up their minds. Hence, when conquered, they never expected clemency—hence the population of whole towns, villages, or districts of country, fled to the caves, the forests, or the mountains, on the approach of an irresistible Mussulman force—hence each and all preferred the chances of an unsuccessful resistance, to the certain consequences of inactive submission—hence they had reached that state of mind where fear had ceased to act—*nunc timor eventus deterioris abest*.

In such circumstances could even the most cold-blooded politician in Christian Europe—which has so laudably interfered to put a stop to the African slave trade—witness with indifference the extermination of a whole Christian people, like the inhabitants of Chios or Ipsara in the first years of the present war, or like 50,000 of the Moreots, in consequence of their unsuccessful insurrection at a former period? These are surely grounds for sympathy and interest in the Greek cause, independent of chivalry or the classics—of the influence of ancient names or the magic of Philhellenic anticipations. At the same time we must confess that we see no reason why we should be so fastidious on these points; why we should so strenuously resist the imputation of literary gratitude, to screen political indifference; why we should be so ashamed of testifying a little more regard to the Greeks than to any other people in similar circumstances of oppression, from the



remembrance of the magnificent legacy of knowledge, arts, and civilization, which their ancestors bequeathed us; though they themselves, alas! share so scantily in their paternal inheritance—and why we should be so rigorous in drawing the line of separation between the immortal people of ancient Greece and their unfortunate descendants; who, though debased by centuries of slavery, speak the same language, evince the same quickness of intellect; and display the same capabilities of improvement. What gives a value to the discoveries of HERCULANEUM and POMPEII beyond the trade price of the marble or the bronze, which has been dug from their ruins, but the recollections of antiquity with which they are associated? And, shall we prize more the exhumation of a ruined city, than the resurrection of a fallen people?

The Greek revolution began at a period of general revolutionary agitation in the south of Europe. The year 1800, which preceded them, may be called the peculiar era of insurrections—the “*annus mirabilis*” of political changes. The standard of popular revolt against real or alleged abuses of government had been raised from the Pillars of Hercules, and beyond them, to the eastern shores of Sicily and Calabria; and in 1821 waved over the four kingdoms of the Spanish and Italian peninsulas. But the Greeks stood in a relation to their Turkish masters very different from that of any other European people to their Christian rulers, and their revolt is therefore to be justified on different grounds. The Mussulman oppressors, against whom the Greeks took up arms, were tyrants of a different race from themselves, and lying under a different set of institutions. They were invaders who had overrun their country without attempting to form any political union with them—and who, having gained the ascendancy by military violence, only kept them in bondage by brute force. The Turk had encamped in Greece, but could scarcely be said to have settled, as he continued to rest on his arms, among reluctant slaves ready to assert their freedom whenever he was thrown off his guard.

“*Schiavi siam, sì, ma schiavi ognor frementi.*”

Every thing reminded the Greek that he was a degraded being, and that the brand of degradation could only be obliterated in blood. The vilest Turk might insult him—rob him—or even kill him—with a great chance of impunity, or at the risk of only a small retribution. He could not wear the same dress, paint his house with the same colours, carry the same arms, or even walk the street with the same air as his Mussulman oppressor. Neither his person nor property was protected by any law to

which he could appeal on the violation of either; and his wife and children might, at any time, be dragged from his dwelling to pamper the luxurious indolence, or gratify the brutal lusts of a barbarian, who in the wantonness of uncontrolled power, or the pride of unapproachable superiority, mocked his misery and despised his resentment. Their blood thus went for nothing, their fortune was always liable to illegal plunder—they only retained their lives, and enjoyed the fruits of their labour by sufferance. When the Romans renewed the assertion of their dominion over their conquered provinces, they sent a prætor with the *fascæ* and the ensigns of justice;\* when the Turks renewed their lease of provincial tyranny they sent a military ruffian with three horse-tails, accompanied by a fresh gang of assassins and plunderers. The terms on which the Greek *rayas* were allowed to keep their heads on their shoulders, permitted them the exercise of their religion; but their most solemn rites were treated with contumely, and a profane traffic was made of the places of their clergy. The inherent and incorrigible vices of the Turkish character—the intolerant fanaticism on which their institutions are founded—the ignorance which their religious pride guarantees as their national inheritance—their treachery, which in treating with infidels, becomes a principle of action—their total insensibility to moral considerations, and their recklessness of human blood, all tended to aggravate the pressure of a yoke, which nothing but military force could have kept so long on the necks of the Greek people.

It would be almost superfluous to enter into any course of reasoning to prove that a nation in such a state of oppression can owe no allegiance to their tyrants, and that they can break no moral obligation by attempting to assert their freedom.

We shall now proceed to give a short notice of the different works whose titles stand at the head of this article, after which, passing rapidly over the history of the successful efforts of the Greeks during the first years of their struggle, and their subsequent deplorable reverses, before the interference of the great powers of Europe in their favour, we shall proceed to detail at greater length what has been done for them, or in their names, by diplomacy or arms, since that interference. Had our limits allowed us, we should have willingly given a more copious summary of the events of the first period;† as it is, we can only refer the reader, who may be desirous of more ample information, to

\* "Cur in Syracusæ," says a speaker in Livy, "atque in alias Siciliæ Græcæ orbes prætores quotannis cum imperio et virgis et securibus mittitis? Nihil aliud profectus dicitis, quam armis cooperatis vos in has locas imponimus."

† A very clear and well-written résumé of the principal events of the Greek war, from its commencement, is given in the North American Review, No. 64, for July last.

the books before us. And we venture to hope, that the interest which is attached at this moment to the fate of Greece, and the importance of the information now given—much of which is new to the world—will sufficiently justify us to our readers, for the length of our details on the latter period.

1. The first of these works is by a Greek, Alexander Soutzo, who professes to have been an eye-witness of the scenes which he describes, but whose connection with them we have been unable to trace in the pages of any contemporary author. As his brother, Demetrius Soutzo, to whose *manes* he formally dedicates his labours, was one of the four commanders of the Sacred Battalion which, under Prince Alexander Ipsilanti, raised the standard of revolt north of the Danube, (before the rising in the Morea,) and perished on the plains of Dragatson, he is likely to have obtained authentic information concerning the conduct and influence of the Society of the *Heteria*, whose agent the prince was, and of which this sacred corps was an emanation. The first chapter of his book, therefore, which gives an account of the primary formation, confidential agents, secret proceedings, and revolutionary plots of this association, cannot fail to be read with interest. His subsequent narrative of the events of the war in Greece; his portraits of the chiefs who figured on the theatre of battles or intrigue; and his descriptions of the local scenery of his country, are characterized by considerable vigour of conception, and conveyed in elegant and flowing language. We cannot say so much for his candour or impartiality as a historian. We can forgive a Greek, living among the Philhellenic coteries of Paris, for being more inclined to a French than an English alliance for his country, and we can even surrender to his historical vengeance the late Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands, who seems to be regarded by the Greeks as the English Polyphemus, ready to devour them when they landed on his shores. But why does he speak so incessantly of British intrigue, and forget so uniformly what British intervention did for his country's cause? This history, beginning with the insurrection in Moldavia, closes with the intervention of the Allied Powers by the treaty of London.

The five other books, whose titles stand at the head of this article, are written by Frenchmen, who, of late, have taken a greater interest in Greek affairs than the people of this country, whose attachment to Greece and respect for Philhellenes seem never to have recovered the blow which they received by the explosion of the Greek loan and steam-boat affair.

2. The "History of the Siege of Missolonghi" must, in all future ages, be read with admiration, sympathy, and melancholy

interest; and, we are ready to acknowledge, that M. Fabre, though not personally acquainted with the events which he describes, has given the narrative of the heroic efforts and harrowing privations of the Greek garrison with considerable spirit and effect.

3. The *Mémoires sur la Grèce*, by M. Raybaud, is, without exception, the best book which any of the French Philhellènes have published on the subject of the Greek revolution; M. Raybaud, who had been an officer in the French army immediately before the peace of 1814, was among the first of the military foreigners who proceeded to the Morea with an offer of his sword to the Greek patriots. He sailed from Marseilles with Prince Mavrocordato, on the 18th of July, 1821, on board a Hydriot vessel, which, besides the prince and our author, carried to the succour of the insurgents five other French officers, three Piedmontese, and about seventy Greeks, hastening from France, Germany, or Italy, to join their countrymen in their glorious struggle. Having landed in the Morea before the siege of Tripolitza, he gives a detailed account of the operations which led to its surrender, as well as the other events of the first and second campaign. Nothing can be more interesting than the details with which we are thus furnished respecting the first great successes of the insurgents, and every one of his readers must regret that M. Raybaud's narrative should close with the end of 1822, leaving us for subsequent events to far less instructive and trustworthy guides.

4. M. Jourdain is, likewise, a French officer, (a captain in the navy,) who has given us "Historical and Military Memoirs on the Events of the Greek Revolution." He entered in the service of Greece in the spring of 1822, a year later than his countrymen above-mentioned. He was employed in a greater variety of affairs, and continues his narrative till the Treaty of Intervention. One portion of his book details facts known but to himself, because it describes his own proceedings in a mission with which he was intrusted to the Congress of Verona, which he was not allowed to approach, and in a treaty which he concluded with the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. As his account of this last affair is, according to the phrase of the newspapers, "exclusive," and, as the series of transactions which, with unsuspecting simplicity, he describes, forms one of the most amusing episodes in the annals of the Greek Revolution—an episode, besides, which cannot find a place elsewhere, as it had no more influence on the result of the piece, than the intrigue of the pious Æneas with Dido on the settlement of the Trojans in Italy—we shall make no apology for alluding to it here, in our short notice of his book. The Greek government being repulsed, in the person of their

agent, by the Holy Alliance, and being extremely in want of money, (as they were not favourites with Jews or Christians of the Stock Exchange, who never allow classical recollections to influence their contracts,) M. Jourdain looked about for a political and financial ally, and discovered the Sovereign Order of St. John of Jerusalem. This once illustrious corporation, which had scarcely been heard of in Europe for the last five-and-twenty years, and was supposed to be as extinct as the Saxon Heptarchy, could still, it would appear, gather together its office-bearers, make political treaties, effect cessions of territory, and deal with islands as lavishly as the Knight of La Mancha.

Without a fortress, or a field, or a foot of ground, or a gun, or a sailor, or a soldier, or a shilling, they offered their offensive and defensive alliance to the struggling commonwealth of Greece. This sovereign, religious, and hospitable order, with its chancellor, grand prior, and commander, met in capitulary assembly, not in the chapter-hall of one of its ancient castles, but in a garret in Paris, and agreed to nominate a plenipotentiary to treat with our author, the accredited envoy of the Greek government. A plenipotentiary with a great host of titles was accordingly appointed, who, having exchanged his full powers with the Greek representative, contracted on the 28d July, 1823, in the name of the Holy and Undivided Trinity, an offensive and defensive alliance with the upstart republic. "The Sovereign Order," entitled to its rank by eight centuries of glory, assumed the right of patronage, and in the first article of the treaty solemnly recognized "the independence of the Greek nation." The "high contracting parties" then declared, in the second article, an alliance offensive and defensive "against all infidel powers." In the sixth article they agreed to look out for islands, or to conquer territory, to furnish dominions to the party which was still unprovided with such an attribute of sovereignty. The Knights, on their part, generously consented to permit the free exercise of the Greek religion in the dominions which the Greeks might procure them, and even to admit these heretics of the Eastern Schism to the honour of knighthood in their Catholic association. In return for an engagement, on the part of the Greeks, to hand them over an island on which to plant their standard, the other "high contracting party" surrendered all its claims on the peninsula of the Morea and the great island of Negropont, which the Order had not possessed for four hundred years. Nay, besides this generous cession and patronising recognition, the plenipotentiary of the Knights consented to assist the struggling republic with a subsidy of £160,000, to be advanced by separate instalments at different stages, in the execution of the

treaty. But how was this subsidy to be got? Was it to be granted from the treasury of the Order? No! for they frankly acknowledged that they had no money. Was it to be obtained from any of the states of Europe? No! for none of these states would give them a farthing to assist the Order itself, far less to subsidize rebels. Was it to be got by a loan on the credit of the Order? No!—for obsolete titles, and musty records, are not considered as good securities on the stock-exchange. Still, however, the *hocus pocus* by which this money was to be conjured into the coffers of the Order was to be a loan, and nothing but a loan. In whose name and on what guarantee? Why, in the name and on the security of the Greeks themselves! In other words, the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem were to grant a subsidy to the Greeks out of the produce of a loan concluded by the Greeks—secured on the credit of the Greeks, and to be redeemed, if ever redeemed at all, out of the revenues of the Greek islands which the Greeks engaged to conquer for their patronising allies. The whole sum to be thus raised was to be 10,000,000 francs, or about 400,000*l.* sterling, out of which the Knights were to pocket the lion's share of 6,000,000 francs, leaving the remainder to the Greeks, who had procured the whole!

When this treaty was concluded, our author and diplomatic agent, M. Jourdain, set out to Greece with the result, accompanied by an ambassador from the "Capitular Assembly" of the Order, appointed to arrange with the Greek government the details of measures consequent on the new alliance, and to survey the islands on which they were first to plant their banners. This gentleman carried with him, like other great plenipotentiaries, two sets of instructions, one very secret, and the other of course exhibitable on proper occasions. The former, which is now published, lets us into the mystery of the intended fraud, and discloses the opinion which the knaves entertained of each other. Their diplomatic agent is reminded, that "the Greeks being a cunning, clever, false, and faithless people," he must be on his guard against them. He is requested to hold up to admiration the grandeur of the "Order," and the benefits of its alliance, while he himself is desired to recollect that they have neither money, nor credit, nor territory, nor ships, nor knights, nor soldiers, nor sailors!

But this was not the only envoy whom the "Order" employed in consequence of the favourable state of their affairs, created by their new connection. Impatient to realize alone the advantages of a partnership so dishonest, they despatched another plenipotentiary to London to conclude a bargain for themselves, by which they might cheat, not only the English loan-contractors, but their Greek allies. The whole project was, however, blown up after

the publication of a prospectus, and a list of subscribers to the loan; which in the new London edition of the treaty was to be for 15,000,000 of francs instead of 10,000,000. Thus ended the political alliance between the classic government of Greece and the "sovereign, military, and religious order" of Malta, which began and terminated in a transaction deeply embued with fraud and knavery—a transaction which presumed more upon the stock of English gullibility than any other swindle of that swindling period, and which, did it not cast a painful discredit on a good cause, would furnish, by its solemn forms and diplomatic jargon, a better topic for ridicule than any of the manoeuvres of the Cacique of Poyais or the governor of Barataria.

Of the two remaining works at the head of this Article, we have scarcely left ourselves room to say any thing. That of M. Raffet (or at least some portion of it) has the merit of being the first history of the Greek insurrection published among our neighbours, but has scarcely any other merit than priority of publication or minuteness of detail. The four volumes of M. Pouquetville (whose former work, "*Voyage de la Grèce*," has been already noticed in a previous number of this Journal) are of a more ambitious character, and display abilities of a higher order. His book communicates interesting details of the history of Greece and conduct of its chieftains, from 1740, or the earliest perceptible beginnings of Greek independence, to the success of the revolution in 1823. We regret, however, to say, that though full of information, it has many drawbacks. The exaggeration of his statements gives us often reason to question his veracity, and the inflation of his style affords us more than reason to censure his taste. His affected display of inaccurate learning, where facts only are required—his pedantic allusions to antiquity on the most trifling occasion—his ill-placed sentimentality and ambitious conceit—make it painful to read a work which otherwise would be perused with pleasure, evincing, as it does, the erudition of the scholar and the industry of the historian, in the recital of facts and events which the author had peculiar opportunities of knowing or studying with effect.

The first year of the war, (detailed in these works,) though marked by atrocities on both sides, was eminently successful on the part of the Greeks. In the course of a month from the commencement of the insurrection, the Turks in the Morea were driven into the fortresses or walled towns, and blockaded by undisciplined and half-armed bands of peasants and mountaineers. In the course of the summer and autumn the garrisons of Navarin and Monembasia, or Napoli di Malvoisie, were obliged to capitulate. Tripolitza, the capital of the peninsula, defended by

10,000 Turkish and Albanian soldiers, and containing within its walls nearly 30,000 Musulmans, was taken by assault, and afforded immense treasures to the rapacious Greek chiefs. Demetrius Ipsilanti, Prince Mavrocordato, and other Fanariots joined the cause. The islands of Hydra, Spezzia, and Ipsara, converted their mercantile vessels into a little warlike navy, and, besides blockading some of the Turkish ports, gained great successes at sea, having on one occasion pursued and burnt a Turkish seventy-four-gun ship with 1200 men on board. Beyond the Morea the Greeks were likewise triumphant, having taken Missolonghi, and even besieged Athens. Towards the end of the year an attempt was made to organise further resistance, and to secure the fruits of victory, by the establishment of a regular government.

The second campaign scarcely yielded to the first in the importance of its results. The Acropolis of Corinth was taken, though afterwards recaptured; and an army of about 30,000 men, under *Dramali* Pacha, which attempted to penetrate into the Morea, was cut to pieces or dispersed. NAUPLIA, the Gibraltar of the Peloponnesus, (to raise the siege of which was one of the objects of this ill-fated expedition,) fell, towards the end of the year, into the hands of the Greeks. The Acropolis of Athens had previously surrendered; and Missolonghi had gallantly repulsed a large Turkish force from its walls. Everywhere the Greeks gained advantages over the Turks at sea during the course of this year, making prizes of Turkish merchantmen, and even attacking the largest ships of the line. Thus, at the end of the second campaign, the Morea had been cleared of the enemy, with the exception of Patras and one of the smaller fortresses, which were closely blockaded. Continental Greece was likewise in the power of its native inhabitants, and the little squadrons of the islands had set at defiance the whole naval force of the Turkish empire. Against these successes the Turks could place no countervailing advantage but the horrible massacre of Scio.

In the third campaign no remarkable success was gained by the Greeks, though no ground was lost, and but for the internal divisions of the chiefs, which increased in proportion as external danger was removed, the independence of Greece might have been placed beyond the reach of danger. Another national assembly distinguished the commencement of this year, and other provisions were made, without success, for carrying on a regular government. Had a government capable of directing the resources of the insurrection then been established, long years of war and blood might have been spared. Such a government could have disposed of nearly two hundred small men of war, which had already destroyed three Turkish line-of-battle ships



and a frigate. It would have been served by nearly 15,000 of the most expert sailors in Europe. It could have sent into the field nearly 30,000 troops, as good at least as their antagonists, drawn from a population which had killed in battle, or by assassination, nearly 100,000 Turks, and it could have secured to itself the possession of the Morea, Rubœa, Livadia, Western Greece, and nearly all the islands of the Archipelago, which had been nearly if not altogether cleared of the oppressor.

In the fourth year of the revolution, the Greeks, though still in nearly the same condition as to political organization, presented to Europe, by the very continuance of their struggle, a more inviting prospect of ultimate success, and attracted sympathy and confidence from all quarters. Though, unfortunately, the patriotism of the people began to languish, by misdirection or inaction, and the rapacity and dissensions of the chieftains to be developed with more dangerous force as they were displayed on a more extended theatre, this sympathy and confidence for some time continued. Now was the golden era for stock speculations and Phil-hellenic missions,—for loan-contractors and constitution-mongers,—for military adventurers running after classical commissions, and philanthropic projectors prolonging the reign of anarchy,—for infidels preaching religious crusades, and Jews taking an interest in Christianity. Though the numerous committees of assistance formed in Europe, and the multitude of persons who proceeded to Greece, was gratifying and cheering, as showing the general sympathy in a persecuted cause, yet nothing could be more useless, misdirected, or absurd than the suggestions and interference of some of the parties. While the Turks still held un-reduced garrisons in the country, and threatened to overwhelm it with the swarms of barbarians from Africa and Asia, one projector seemed to think that the chief want of the Greeks was a newspaper to record their victories,—forgetting, as a rude chieftain afterwards observed, that “the battle of Marathon was won before a newspaper was in existence.” Some legislative apostles took in charge the Greek judicial system, and insisted on the immediate necessity of trial by jury, when the nation ought only to have heard of *trial by battle*. Others went provided with schemes for establishing a permanent system of finance for the new state, when all its resources consisted in the plundered booty hoarded by its chiefs, and the deserted territory liable to be overrun by its enemies. One enlightened friend of humanity proposed to fight the Turks with bibles and primers—with broad-brims and Lancasterian schools.

“I am much disappointed,” says Colonel Stanhope in a letter, dated *Missolonghi, February, 1824*, “at your not having persuaded the

Quibb to send out some schoolmasters. Had I at my disposal three well-qualified persons of this description, I would spread the Lancasterian system as far as the Grecian conquests have extended." "With the press and the Bible," he adds, "the whole mind of Greece may be put in labour."

At another time, the colonel runs wild on the establishment and importance of posts and post-offices in a country where there was scarcely a road, and where few of the people could read or write. Hence we have such urgent demands, in the same correspondence, for founts of types and barrels of gunpowder,—for cannons and codes of law,—for New Testaments and cast-shot;—for school-books and field artillery,—for printing-presses and Congreve rockets.

Agents like these were not fit for the crisis, and could have done little good to any cause; but among the vain, the hypocritical, or the interested, who flocked to Greece at this period, we find one immortal name, whose renown at least promised to be useful; we mean, of course, Lord Byron, who atoned for his juvenile scorn of the Greek people, "the hereditary bondsmen," by sacrificing his life for their resurrection. Tired with pleasure and praise, the voluptuous DON JUAN begirt himself for hardships which *Childe Harold* did not court—resolved to sharpen the edge of his enjoyments by tempering it in perils—and sought to heighten the lustre of his poetic crown by reflected light from the warrior's helmet. While he lived, it was necessary for him to live in the eye of the world, and Greece, deserted by the Holy Alliance, offered him the best stage for his exhibition. But though nothing could be more romantic than his expedition, probably nothing could have been more inefficient than his exertions. During the four or five months which he devoted to the cause in the Ionian islands or at Missolonghi, he talked and disputed, and raved on the state of Greece—wrote letters to factious chiefs—hired and discharged Souliot attendants—laughed at Mr. Jeremy Bentham and the Phil-hellenes—prepared for an expedition to Lepanto, which was always deferred—rode out, smoked cigars, and wrote verses. But during the whole of this interval, he did literally nothing for Greek independence. Indeed it seems to us extremely doubtful whether he ever could have performed any substantial service, or acquired any lasting glory in such a cause. Though his lyre was powerful, it was strung only for England—and to move the rude countrymen of Orpheus, it must have sounded the language of that rock-moving bard. In joining the factious bands, by whose co-operation alone he could execute any military enterprise—bands led by chiefs who could not appreciate his talents or respect his authority—he fell into a

chaos where his voice could not have been heard. He was neither a Hercules to frighten the *kleftic* capitani, nor a prince to impose upon the intriguing *primates*, nor a military leader to inspire confidence into the ignorant soldier. He could neither head an army nor drill a company. The greedy members of the government looked upon him merely as the dispenser of the Greek loan, and his own mutinous Souliots bestowed upon him their rapacious idolatry only so long as they considered him a large sack of Spanish piastres.\*

Towards the end of this year, in which the Greeks gained some advantages at sea, without losing any thing by land on the continent, (though Ipsara was converted into a heap of ruins,) the executive and the legislative bodies, under the influence of the faction of the capitani and of the islands, came to blows, and the military party being overpowered, several of the chiefs (among the rest Colocotroni) were imprisoned, with the intention of trying and executing them. Notwithstanding these dissensions, the independence and the tranquillity which the Morea and continental Greece generally enjoyed, had produced a sensible improvement on the state of the country. Justice was administered with a certain degree of impartiality—violence was checked—the peasants had returned to their homes and again began to cultivate their fields.

This year, however, must be allowed to have seen the last of the unaided successes of the Greeks, for though the noble defence of Missolonghi, from the summer of 1825 to the spring of 1826, may be said to have been equivalent to any former victory, Greek affairs began rapidly to decline. The new enemy who now appeared in the field was more terrible than any former assailant whom the Greeks had encountered, while their powers of resistance had been weakened by a decline in their patriotic enthusiasm, by dissensions between the members of the government and the legislature, and by a civil war between the faction of the islands and the continental chiefs. Ibrahim Pasha landed in the Morea in the spring of this year, with an army of 20,000 disciplined troops, commanded by European officers, and provided with every kind of military means. This army, renewed or increased by reinforcement, never left the country till he capitulated for its evacuation with the French general in 1826. Though he met with a brave resistance in the capture of Navarin, the Egyptian chief encountered few obstacles in overcoming the rest of the peninsula. Missolonghi, which had been besieged in

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\* See Count Gamba's Narrative of Lord Byron's last Journey to Greece.—Col. Stanhope's Letters, &c. &c.

the summer of this year, by an army of 14,000 men, under Kintachi Pasha, a commander of great reputation, did not surrender till his army had been strengthened by a reinforcement of 10,000 men from Ibrahim, commanded by that Pasha in person, assisted by French engineer officers. The alarm which these discouraging events inspired, and the hopeless weakness to which the government was reduced, by the insubordination of the troops and the dissension of the chiefs, was such, that some of the most intelligent members of the executive proposed to place their struggling cause under English protection—a proposition which met with a most unaccountable protest from two persons of the name of Roche and Washington, who being sent as agents for the distribution of charitable funds, by committees of their countrymen in France and the United States, assumed, in the masquerade of the moment, and amid the general confusion of every kind of authority, the character of political patrons and diplomatic missionaries. In the latter months of the year 1826, and the commencement of 1827, the seventh year of the war, the Greeks made considerable efforts to raise the siege of Athens, which had been invested after the fall of Missolonghi, but no decisive advantage was obtained. The fleet, however, as usual, was successful in its attack on the ill-managed squadrons of the enemy. The arrival of two Englishmen, Lord Cochrane and General Church—the one nominated High Admiral and the other Generalissimo, at the commencement of the seventh campaign, failed in producing the anticipated effect on the operations of the war;—and whatever may be said by some of the more ardent Phil-hellenes, the situation of Greece, immediately before the treaty of intervention, was deplorable, if not altogether hopeless. The Egyptian chief occupied with his Arabs and Nubians the whole of the Morea, with the exception of Nauplia, where the shadow of the Greek government resided. He had placed garrisons, well supplied with arms, warlike stores, and provisions, in each of its fortresses, and he daily expected large reinforcements from Egypt, to enable him to extend the sphere of his pillage, devastation and butcheries, beyond the Morea. Some guerilla parties took refuge in the mountains, but could not descend into the plain to narrow his operations or to resist his progress. The executive government, if such it could be called, was cooped up in its last remaining fortress, expecting an attack from Ibrahim, and suffering duress by rebel Greek chiefs—the victim of domestic faction—perhaps doomed to be the captive of foreign oppressors. Their Lord High Admiral and Generalissimo could do little for the defence of the country in the absence of any central authority, and in the midst of general confusion. The produce of the loans being exhausted, the influence of the

executive was at an end. Foreign intrigue, which had perhaps promoted the fall of Athens; and which was always sure to succeed in that demoralized region; if it came armed with the spell of money, was busy in stirring up parties against each other, and in fomenting intestine disorders, that it might lead to the surrender of the last strong hold of Greek independence, and thereby cut off all pretence for European interference.

The military vagabonds in possession of the different batteries of Nauplia were ready to fire on each other, and had actually cannonaded the town. The sultan, perceiving the evils which had resulted from divided command, had relieved the son of the Pasha of Egypt from the presence of the Capitan Pasha, and had given him the sole direction of the war against the rebels by sea and land. The forces already in the Peloponnesus, and the expedition expected from Egypt, afforded the hope that resistance would be overpowered, and the country reduced or depopulated in a single campaign, and thus that his Highness would be freed from the importunities of the Christian powers in behalf of the insurgents.

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\* That we may not be thought to exaggerate the gloom which hung over the prospects of Greece at this period, we shall make no apology for quoting a description of its situation by a Phil-hellene, (since dead,) M. Becker, the son of General Becker, who traversed the country, and was in Nauplia towards the end of August, 1827.

"*Tableau de la Grèce en 1827*," (published in the *Revue Française*, No. 9, May, 1828.)

"The hope of the Greeks in powerful protectors being deceived, they had begun to think of nothing but their private interests. Every one endeavoured to give himself some importance, to seize upon something, in order to have, at the moment of the final triumph of the Turks, the means of treating with the conqueror upon good conditions. Thus Gouras had wished to remain master of Athens, Grivas took possession of the upper fort of Nauplia, and Photomara took the lower, while the Hydriots separated themselves from the rest of the fleet. The chiefs of the English party were still intriguing; after having renounced independence, they wished a hospedaship, and Ziazi aspired to be hospodar. He had assisted Captain Hamilton, in order to find in him a protector in time of need, but he was afraid that the military chiefs would oppose his views: Colonel Fabvier, in particular, who had always been at the head of the partisans of absolute independence, and of a federative government, stood in his way. He therefore persuaded Hamilton to place at the head of the army a generalissimo who might direct the operations, and the opinions of the troops towards the object which England wished to effect. General Church was in consequence chosen. It was believed that he would have some ascendancy over the Greek chiefs, because the greater part of them had been formerly under his orders, in a regiment formed at Zaatz; Fabvier, being sent to Athens, was detained there indefinitely. Lord Cochrane, too, had been announced for more than a year, and was expected as the Saviour of Greece. He at last arrived. A national assembly was convoked at Egina; it nominated Count Capo d'Istria President of Greece, Cochrane, High Admiral, and Church, Generalissimo of the Forces. A provisional commission, composed of three members, held the executive power till the arrival of the president. The English presented to the Greeks their new chiefs as tutelar genii, who, with a touch of the ring, were about to save them. Ten thousand men were brought together to try the fortune of their new foreign commanders, but a handful of Turkish cavalry was sufficient to put to flight this army, the most numerous which the Greeks had ever collected since the beginning of the insurrection. The garrison of the Asropolis, despairing of success, then offered to capitulate. It obtained a capitulation by the intercession of Admiral de Rigny. The Greeks had afterwards the effrontery to accuse the Admiral

The important and memorable act of European diplomacy, the Treaty of London, which put an end to this state of things by throwing the weight of these squadrons into the scale of the Greeks, was hastened both by the report of their increasing dissensions within, and the knowledge of their formidable dangers from without; for strong apprehensions were entertained by the allied negotiators in England, and by the allied ambassadors at Constantinople, that if the signature of that treaty had been much longer delayed, or had been postponed till the arrival of the new grand expedition preparing in the port of Alexandria, there might not be a government existing in Greece, to accept its mediation, or to comply with its provisions. The policy of this unprecedented measure, on which so much has been spoken and written by statesmen and publicists, we shall not at present discuss. But without entering into any examination of the treaty, or discussing the general principles of interference which it implies, we may be permitted to make one remark which has always appeared to us to be decisive of the question. The positive duty of preventing the effusion of blood by the sword, or checking the excesses of political oppression when in our power, being only limited by the danger of producing greater evils by our intervention, than might have occurred had we allowed violence and inhumanity to pursue their unobstructed course (as in the case of the boy relieved from punishment by the Knight of La Mancha in the wood, only to receive a more cruel flogging at home), the objectors must show, either that the counterbalancing mischiefs of interference in this particular instance threatened to be greater than its benefits, or that the example was liable to become a precedent for unjustifiable tampering with the relations of sovereign and subject in other instances, where the circumstances did not warrant a similar interposition. To the former class of objectors we need only reply by pointing to the ruins of Ipsara and recalling the massacres of Scio, which were to have been repeated in the Morea, and

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of having sold Athens. The English did not fail to give countenance to so ridiculous a report; they were jealous of having had no part in the negotiation, and of an act of humanity they made an affair of interest. Cochrane having lost all respect, went to cruise with some vessels before Alexandria. This expedition only served to prove that he was not master of the crews of his own ships. After this nothing remained to be done. Succours and promises from abroad had been nothing but a last illusion, and the cause of the Greeks appeared for ever lost."

M. Becker observes, that the two chiefs in possession of the forts had cannonaded the town, and killed some fifty persons—that they had fired on the troops of Chloctroni—that Grivas, suspected of a design to deliver up the place to Ibrahim, was declared a rebel by the provisional commission, and ordered to surrender, but refused—that the disputes between the chiefs, and the plunder which they committed, had driven about four thousand of the inhabitants out of the city, who preferred the tender mercies of the infidel to the cruelties and exactions of their own military leaders.

in every district and island of Greece. To the latter we may say, that when a whole people have risen on their conquerors, whom, whether right or wrong, they think their oppressors, and when they have maintained themselves in a state of insurrection **FOR SIX OR SEVEN YEARS**, without an offer of submission or compromise, there can be little danger, from any foreign aid given to the establishment of their independence, that wars of intervention will be hastily undertaken, or revolt against lawful authority mischievously encouraged... Such a length of resolute and united resistance absolves the crime of rebellion, whatever was its original taint or justification.

Before we enter into a detail of the strange diplomatic transactions and proceedings which followed the conclusion of the treaty of London—transactions hitherto but partially disclosed and imperfectly known—transactions which must soon come under the notice of the British Parliament, while they are destined to form one of the most singular chapters in the annals of modern times, on which we are enabled to give unpublished information from sources, the official nature of which our diplomatic readers will be best able to appreciate, we must take a short retrospect of the anterior negotiations in which this treaty originated.

Although the congress of Verona had resisted the application of the deputies sent from Greece in 1822, denying them even the privilege of coming within the walls of the city, honoured with its august presence, and allowing them to remain two or three months at Ancona, without even the shadow of an answer; although the Emperor Alexander, whom they supposed their friend, had solemnly renounced all connection with their interests, and haughtily declined either to admit them into his presence or to dismiss them from his door; and although England, by her conduct in the Ionian islands, had appeared to discourage every effort of the Greek people to assert their independence, yet the cause of Greece had begun even at that early period to occupy the attention of the Northern autocrat, and to be pressed by him upon his allies, with a view to its permanent adjustment. The only determination which was adopted at the congress of Verona was, that the Greek question, whenever it came to be discussed, should be one of the Alliance, and not of Russia alone; and that no independent existence should be demanded for the Greek people. When the insurrection had gained consistency by the establishment of a government in Greece, the Emperor Alexander not only pressed the necessity of an accommodation with the insurgents on the part of the Porte, but made specific proposals of interference, similar in several respects to the stipulations in the protocol of St. Petersburg, April, 1826, and the treaty of London, July,

1837. In a memorial presented by Russia to the allied courts, so early as the winter of 1828, the emperor expressed his views for the pacification of Greece, and urged the necessity of it, from considerations affecting his own government in particular, and the interests of Europe in general, declaring that effective negotiations for that object could not be undertaken too soon, nor pursued too zealously. If this great point were settled, and the question of the Greek insurrection disposed of, his imperial majesty, who had had no mission at Constantinople since the year 1801; engaged to send an ambassador immediately to settle the subjects of his separate misunderstanding with the sultan. The earnestness of the court of St. Petersburg is evident from the following passage of the above memorial.

"Russia cannot see with indifference the prolongation of a state of things in the East, which interrupts her relations with the Levant, paralyzes her trade, and affects her dearest interests. The other allied courts, it is true, have not the same reasons for interfering, but would it be consistent with true policy, and that generosity which is its first attribute, to refrain from putting an end to the evils under which both Greece and Turkey are labouring? These powers regard it as a sacred duty to unite in preserving the general peace, but while the struggle between the Porte and Greece continues, while revolutions and anarchy are perpetrated in that quarter, this peace, the object of such just solicitude, can neither be real nor complete. It cannot be so physically, for the struggle appears *far from being terminated*; it cannot be so morally, for this same contest maintains in the public mind of Europe a disquietude, the existence of which is a real danger."

The emperor then calls upon his allies to interfere, upon the same principles, or from the same motives, as those on which they acted in putting an end to the revolutions of Naples, Piedmont, and Spain. He in fact proposes that in this case they should sanction an insurrection, in order to quiet the revolutionary spirit, or prevent future revolutions, and to remove from themselves a reproach which would be fatal to their security; namely, that of replacing a Christian people under a barbarous infidel yoke, and of thus showing an equal regard to Mahometanism and Christianity. The autocrat, after these observations, submits to his allies his plan of pacification, which proceeds on the supposition that the sultan will never consent to recognize the entire political independence of the Greeks, and that the Greeks will never consent to replace themselves under Turkish despotism, as exercised before the war. In order, therefore, not to excite the repugnance of the Turk, he takes as a model a kind of dominion already existing in the Turkish empire, namely, that of the provinces on the Danube, and proposes principalities or hospodarships in Greece, as in Moldavia and Wallachia. Three prin-



polities are indicated by the position of the Greek territory, the first comprehending Thessaly, Boeotia, Attica, and the rest of Eastern Greece; the second, Epirus, Acarnania, and Western Greece; and the third, the Morea, or Southern Greece, and the island of Candia. The islands in the Archipelago would be subjected to a kind of municipal government, independent of Greece; similar in some respects to that which they have enjoyed for ages. The Porte would still preserve her sovereignty over these states, after the new arrangement, and would receive from them a stipulated tribute; but would not be authorized to send pashas or governors. Their trade would be entirely free—all employments, civil and military, would be held by natives—they would have their own flag, and would be represented at the Porte by the patriarch who would enjoy for this purpose the same rights as a foreign ambassador. The Turkish dominion, so far as it was to be maintained, would be preserved by garrisons in certain places, confined for subsistence within a circle beyond which the troops would not be allowed to forage. As some apprehension seems to have been entertained that the Turkish government would not be very quick-sighted in perceiving the benefits, or very eager in submitting to the humiliation of this arrangement, the memorial enters largely into the reasons why it ought to be adopted on the part of the sultan. His tributes would be better paid, and his authority would be less contested by the rebellious movements of such pashas as that of Epirus. Principalities, with limited submission to the Porte, would be no novelty to the empire, and the admission of foreign interference was likewise no novelty. On the other hand, the Greeks could not be supposed to object. They had now concluded their third campaign with success, but if the contest were continued, there was still a danger of their final overthrow. If they adopted the proposition, their trade would be free, and they would acquire every means of securing their repose, and extending their prosperity by wise and salutary laws. "Even, however, though they might make objections," the memorial adds, in the peculiar spirit of the emperor, "the allied courts could not recognize their entire independence, without deviating from those maxims which have established the safety of Europe."

This representation was pressed on the chief governments of Europe towards the beginning of 1824, two years before the death of the Emperor Alexander, and the Porte was constantly solicited by the ambassadors of the Christian powers to enter into some accommodation with its revolted Greek provinces. Negotiations meanwhile for a more effective interference went on slowly, as Austria was opposed to the measure, and the Greeks, so far as

they were made acquainted with it, denounced its conditions. The following campaigns were unsuccessful, and what the Emperor had dreaded, to a certain extent took place;—Greece became the rendezvous of revolutionists from other countries of Europe. The death of the Emperor Alexander brought things to a crisis. Assured that Russia would take the affair into her own hands, and settle her own as well as the Greek quarrel with Turkey, unless some arrangement were immediately adopted, Mr. Canning took advantage of the accession of the new Emperor, and deputed the Duke of Wellington to Petersburg in the beginning of 1826, under pretence of congratulating the Emperor Nicholas, but with the real design of arranging the Greek question. The protocol, dated April 4th of that year, which was the foundation of the treaty of London, was the result. The English government, under the direction of Mr. Canning, had interfered with the Greek contest even before this mission; for on the 18th of February, 1826, Sir Harry Neale, our admiral on the Mediterranean station, had received a commission to proceed to Ibrahim Pasha, and to inform him that the English government would view with displeasure, and would even interrupt by its naval force a project which he was said to have entertained of exterminating the inhabitants of the Morea, or of carrying them off as slaves to Egypt. The protocol of St. Petersburg, though formed with such apparent urgency, was not immediately communicated to the other courts of Europe; which continued separately, during the year 1826, to press upon the Porte the necessity of a pacification of Greece. In visiting Paris during the autumn of that year, Mr. Canning sounded the French ministry on the subject, but met with little cordiality or confidence. Subsequently, the protocol was communicated to the courts of Austria and Prussia, with an earnest request that they would adopt its resolutions, and enter into the proposed alliance. The Emperor of Austria returned his definitive answer by Prince Metternich, on the 29th or 30th of December, 1826, and the King of Prussia, on the 4th of January, 1827. The former, in a note addressed to the English and Russian ambassadors at the court of Vienna, (never yet published,) acknowledges the receipt of the protocol of St. Petersburg, thanks the allied courts for their confidential communication, and eulogizes the spirit in which their humane project originated. Before, however, his Imperial Majesty can actively accede to the proposed treaty, he requests additional information on the proposed mode of its execution, and takes the opportunity of giving his views on the question. "His Majesty has always objected, and still objects, to any interference *by force*; to any attack on the rights of the Turk, and even to any menace of that power."

Throughout this document the Greeks are regularly styled insurgents, whom the Porte was called upon to put down if it could. It even predicts the dangers which would result from giving countenance to a system of policy tending to justify insurrection and encourage rebellion, by enabling them to triumph. This last argument, addressed to the fears of politicians, had often succeeded with the late Emperor Alexander, but was lost upon his brother Nicholas and the English minister, who had resolved to break up the Holy Alliance by destroying the principle of its union. Count Bernstorff, the Prussian minister, returned a more liberal answer, but declined making his country a party to the treaty, on the ground that she had no immediate contact with Turkey, having no fleet in the Mediterranean, and that the Prussian ambassador might be useful in mediating between the other powers and the Porte, in the event of their withdrawing their ministers. The negotiations at London between the three courts did not commence till the spring of 1827, as some coolness had taken place between Mr. Canning and the Court of the Tuileries, occasioned by his speech on the Portuguese question. But so keen did the French government afterwards become in the formation and support of the alliance, that His Most Christian Majesty has more than once styled himself its chief pillar and promoter.

The treaty (to whose provisions we need not now farther allude, as they will explain themselves in the sequel), was no sooner concluded and ratified, than the contracting parties began to act upon it. It was submitted to the Greek government, which joyfully acceded to its terms, and to the Turkish, which as unequivocally refused them. Two of the contracting parties already possessed a considerable naval force in the Levant, which had been gloriously employed in the work of humanity—in enforcing on belligerents, who knew them not, the rights of civilized warfare, in repressing piracy, in aiding the execution of capitulations, in preventing the repetition of general massacres, and in affording the unfortunate victims of barbarous hostility on both sides an inviolable asylum. These already useful squadrons it became necessary to augment, as their duties were now to be enlarged, their influence to be rendered more imposing, and the chance of a collision with the forces of the Porte to be increased. Accordingly, some additional ships of the line, and other smaller vessels, were despatched to the Mediterranean on the part of England, and France likewise sent an additional detachment. Both were to be joined by the Russian squadron, which passed our shores for the Mediterranean in the month of August. Secret instructions, dated the 12th July, which have never yet been officially pub-

lished, were sent out to our Admiral, Sir E. Codrington, who received them, along with a copy of the treaty which they directed him to execute, on the 10th of August. The object of these instructions, so far as they related to an interference with the belligerents, was to enforce an armistice or suspension of hostilities by sea, and to prevent the landing on the coast of continental Greece, the Morea, or the neighbouring islands, of any reinforcement of troops from Asia, the Dardanelles, or Africa. This order of course deprived the Egyptian armies or garrisons in the Morea of all supplies or assistance from home, and the Turkish troops or garrisons north of that peninsula of all reinforcements from other parts of the empire by maritime conveyance. Before these instructions had been enlarged or explained by the allied ambassadors at the Porte, to whom the admirals were referred, and even before all the allied force which was to carry them into execution had reached its destination, a large fleet of Egyptian ships of war and transports with troops on board—the expedition so long preparing in the port of Alexandria—swept by the island of Crète, and the southern shores of the Morea, and anchored on the 9th of September in the bay of Navarin. This reinforcement to an army which had already nearly succeeded by massacre, pillage, and devastation, in exterminating the inhabitants, and destroying the towns and villages of this portion of Greece, threatened the cause of the Greeks with total ruin, if the ships were allowed to act freely along the coast, to convey troops from one part of it to another, and to revictual the fortresses which were now again, with one or two exceptions, in the hands of the Turks. The instructions of the admirals, however, made no provision respecting the interruption of communications from one part or port of Greece in possession of the Turks to another likewise in their possession. Our admiral, for instance, might, had it been in his power, have intercepted the Egyptian fleet in coming from Alexandria to the Isle of Hydra, which was supposed at first to be its destination, and where he had stationed himself to intercept it, or to the Morea; but he was not instructed how to deal with it if it should proceed from Navarin to Patras. He therefore wrote home for information on this point, and being in his original instructions referred to our ambassador at Constantinople for any necessary explanation of them, he applied likewise to Mr. Stratford Canning for his directions. The latter sent him the result of a protocol of conferences held at Constantinople between the three allied ambassadors on the 4th of September, which may be regarded as his second set of instructions, and which not only warranted the allied fleets in stopping these hostile coast expeditions from one port to another, but gave them the power of escort-

ing safely to their ultimate destination any part of the Egyptian or Turkish fleets which should engage to leave Greece, and to return either to Alexandria, the coast of Asia, or the Dardanelles. Thus the means of bringing the war on land to a speedy termination by enforcing an armistice at sea were completed, in the power granted to the admirals, first, of preventing all fresh supplies from the Turkish dominions without the limits of Greece; secondly, of preventing the naval transport of forces from one part of Greece to another; and, lastly, of protecting from any Greek attack, any portion of the Turkish forces either naval or military which might consent quietly to leave the Greek territory. The answer which our admiral subsequently received from home, dated the 16th of October, was in substance the same as the instructions communicated from Constantinople founded on the protocol of the 4th September. As this latter document has never yet been published, and is of extreme importance, not only from extending the powers of the allied admirals to new points, but in fixing provisionally the line of demarcation for the Greek commonwealth taken under the allied protection, and which was afterwards confirmed at Poros by the same ambassadors, we shall make no apology for giving an outline of its chief provisions. It is signed by the ambassadors of Great Britain, France, and Russia, and consists of seven articles.

"The first states that the armistice, being refused by the Turks, must be enforced by the allied fleets permitting no troops, military stores, or ships of war belonging to the Porte to reach Greece.

"2. The Greeks may be invited to assist the allied squadrons in enforcing a blockade of the ports in which the Turks maintain themselves.

"3. The allied admirals are to adopt the most rigorous measures for the repression of piracy.

"4. The continental coasts of Greece must be protected from the attacks of the Turks along with the adjacent isles.

"5. In order to prevent mistakes, the line of coast which comes in the range of allied protection is defined to be the whole of the coast of continental Greece and the adjacent islands, between the gulf of Volo on the east, and round to the mouth of the river Aspropotamos on the west, including besides the island of Eubœa or Negropont, Salamis, Egina, Poros, Hydra, Spezzia, and the other neighbouring islands, but excluding Rhodes, Samos, and Candia."

The 7th article, which is extremely important as seeming to give a warrant for the battle of Navarin, or at any rate as relating to the force there assembled, is as follows:—

"The admirals shall act with the object of fulfilling the treaty, so as to protect, in case of need, every portion of the Egyptian or Turkish fleets, which shall engage not to take any part in the existing hostilities, favouring, according to this principle, the return either to Alexandria or

to Constantinople of every ship of war, Egyptian or Turkish, and every transport of either navy having troops on board. As for the Turkish and Egyptian ships, which being now in the ports of Navarin and Modon, shall obstinately resolve to remain there, they must, as well as the fortresses, run all the chances of war."

It was, we may remark by the way, to obviate *these chances of war*, that the allied squadrons on the 20th of October, (a few weeks after receiving these instructions), entered the bay of Navarin, TO RENEW THE PROPOSITION FOR THE INFIDEL FORCES LEAVING THE MOREA, and thus brought on that collision which it was their wish to avoid. On receiving the latter instructions, the English and French admirals (previous to the arrival of the Russian squadron) sent notice to the Ottoman admiral in Navarin that they had been ordered to prevent any hostile movement by sea against Greece, and they therefore besought him not to attempt any. They had afterwards, on the 25th of September, an interview with the Egyptian admiral, Ibrahim, which took place at his own request in the presence of his chiefs, assembled by the desire of the English commander to witness the transaction, and to increase its solemnity. At this interview the Ottomans formally agreed to an armistice, and the agreement was attested by all the chiefs, to whom it was explained, this being considered a more binding and impressive manner of making a compact than a written convention. The armistice thus concluded, extended both to the land and sea forces *then in the harbour of Navarin*, or, in other words, to every part of the expedition lately arrived from Egypt, many ships of which were outside the harbour when the convention was made. It was to continue in force till Ibrahim should receive an answer from the Porte, or from his father, directing his future operations; and, if not finally ratified by these parties, was to terminate only after due notice to the allied admirals. The English and French ships meanwhile were ordered, in expectation of the final departure of the Ottomans, to prepare for escorting them to Alexandria or the Dardanelles—so much did the allied commanders calculate on the accommodating disposition by which their proposals had been received, and on the perfect good faith with which the convention would be kept. An answer could not be expected in less than twenty days; but a week had scarcely elapsed when a detachment of upwards of forty sail of the Egyptian fleet came out from Navarin, and proceeded towards the north. Notice of this event being communicated to Admiral Codrington, who after the conclusion of the armistice had unsuspectingly gone to Zante, the admiral in the *Asia*, assisted only by two smaller vessels (the *Talbot* and *Zebra*), got a-head of them, and prepared to oppose their entrance into the gulf of Patras.

On this the commander of the detachment asked permission to enter Patras, but was refused and reminded in terms of indignation of his breach of faith in leaving Navarin after the armistice, the solemn conclusion of which he had himself witnessed. That detachment then returned towards the south, under the escort of the English ships, always prepared for action; but when it had proceeded as far as between Zante and Cephalonia, Ibrahim himself, with two other admirals, joined it on the 3d of October with fourteen or fifteen ships of war. The Ottoman force was now greatly more than a match for the small English squadron, but the English commander, sensible of the great interest at stake, and impressed with the terrible hazard of wavering or indecision in the presence of barbarians, who had already broken their pledged honour, bore down upon them to enforce respect for the armistice. On seeing this resolute demonstration, the whole Ottoman force returned to the south, though the wind was still fair for Patras. On the following day, however, Ibrahim, with the four other admirals' flags, and several vessels of a lighter class, were seen in the gulf of Patras, having taken advantage of the darkness of the night and a squall of wind to run in. The English little squadron again, on the 4th, bore down upon and fired at them, till they showed their colours, which, as if conscious of their breach of faith, they seemed reluctant to do. The wind on the following night blew a hurricane, and Ibrahim took advantage of the darkness to make the best of his way out to sea, and at daylight on the 5th, as the English squadron was proceeding to Patras, whence they had been blown by the gale, they observed thirty of the Ottoman ships between Zante and Cephalonia. The whole of these ships were turned back by the English admiral after considerable damage had been done to some of them. We mention the facts connected with this gallant and perilous service, which have hitherto been strangely overlooked, in forming an estimate of the vigilant intrepidity of Admiral Codrington at that period, both because they show that the armistice had been audaciously violated on the part of the Ottomans, and because they explain the disposition in which the latter must have been, thus conscious of their breach of faith, when the allies entered Navarin on the 20th of October. On the 13th the Russian squadron arrived, and the English reinforcement from Malta having likewise joined the fleet, the allied force was complete. As Ibrahim had been foiled at sea by the English ships alone, his devastation and butcheries on land increased. The allied admirals therefore decided, after mature deliberation, that they *would make him a proposition in the name of their governments to return with his fleet to Egypt, as the only means of saving the*

*inhabitants of the Morea from destruction, and thus executing the object of the treaty.* To induce him to adopt this proposition, they deemed it best to enter the Bay of Navarin with all their force, and as the Pasha had, when at sea, returned to port rather than venture hostilities against the small English squadron, it was scarcely to be anticipated that he would resist the imposing force of the whole allied fleet, demanding his unmolested return to Egypt, for which he was at one time supposed only to want a convenient pretext, as an excuse to the Sultan. It is needless to mention that the result was the celebrated battle of Navarin, which ended in the complete destruction of the whole Ottoman naval force on the coast of Greece.

The great and the only important question which will here occur is, were the admirals entitled by the conditions of the treaty, or the contents of their instructions, to propose the terms, and to press the adoption of an immediate return to Egypt on the part of Ibrahim? If the answer be in the affirmative, then they must have contemplated the use of force; or, in other words, a battle, upon his refusal, as much as if he had been met at sea in the first instance, and refused to return before he reached the shores of Greece, when an hostile proceeding to compel compliance was always within the contemplation of the treaty. The object of the league was to cause the cessation of hostilities, or to establish an armistice in order to lead to a peace, and the means consisted in separating the belligerents at sea from one another, and in cutting off the Turk, who refused to accede to the allied propositions, from all supplies or reinforcements. As the Egyptian reinforcement to the Morea had arrived after the treaty, and had entered the Bay of Navarin by eluding the admirals whose clear right it was to intercept it, were they, from a view of its eventually disregarding their orders, and continuing its barbarous warfare by a breach of faith, similar to that which had been exhibited on the 3d, 4th, and 5th of October, entitled to require its departure home, unmolested, and under a safe convoy? If they were, their entry into the Bay of Navarin on the 20th was strictly in execution of their duty, and for the consequences, had they unfortunately been defeated instead of being victorious, they could not have been responsible on any other ground than that of imprudent miscalculation. A great portion of the mystery which has hitherto hung over the transaction, arises from the perhaps unintentional concealment or suppression of Admiral Codrington in his despatch, of the nature of the "propositions in the interest of the Porte itself," (as he vaguely expresses it,) which the allied squadrons entered into the bay in battle order and with lighted matches to submit to Ibrahim. These "propositions in the interest of the



Porte itself, and entering into the spirit of the treaty," *were nothing more or less than the departure of the Ottoman fleet from Navarin*, one portion of it to Egypt and the other to the Dardanelles. The instructions of the admirals authorized them to escort it safe if it chose to sail; but did they warrant them to require its departure? Probably not: but if the menace, independent of the battle, had succeeded, all the world would have rung with praises of their extraordinary dexterity; and by every calculation of probabilities were they not entitled, from the foregoing statement, to anticipate such a result? The treaty must, sooner or later, have been enforced by an act of hostility, unless the crafty and faithless barbarian had consented to depart; as by their instructions the admirals were empowered to prevent his movements along the coast, and consequently to paralyze his operations against the Greeks. And if such an event was inevitable, it was fortunate that the conflict which ended in disabling him from the commission of farther barbarities was commenced by himself.

Never did a victory produce such astonishment and dismay among the rulers of the victorious party as the triumph of Navarin did in England. France and Russia rejoiced that their naval forces had crowned themselves with glory in the cause of humanity, but the English government, while it sent out decorations to the officers who had distinguished themselves in gaining the victory, sent a string of questions to the admiral on his reasons for fighting the battle.\* It is but right to mention that the English ministry at this period, though composed of the liberal statesmen who had joined Mr. Canning, and who still professed to act on Mr. Canning's principles, was too doubtful of its own strength, and too uncertain of the royal confidence, to follow up his measures with decision and vigour; while the change of cabinet which soon afterwards ensued brought in the Duke of Wellington at the head of an administration secretly adverse to his policy, though unwilling ostensibly to renounce it. Hence an event which the former thought deserving of inquiry, was declared by the latter an act to be deprecated.

We think ourselves warranted in saying that the wavering course of policy adopted by the British government, in thus re-

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\* We have seen a copy of the queries sent out to the admiral, with the admiral's replies: they amounted to nine. The most important of them related to the nature of the armistice, said to have been concluded with Ibrahim by the two admirals. Whether it was a written or a verbal convention? How long it was to last? What notice was to be given of its termination? How long an answer would be on the way between Navarin and Constantinople or Alexandria? and whether Ibrahim had received any answer before the 20th of October? One of these questions was, What were the propositions which the allied commanders meant to renew to Ibrahim in entering the bay? The answer was, *To propose his departure from Greece.*

radiating a victory which ought to have been frankly adopted into our annals as one of the title-deeds of our national glory, was followed by consequences most detrimental to the real interests of our "ancient ally." There can be no doubt that a vigorous prosecution, by the joint forces, of the offensive operations then commenced, would have speedily accomplished the object which the three allied powers had bound themselves to effect. The Porte, as usual, deaf to the remonstrances of reason, would have submitted to the *decrees of fate* in seeing the amputation of its mortified Greek limb, while it never could be expected to yield to the persuasions of diplomacy. Having thus procured satisfaction by the influence of the triple alliance on the south, the remaining two allies, disposed to support the Turkish power, might have offered to defend against the attacks of the Russians their "ancient ally" on the north.

After the battle of Navarin, the Emperor Nicholas still continued to make propositions for a concerted armed interference. He proposed, and the proposition was sent on to his admiral in the Mediterranean, that the Porte should be compelled to come to terms by the united squadrons in the Archipelago, and by a menace of invasion of the principalities on the north. Instructions for Admiral Heyden were sent from St. Petersburg on the idea that the allies would follow up the blow given at Navarin, till their object was finally accomplished. This communication was handed over to Admiral Codrington, and by him transmitted to the British government. The contemplated hostilities would have required only a few more ships to be put in commission, and Greek independence would have been decided in six months. Thus, if even it had been necessary to seize on the castles of the Dardanelles, and the fortresses of the Bosphorus, they would have at least been occupied by an allied force instead of being taken possession of by the Russian army, and would have been evacuated, like France in 1818, without any danger of future invasion. The government of England, however, adopted neither side of this alternative—would neither execute nor renounce the treaty, and thus misled its Ottoman ally, without restraining its northern rival. The Sultan consequently, emboldened in his obstinacy by an absurd hope of our support, or of the breaking up of the triple alliance, issued his *hatti scheriff* against the treaty of Ackerman, and the Russian armies passed the Pruth.

But we must pursue a little farther our history of European diplomacy and of interference in Greek affairs. After the arrival of the news of the battle of Navarin at Constantinople, the allied ambassadors, who had been constantly resisted in their applications to the Sultan for his accession to the Greek treaty,

were now more solemnly refused all compliance. They threatened, in consequence, an immediate departure; and, at last, after a meeting of the divan, at which a perfect mob of viziers, pashas, mullahs, heads of corporations, and other officers were present, consisting in all of a hundred and sixty persons, at which the Grand Vizier presided, and which the Sultan, who held the strings of the puppets who acted in this scene, surveyed from a window opening into the council-chamber, the die was cast for war, rather than concession. The capital was afflicted, but the obstinacy of the Sultan was gratified. It is a curious fact, that notwithstanding the alarms, real or pretended, of the Franks in the Levant, not a single attempt at retaliation was made, nor a single individual molested in consequence of the battle of Navarin.

The allied commanders, having thus destroyed the naval power of the Ottomans, enjoined the Greek fleet to blockade those ports which they were about to leave. As the Greeks were now secured against any attack from the larger Turkish ships of war; this was a service for which they were peculiarly fitted, from the nature of their vessels and their eager desire to make prizes. After the allied admirals had secured the Frank population in the East against their own alarms, and ordered the Greeks to enforce a rigid blockade, they undertook the performance of another part of their duty, namely, the suppression of piracy. The great nest of the pirates at this time was a small island called Carabusa, off the coast of Candia, which had a harbour so shallow that only pirate vessels could enter, and a fortress on the top of a neighbouring hill so strong that it afforded a secure retreat both to the pirates and to the depôt of their rapine. When attacked by Sir Thomas Staines, it harboured no less than twenty-eight pirate ships, which were looked upon with some favour by the Greeks, as maintaining a position convenient for an attack upon Candia. The operations of the squadrons succeeded, and this nest of pirates was effectually destroyed. The last act of sailor diplomacy, which took place in these seas, was a treaty between Sir E. Codrington and the Pasha of Egypt, for the evacuation of the Morea by the Egyptian troops. This negotiation was undertaken by the English admiral, after a conference with his Russian and French colleagues, on the 25th of July, 1828; being managed with great dexterity and skill, the negotiation terminated in an agreement on the part of the Pasha to withdraw all his troops from the Peloponnesus, with the exception of twelve hundred left to maintain nominal possession of the fortresses. On the 22d of August, 1828, Sir E. Codrington delivered up the command of the squadron to his successor, having held it from February 28, 1827, to that day.

We have already mentioned the points on which the allied admirals demanded and obtained instructions at the commencement of the mediation. Another point remains, on which they ought probably to have required advice, on which they had no instructions, which had never entered into the contemplation of their governments, nor occurred to the ambassadors at the Porte—but the neglect of which, was ultimately assigned as the cause of the recal of the British admiral. The point to which we refer, was the right to search such Ottoman ships of war or transports as should offer to leave the shores of Greece on their way homewards. The occasion, on which a practical decision of this question was demanded, occurred two months after the battle of Navarin. It was plain that after that event, Ibrahim Pasha, desponding and disgusted with a situation which placed him in collision with the great naval powers of Europe, and which left him so little chance of ultimate success in the Morea, meditated a retreat to Alexandria, as soon as his personal honour or his father's safety would permit. That he might at once begin his retrograde movement, and relieve himself, while he remained, of those who consumed his stock of provisions, without increasing his military strength, he prepared the shattered remains of his ships of war and transports to convey home the sick and wounded, and the women and children connected with the expedition. This fleet, consisting of forty-five ships, thirty of which were ships of war, set sail from Navarin, unobserved, on the 17th or 18th of December; although an English brig and several French vessels were stationed near the port to observe the Pasha's movements. Had all the persons on board been Turks or Turkish troops, their escape could only have been a subject of congratulation to the allies, who had no wish to intercept them, or of regret to the Greeks, who might have made a good prize; but this fleet carried away a number of Greek slaves, which have been variously stated at seven thousand, five thousand, and six hundred, and which probably did not so much exceed the last, as it fell short of the first computation. When the ships reached Alexandria, these live cargoes were in the most horrible situation of want and wretchedness, and an account, probably an exaggerated one, being sent home, of the supply thus afforded to the slave market, our admiral was censured for not preventing this exportation. He had himself written home on account of the proceeding, without being conscious that it was in his power to prevent it. He was answered by an angry note a month afterwards, (about the 18th of March,) stating that by his instructions he ought to have taken measures against the perpetration of such an enormity, that he should have kept a strict blockade of the Greek ports, which the escape of the Egyptian

fleet showed he had not done, that he ought to have examined if troops were on board its vessels, and on seeing the Greek slaves ought to have relieved them; and that as he had done neither, he had no security against the return of this fleet from Alexandria with fresh supplies of men and provisions.

The answer which Sir E. Codrington returned to this rebuke was a conclusive justification of his conduct, though perhaps not a satisfactory excuse for his government. It was that he was there to execute the treaty of London in the spirit of peace, and that a blockade was the proceeding of a belligerent, which he was not warranted to undertake; that after the battle of Navarin, the Greeks possessing strength enough for that purpose, were invited to form blockading squadrons, which suited their character of belligerents; that the escape of the Egyptian fleet without observation, did not betray negligence, as it had sailed so unprepared that its provisions ran short before it reached Alexandria, the ships themselves being in such a state of disrepair, that one of the largest (a seventy-four gun ship) sunk by the way; that even though he had met them at the mouth of the harbour, he had no instructions to inquire into the composition of the force on board, if he were assured that they were proceeding home; that the persons called slaves composed the harem of the Pasha, and the wives of the Turks, who could not be either examined or taken away without an act of hostility, and finally that most of those who were thus transported, departed with their own consent, and would have resisted any attempt at their rescue.

Whether every assertion or allegation in this defence be correct or not, we are unable to say; but one thing is certain, that the admiral had no instructions on the subject, and that the question had not even occurred to the ministry at home. The only circumstance to which he was referred by the minister for foreign affairs, from which he was to draw a rule for the direction of his conduct, was the declaration which his predecessor, Sir H. Neale, in 1826, was empowered to make to Ibrahim, that the British government would not see with indifference the inhabitants of the Morea either massacred or carried off into slavery. To this the admiral replied that nothing was ever done on that declaration, and that his own instructions, which were eighteen months later, had never made the slightest allusion to it. We must add (and it is but fair that the circumstance should be as universally known as it has hitherto been unaccountably concealed) that the French and Russian commanders, the colleagues of Admiral Codrington, and acting under the same set of instructions, when appealed to by him, wrote him letters, expressing an entire concurrence in his view of the case. They both confirmed his assertion that

they had no directions how to act in the case of the deportation of slaves from the Morea, and that had they met Ibrahim's fleet on its way to Alexandria, they would not have conceived themselves warranted to stop and search his ships of war to release them. Sir E. Codrington repeatedly applied to the government at home for fresh instructions on this subject, between the month of March and the receipt of his letter of recal; but the only answer which he received was, an intimation that his majesty had appointed his successor. Thus the gallant admiral lost the favour of the government, because he gained a victory for the liberation of Greece, and was finally disgraced, on pretext of having allowed the Greeks to be carried into slavery.

The treaty for the evacuation of the Morea, which the English government had allowed their admiral to conclude at Alexandria, nearly three months after an intimation of his recal, was found to be a piece of useless paper, (for on this occasion he took care that the engagement should be a *written* one,) by the negotiations going on in London, and the expedition preparing in the Mediterranean ports of France. When Capo d'Istrias arrived in Greece about the middle of January, 1828, he had expressed a vague hope that the Morea could be cleared of the enemy without foreign aid. In this expectation he had been disappointed by the prolonged stay and obstinate valour of the Egyptian chiefs, and therefore either suggested or listened to a proposal for French assistance. The English government at first objected to this expedition, and numerous were the conferences held, and the protocols drawn up on the subject. The cabinet of the Tuileries was, however, firm, and persisted in its purpose. At first our foreign minister insisted that it was contrary to the stipulations of the treaty of London to employ force to drive out the Ottomans; and unquestionably the objection was valid, if the battle of Navarin, which was intended for precisely the same object, was an "untoward" breach of that compact. The noble lord next alleged that an expedition to the Morea was contrary to the wishes of the President of Greece, and would be looked upon as a violation of his authority. The answer of the president, which was transmitted by the return of the courier, not only expressed his consent to the proposition, but his ardent desire for the speedy arrival of the French troops. The next set of difficulties thrown in the way of the measure related to the limits of the advance of the French troops in the country, and the term of their stay. At length, however, the final determination of the French government to send their expedition, was announced on the 23d of June, 1828, and the British ministry not only acquiesced, but (declining to take any part in the land operations) offered *its ships of war as trans-*

ports for carrying out the French troops!! After a conference between the plenipotentiaries of the three powers in London on July 19, 1828, at which all the details of the measure were finally arranged, the English minister requested permission to record an explanatory declaration, of which we have been fortunate enough to obtain a copy, which for the elucidation of our ministers' views we here insert.

"Project of an English declaration, to be added to the protocol of July 29, 1828. The principles on which the treaty of the 6th of July was founded were not to make a conquest of Greece, not to deprive the Ottoman Porte of a valuable province, not even to establish the Greeks in a state of qualified independence in relation to the Porte, but to re-establish peace on a permanent basis in the Levant—a peace not less required by humanity than by the interests of all the powers of Europe. The measures proposed by the treaty were,—first those of friendly remonstrance and persuasion, and next those of a coercive nature, calculated to prevent the collision of the parties to the war, and even measures of war are not excluded from those which the three powers contemplated the necessity of adopting in order to obtain their object. But the three powers positively engaged to each other, and to the world, that they would not become parties to the hostilities carrying on in this contest. For these reasons, and because His Britannic Majesty's government entered into these engagements with the belief that the government of the Ottoman Porte were unable to re-establish their authority by force of arms, his Majesty's plenipotentiary has always been instructed to object to measures of actual hostility, unless positively forced upon the allies in the course of the execution of those operations which have been undertaken to prevent the collision of the belligerent parties. It was besides the fact, that the president, Count Capo d'Istria, objected to the introduction into the Morea of troops of any of the European powers.

"Events have, however, materially altered the situation of affairs. It might have been expected, Ibrahim Pacha occupying only the three forts of Navarin, Coron, and Modon, that twelve sail of the line, and more than the usual proportion of vessels of a smaller size, would have been able to cut off from him all communication with, and supplies from, Egypt and elsewhere; and that the Greeks might have been able to make an effort to prevent him from separating his forces, to reap the harvest of Greece, and applying the means of transport to collect it. That various circumstances have contributed to disappoint the first of these expectations; and in respect to the last, it is quite clear that the Greeks can do nothing to remove Ibrahim Pacha from the country, or to render the tenure of his position in it difficult to him. Count Capo d'Istria also seems now to express his wish to receive the aid of foreign troops. In the mean time, important events are occurring in other quarters; and it is necessary that the allies should be prepared for the probable consequences. Under these circumstances, His Majesty's government adopt the measures proposed by His Most Christian Ma-

jesty. His Majesty does not feel himself enabled to employ any troops in the Morea, but he is willing, by every means in his power, to promote the success of the measures, either by augmenting his naval force in the Mediterranean, should it be thought desirable by the allies, or use it, as may tend to give His Most Christian Majesty most facility in the execution of this project; trusting to His Most Christian Majesty that this measure will be effected in the true principle of the treaty of the 6th of July, 1827, that the operations which shall be carried on will be limited by the necessities of the case, and that the troops will be withdrawn as soon as Ibrahim shall have evacuated the Morea by land and sea."

The French expedition sailed in about two months afterwards; and, by a mere exhibition of military parade, and the firing of a few guns for form's sake, ended—by the retirement of the Egyptians—a campaign, the chief interest of which was to have brought a marshal of France and a pacha of three tails to bandy compliments, to attend reviews, and to drink coffee together. Having found nothing to do in the Morea, the white flag was about to pass the Isthmus of Corinth, with the connivance, if not at the secret instigation of the French government, when it was arrested by the alarms of the English ministry, who engaged France to use the telegraph to convey the order to halt, it being decided by the wise Athenians on this side of the water that the Morea was Greece, and that Attica should still continue the appanage of the black eunuch of the seraglio. When the French expedition had effected the only object which the government of England would consent that it should attempt, namely, the evacuation of that part of Greece by the Ottoman forces, and the news of the event had arrived in England, the ministers of the three powers again met in one of their interminable conferences, and drew up another of their thousand and one protocols. The latter, dated the 16th of November, 1828, contains two resolutions of importance; the first declaring that France was left to judge whether it would be necessary, or not, for the objects of the alliance, to have a part of an expeditionary force in the Morea for some time longer; the second resolution was of greater consequence, *declaring that the allied powers took under their provisional guarantee the Morea and the Cyclades, without prejudicing the question of the future boundaries of Greece*, which should be decided in the negotiations relative to that country to be opened with Turkey, which negotiations that power should be invited to resume. This protocol was communicated to the sultan, and its limited object was at least not opposed, but it was kept an official secret from the president of Greece, (who ought to have been apprised of its contents,) till it was brought forward in consequence of the publicity



given to a subsequent famous protocol, that of March 22, in the present year 1829. The first transaction is chiefly remarkable as connected with an excellent memorial presented by the French minister at the conference.

"To attain the objects which the allies had in view," said this document, "they had to choose between two results; the first consisted in protecting the Greeks against the Turks, and the second in putting the Greeks in a situation to defend themselves. The first of these results might be obtained by an armistice, consented to by the Turkish government, or by a declaration of the allies to the Porte that they took the Morea and the Cyclades under their provisional protection; the second result could only be obtained by the march of the French army beyond the Morea, for the purpose of giving the Greeks a frontier forbidding an attack, or easy of defence. In this latter case the French expedition would act in concert with the English marine, in liberating Attica and Eubœa, and in enlarging the Greek limits to the gulfs of Arta and Volo."

The minor proposition was of course adopted.

This again introduces to our notice the question about the boundaries of Greece, and the numberless conferences and negotiations to which it has given rise. It will be remembered, that when the allied fleets began to act in the Mediterranean, in execution of the treaty of London, a certain line of coast was designated, to which they were to prevent the approach of any Turkish armament, military stores, or provisions. That line comprehended the limits above mentioned: the sultan refused to negotiate on these boundaries or any other; but as the Greeks had accepted the treaty which the allies intended to execute, it became a matter of necessity to fix provisionally some limits for their operations. The allied ambassadors, after they had left the Porte and dispersed, towards the end of 1827, assembled at Poros in the summer of 1828, where, in communication with the Greek government, and with access to the best means of information, they examined the question of a convenient boundary, and consigned their resolutions to a protocol, fixing nearly the same limits as they had done at Constantinople. General Guilleminot, one of these diplomatists, subsequently drew up a luminous and convincing memorial on the subject; the substance of which follows.

"Five lines of demarcation had been proposed at different times, and by different parties, the smallest including only the territory south of the isthmus of Corinth, and the largest comprehending Macedonia, Thessaly, and Epirus, as originally suggested by the Russian government. Between these two, that fixed upon by the ambassadors at Poros and Constantinople, (which they thought might be still farther restricted,) so as to include only the Peloponnesus, the Cyclades, Boœtia and Attica. This would of course leave out Western Greece and Missolonghi, the

scene of the most brilliant Greek exploits, and the greatest Greek sacrifices, the grave of Lord Byron, and of Marco Botzaris, the most devoted Greek hero. The smaller limit of the Morea would be entirely out of the question, if either political security or tranquillity was the object, as the gulf of Lepanto, with the castles on the opposite shores, would provoke endless contests, and invite perpetual invasions. Besides, if Europe interfered at all to establish a Greek commonwealth, it would be disgraceful to leave the Acropolis of Athens, the harbour of the Piræus, the scene of so many brilliant exploits, and the theme of so many classical recollections, to infidel barbarians."

The advantages of the line drawn between Arta and Volo are pointed out by the diplomatic general at some length.

"It would afford the means of easy defence; it would give a territory large enough for the formation of a considerable state, it would contain all that is classically striking within the range of ancient Greek history, and being already almost entirely in possession of the Greeks, would be conveyed to them with little disturbance to property or population. Within the districts between the above line and the isthmus of Corinth, there are at present to be found a hundred and eighty thousand Greeks, while the inhabitants in the Turkish garrisons, together with the troops, do not amount to more than seven or eight thousand men. If these provinces were again surrendered to the sultan, the Greek population would take to the mountains, and the contest would be again renewed. Though Eubœa must of course be added to this state, Candia, the loss of which would be much felt by the Turks, is proposed to be excluded. At all events, the two populations, Greek and Turkish, must be separated from each other, and have each their distinct line of defence, an advantage which would be gained by the proposed limit of Arta and Volo, connected with each other by about fifty-five leagues of a mountainous range."

Representations and discussions on this point, as well as on the nature of the Turkish suzeraineté, and the amount of the Greek tribute, have continued down to the present hour, though the memorial to which we have referred was presented to the conferences at the beginning of the year. Nay, so zealous was the English ministry that the smaller limits should be adopted, and the chances of extending Greece into Greece should be cut off, that armed with the protocol of the 22d of March, it desired our consul general in Greece to require the withdrawing of the Greek troops within the Morea, and ordered the Ionian government to raise the blockade of Prevesa. The refusal which Capo d'Istrias gave to this extraordinary mandate, showed that he knew his ground, and was fit for the crisis—and the French government, by a despatch dated the 23d of June, was as peremptory in demanding an explanation of the unwarrantable proceeding of the authorities at Corfu.

"Up to this time," said in substance His most Christian Majesty, "he had never taken a step in Greek affairs without consulting his allies—up to this time he considered the treaty of London as a guarantee against a collision between the great powers on whom the repose of Europe so essentially depended—up to this time each of the allies had endeavoured in concert to fulfil the duties which their league imposed upon all. But if one of them (as in this case) proceeded to act alone, the common cause would be put in jeopardy, and the alliance speedily dissolved."

Of the famous protocol of the 22d of March, so often alluded to, and to which the Porte has by the treaty with Russia since declared its adhesion, the following is an outline.

"1. The continental boundary line of the Greek state is to be drawn from the gulf of Volo to the gulf of Ambracia. All countries south of this line to be included in the Greek state, to which the adjacent islands, comprehending Eubœa or Negropont, and the isles of the Cyclades, are likewise to belong.

"2. An annual tribute of 1,500,000\* Turkish piastres to be paid by this Greek state. Greece is to pay the first year only a third, to be gradually increased till it reaches the maximum in the fourth year.

"3. Turkish subjects who may be forced to depart from the Greek territory, to be indemnified.

"4. Greece is to remain under the suzeraineté of the Porte, with the form of government best calculated to secure its religious and commercial liberty. The government is to approach as nearly as possible to a monarchical form, and to be hereditary in the family of a Christian prince, to be chosen, for the first time, by the three powers, in concert with the Porte. He is not to be a member of the families reigning in the states which are parties to the treaty of July 6."

The sultan still resisted the proposed terms, because he saw that they had not been made an *ultimatum*, and that no unity of feeling existed in the joint proceedings of the two ambassadors. Having refused to admit, in any shape, the treaty of London, we had withdrawn our minister on account of his obstinacy. In the absence of our envoy he still continued to refuse, and we sent him back apparently to justify that obstinacy. The cabinet of the Tuileries, joined by that of St. Petersburg, proposed to precede the return of the ambassadors by a declaration explanatory of the ground on which the negotiations were renewed, in order

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\* The amount of the proposed tribute is comparatively of little moment. It would scarcely be pin-money for one of the favourites of the sultan's harem—and does not amount to the rent of some English country gentlemen, at the present rate of the Turkish piastre. When the Morea paid its full quota before the Revolution, its tribute was calculated at 12,000,000 of piastres. The piastre was then 20 pence—as appears from Lord Byron's notes to Childe Harold. It is now about 5 or 6 pence. But the tribute of one piastre, or one barley corn, infers feudal subjection—and feudal subjection to the Turk is a brand of infamy.

to secure their dignity, in case of another repulse. To this we objected—declaring that we trusted in the generosity and accommodating disposition of our “ancient ally.” Our French ally, on the other hand, refused to expose his representative to another chance of insult, unless this point were conceded; and it was only by the departure of Prince Polignac from his instructions—a conduct which the French ministry in their vacillating condition, last spring, could neither resent nor disavow—that their envoy was despatched along with ours. Their consent to this measure, however, was not obtained to its full extent—General Guilleminot being sent only as an ambassador extraordinary, for the specific purpose of negotiating a treaty on Greek affairs, and not as a resident ambassador to the Porte, till these affairs were arranged. Hence the difference of treatment shown to him and Mr. Gordon, on their arrival, and the additional number of shawls and Arabian horses bestowed upon the latter. Still the sultan was as inexorable on the subject of their mission, as when he dismissed them some eighteen months before, and allowed them to wander over the *Ægean*, looking out for a place of safety for depositing their protocols and protests, like the persecuted goddess before she discovered the isle of Delos. The sultan in fact refused, for the *fourteenth time*, to listen to any tender of accommodation. On the arrival of this news in London, about the end of August, along with the intelligence of the Russian successes, a conference was again called, at which the French and Russian ministers were surprised to hear a proposal from the noble duke at the head of the English government, to disregard, in future, the obstinacy of the sultan, and to decide on the fate of Greece with or without his interference—giving him, unless he mended his manners, neither hospodarship nor tribute. A resolution to this effect was consigned to a protocol, and all parties rejoiced in the spirited conduct which they had at last been able to exhibit.

The next despatch from our ambassador at Constantinople brought the intelligence that the Russians had passed the Balkan, and that the sultan had at last yielded to the Greek treaty. How? and on what conditions? Why, on condition of placing the Morea under a hospodar of his choice, of restricting Greece to that Peninsula, of receiving a high tribute, and of refusing a public force, a national flag, or any sign of independence to the new state. Only *ONE* member of the conference could see in this illusory proposition a satisfactory accession to the treaty of London; and, accordingly, the other two resolved to wait. This most extraordinary political *imbroglio*—this confusion of tongues and purposes in one great enterprize, comparable to nothing since the building of Babel, would very likely have left the edifice of

Greek independence as unfinished as that celebrated tower, had not the chapter of accidents and the ambition of conquest done more than the wisdom or humanity of its original architects towards its completion. For, on the 13th of August, General Diebitsch entered Adrianople, pushing on his Cossacks towards the Seraglio. The empire and the nerves of the sultan were shaken, and the following article in the treaty signed a month afterwards, decided, by the separate authority of Russia, a question which the triple alliance might have settled with more mercy to the Turk, and with a less effusion of blood, two years before.

"Art. 10. The Sublime Porte, whilst declaring its entire adhesion to the stipulations of the Treaty concluded in London on the 24th of June (the 6th of July), 1827, between Russia, Great Britain, and France, accedes equally to the Act drawn up on the 10th of March (22d), 1829, by mutual consent, between these same Powers, on the basis of the said Treaty, and containing the arrangements of detail relative to its definitive execution. Immediately after the exchange of the ratification of the present Treaty of Peace, the Sublime Porte shall appoint Plenipotentiaries to settle with those of the Imperial Court of Russia, and the Courts of England and France, the execution of the said stipulations and arrangements."

Whatever conditions the autocrat of all the Russias had imposed upon the Grand Seignior in this capitulation (for it deserves more to be called so than a treaty of peace), the Turkish empire in Europe was virtually at an end, and Greek independence would have been secured. Hitherto this colossus of barbarism, though frequently shaken by external violence, and long threatened with ruin from internal decay, still kept on its broad base, and maintaining a hollow defiance to Christian Europe, could impose upon its vassals by its haughty demeanour and its hypocritical pretences to power. Its northern provinces might be invaded—its pachas might rebel and maintain their mutinous independence till their successors arrived with the bowstring; but its vital principle was not extinct, and its fanaticism united the mass when the disturbing force was withdrawn. The last entrenchments of its camp had not been forced—the *prætorium* of its chief was still unviolated, the minarets of "Stambool" had not been seen by an invading army, the sacred standard had not been unfolded for the protection of the imperial harem, and the Bosphorus had not been passed by Asiatic hordes flying from Europe to their original seats. Now the magic of inviolability is gone, the fanaticism of a barbarous creed has ceased to act on those who were its champions, the magnificent pretensions of the Sublime Porte have become a subject of derision to its own vassals, and the sacred banner of the prophet is found to be only a

tissue of silk, embroidered with gold. A small body of insurgent slaves—of wretched *rajahs*—of Christian dogs, without a rebel pacha to lead them, or a single European state to assist them, braved the whole forces of the empire for seven years; and the troops of Russia in eighteen months forced the ramparts of the Balkan, and compelled the haughty Barbarian to sue for peace; having neither a ship to resist at sea, nor a regiment to keep the field; and seeing around him the long arms of the “northern giant” extending from the sources of the Euphrates to the north of the Danube, pressing upon the centre and extremities, and able to crush him to death by a single effort.

“ — Ingentes artus præcelsus Argylleus

Sponte premit, parvumque gemens duplicatur in hostem,

Et jam alterna manus, frontemque, humerosque, latusque,

Collaque, pectoraque, et vitantia crura lacessit.”

The pride of the Ottoman race is subdued. They have seen the conqueror in their cities, they have welcomed him as a relief, and they have learnt to respect the protector of their persons and property. The Bosphorus and the Dardanelles are opened, and as the Russians sweep by his seraglio without his permission, the sultan will be exhibited to his subjects, not as the king of the kings of the earth, but as the vassal of a Christian power. They will thus be taught to reverence the masters of their master, and be checked in the insolence of their fanatic pride, which led them to the amusement of killing *rajahs* at their pleasure.

We rejoice at this result, though we regret that it was not accomplished by a combined effort, and that its accomplishment was reserved to confer undue aggrandisement on a power already gigantic; for, in order to maintain the political balance of Europe, we never could be persuaded that it was necessary to preserve, with all its ancient appendages, in one of the scales, the revolting despotism of infidel barbarians, to prop up in the heart of civilization, and among the ruins of Grecian art, a power which contemns the lights of knowledge, and tramples on the rights of humanity; whose scorn of the opinions, manners, and arts of more enlightened nations, constitutes a chief condition of its existence, and its preservative against the contagion of improvement; which, as in the last Greek war, insisted on its privilege of murdering its prisoners,\* and made piles of heads and sacks of noses and ears the monuments of its successes and the vouchers

\* After the battle of the Phalerum, on the 22d of May, 1827, (two years ago be it remembered,) the Turks murdered all their prisoners, to the amount of five hundred, by order of the pasha. “In passing along the field of battle we walked among skeletons,” says M. Becker, “they were all headless, the heads being struck off to send to the Grand Seignor.”

of its triumphs; which employs assassination and massacre as the regular means of civil government; which degrades both sexes by sanctioning the abominations of polygamy and the imprisonments of the harem; and which maintains white slave markets in Europe, where Christian women and children are consigned for a few dollars, not only to the hardships of forced labour, but to the horrors of brutal lust.

The secure establishment of a Greek state, and the independence of the provinces north of the Danube, are the first fruits of this mighty revolution. For the former we must now have the larger boundary; no signs of Turkish vassalage, and no tribute-money. Plenipotentiaries from Greece must be invited to the conferences which are to determine their fate, as well as the agents from the sultan; for though the allied monarchs at first kept aloof from the Greeks in their struggle, and like their protecting goddess in Homer only said, "let us succour and preserve them, lest they perish,"\* without condescending to treat with them, the case is now altered, since their government has been acknowledged by the presence of consuls and the establishment of other diplomatic relations. Capo d'Istrias, the recognized provisional president of Greece, foreseeing the result of the Russian campaign, had prepared for this crisis of his country's fate. He convoked a new national assembly of the Greek states, which met at Argos on the 23d of July, and continued in deliberation till the 18th of August last, having in that interval held twenty-three sittings, and passed thirteen decrees, after having heard accounts of all the diplomatic proceedings of the government with foreign powers, received a full disclosure of the financial condition of the country, of the plans adopted or executed for its internal amelioration, of the amount and condition of the army and fleet, and of the budget or estimates for the ensuing year. The diplomatic documents and financial vouchers were laid before the assembly, and examined by commissioners, who reported upon them. Nothing could be more orderly than the proceedings of this meeting, nothing more flattering than the approbation bestowed on the president's conduct in its addresses to him, both after hearing his statement at the opening, and his speech at the conclusion of its interesting session.

This assembly not only sanctioned all the acts of the President in the most enthusiastic manner (praising particularly the generosity by which he had given all his fortune—about 30,000*l.*—to the state), but conferred upon him full powers to treat with

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\* ὀλλυμένων Δαταῶν καταδυσόμεθ'. ἵστάτιόν περ,  
οὐκ' ἂν δὴ κακὸν οὔτον ἀναπλήσαντες ὄλονται.

the allies in the conferences about to be opened on Greek affairs. The Count has thus put in a strong claim not only for a provisional but a permanent reign.

With the support of the European powers, he must make an unexceptionable chief magistrate for Greece. The allies have bound themselves to propose no prince belonging to their respective reigning families, and any prince unconnected with the great powers would have just as little of an imposing character for the Greeks as their present president. The Count was elected to his high office by the Greek people themselves before the declaration of European interference, and having arrived in Greece afterwards, he assumed the government with the consent of the allies. Though a Russian ex-minister, he was conveyed in an English ship of war from Ancona to Malta, where he met with the British admiral to concert measures for executing the treaty of London, and from Malta to Greece, where he landed on the 8th of January, 1828, a year after his election by the general assembly of the Greek people in the Congress of Træzene. It is needless, after what we have stated, to describe the condition in which he found the country. Himself a Greek, he is passionately attached to the independence of Greece, for which he had made greater sacrifices of fortune and personal ease than any other man. Since he has occupied his present exalted station, he has displayed abilities of a high order, and a political discretion as well as sagacity rarely possessed.\* The part which he had to act was one of extreme difficulty. It was not only necessary to maintain his ascendancy over turbulent chiefs and rapacious factions without any army or pecuniary resources, that he might hold out to Europe a show of regular government with which the allies might treat, and on the other hand, to keep up a good understanding with the allies, that he might employ the influence of their friendship to maintain his own power, but he had to steer clear of the contradictory views and conflicting interests of the different members of the alliance itself. For to show confidence

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\* The following is an extract of a recent letter from Malta :—" On the arrival of Capo d'Istria in Greece, in January, 1828, he found the country torn to pieces by faction. An instantaneous change was visible; all rallied round him. The turbulent chiefs laid aside their animosities, and the people submitted to his decrees with alacrity and cheerfulness. By a talent quite his own, Capo d'Istria calmed down all those angry feelings which disturbed the country; as if by a magic wand, he disarmed the people; by the introduction of excellent regulations into the marine, he mainly assisted in the total suppression of piracy: he has established an efficient police through the whole of the Peloponnesus; and by his energetic measures, he has more than once arrested that pestilence which the Egyptian barbarians so industriously generated in the villages. Hospitals for the sick, asylums for orphans, and schools for the rising generation, are his works in every direction. It is no wonder then that an enthusiasm prevails generally through Greece in favour of such a regenerator."



towards Russia was to procure for him the title of a Russian agent, and to displease Great Britain; and any strong expression of his gratitude to France for her money and her troops was sure to displease the British ministry, who refused both money and troops. Yet how could he evince the same regard to a power which distrusted him—which took every opportunity of testifying its displeasure at his appointment, and its regret at having been instrumental in forwarding Greek independence, as to a government which zealously supported him and his country?

Before he proceeded to Greece, he obtained an assurance, in September, 1827, that the allied governments would supply his want of resources by guaranteeing a loan for the service of Greece. Russia and France persisted in this resolution, and England drew back. The three governments sent consular agents in the spring of last year; the Russian accompanied the measure with a subsidy, and the French was authorized in his instructions, dated May, 1828, to offer likewise an aid of half a million of francs monthly for a year at least, or about a quarter of a million sterling in the twelve months. The English consul had no money to offer, and only dealt in remonstrances. The Count, as he had been promised a pecuniary aid by the three powers conjointly, refused at first the proffered advance from France lest it should be misconstrued by England, and it was only after a conference with the British admiral, in which he announced the necessities of his service, and his difficulties in receiving any but a joint assistance, that he consented to throw himself on France. Since that time his embarrassments have increased, and his prudence has been proportionally taxed to extricate himself from them. He has been obliged to meet his French protectors, and thank the French general for the deliverance of the Morea at the risk of giving umbrage to England, which was opposed to the expedition. The money granted by one ally has very properly been expended in paying troops for extending the boundaries of his country, and another ally has ordered these conquests to be abandoned. One encouraged him to establish a blockade of Prevesa, which the other ordered him to raise. It was thus impossible to conceive that he could be equally attached to all the allies—but he has acted at once with a firmness and prudence, which showed he never allowed the interest of the great deposit entrusted to his care to be affected by personal considerations. Acting for Greece, which had appointed him her provisional ruler, he refused to recal his troops within the Morea, or to surrender the conquests which they had made in their own land, even at the hazard of having England as well as the Turk for his enemy; and his patriotic recompense has been the independence of continental Greece.

Assured from the progress of Russian arms that the time for a definitive arrangement of the Greek question was not far distant, he has evidently been exerting all the energies of his mind to subdue faction—to promote union—to establish order—to extend education—to create a public force—to organize a government—to acquire the affections and confidence of the public—and, in short, to lay up such a stock of merit, both with the nation and with the allies, that his provisional sway may be converted into permanent power. Such is the key to his late conduct; and if he was elected by the Greek people before the intervention of the allies, and is still agreeable to them, it seems scarcely possible that they can interfere to strip him of his power—an extent of interference for which they can assign no reasonable motive of precedent or danger, and for which those who have properly tolerated the avowed usurpation of Don Miguel can have no shadow of pretence. The late national assembly at Poros, which approved his measures and continued his authority, may not have been very dignified in its demeanour, very enlightened in its deliberations, or very independent in its votes. It may have been composed chiefly of the partisans of the president, overawed by his troops, or managed by his intrigues; but it was composed of the only elements for such an assembly which could be found in the country. It was attended by the principal primates and military chiefs—by the most distinguished naval commander, Miaoulis—by the Colocotronis—and was probably as intelligent and patriotic as any Greek congress that could be called to sanction the title, or to support the pretensions of any scion of royalty presented to their suffrages by the joint nomination of the Sultan and the allies. No prince, foreign or native, from Germany or the Fanar, could bring to the discharge of his functions half that knowledge of Greece, or a tithe of that administrative capacity and tried disinterestedness which distinguish the Count Capo d'Istria, who, if he is not allowed to be the sovereign of Greece, should be supplicated to be its minister.

Whoever is to be the new sovereign of that country, the Greek state must be made strong, and released entirely from its dependance on the Porte. For in the present dependance of the Porte upon Russia, any influence retained by the former over Greece would necessarily be exercised by the latter. The power of European Islamism is at an end. Besides, it is important that there should be an independent Greek state, from which civilization and knowledge may spread to the whole Greek race. Nor is the object so unimportant as some would represent it; the present dominions of Greece do not comprehend a population of a million of souls—but the Greeks in Europe are three millions, and in Asia probably

two. They all remember Athens and their original country—they all speak the same language,—they all profess the Christian religion,—they are all commercial and active,—they are so near to each other as to admit of easy communication: the improvements at Athens would soon spread to Smyrna, Salonichi or Candia, and the persecuted in these quarters, on the Asiatic or European coast, would find a ready asylum in the mother country. The commercial success of three or four small islands in conducting the carrying trade of the Mediterranean and the Black Sea, and the demand for Greek sailors to man the Turkish navy, show the tendency of the Greek genius to naval affairs, and the elasticity of the Greek mind when even a small part of the pressure of despotism is removed. It is difficult, therefore, to limit our anticipations of the great and glorious career which this people may be destined to run, in commercial prosperity, in political power, and in mental cultivation under a liberal government, watchful of the progress of European improvements, and animated with the recollection of past renown in arts, arms, and philosophy.

But for accomplishing this object, we must have no Turkish interference. The Greek people must not be degraded in their own eyes, nor disgraced in the opinion of the world, by any acknowledgement of the feudal authority of Infidels. They must at the same time be relieved, by the establishment of a strong central power, from the despotism of their local chieftains and primates. This will be the more easily accomplished, as from the removal of their Turkish oppressors, the dependance which the necessity of a common danger, and the advantages of mutual protection, created, will be dissolved. At the same time, the president, or regent, or king, or whoever he may be, to whom the destinies of the new state shall be entrusted, must create a body of regular troops, and procure considerable pecuniary resources, to enable him to command respect for his authority, and give him the means of executing the necessary reforms.

While these are the embarrassments with which the head of the Greek government will have to contend, it must be allowed that he will have in other respects certain advantages and great facilities. Though the great body of the chiefs have shown the brand of Turkish oppression on their character since they have extricated their necks from the Turkish yoke,—yet there have been, and still exist, honourable exceptions to the rapacity and violence which distinguished the class. Since the days of Leonidas and Thermopylæ, there probably has been no man more devoted and no affair more noble, than Marco Botzaris and the battle in which he fell. The future government of Greece will find likewise enlightened men in Mavrocordato, Demetrius Ypsilanti, Rizo;

Soutzo and others, as well as patriots in Nicander and Canaris. The great quantity of unoccupied land placed by the expulsion of the Turks at the disposal of the government, and in which the peasants may be located, will introduce, if distributed under wise regulations, and protected by a strong administration, some of the enterprise and activity of a new colony. The trade of the Archipelago, which the Greeks will largely share, if not chiefly engross, will enrich the inhabitants of the islands, and numerous parts of the continent. The prosperity of Corinth and the Piræus may again be realized. Schools and colleges to promote the study of ancient literature will be erected; and the Greeks will learn to walk with a more observant eye amid the ruins of their former glory, if not to emulate their ancient fame. The numerous Greek population on the shores of Asia Minor, in Macedonia and Thrace, when they feel their desires of mental improvement checked, or their personal security invaded, by their Turkish masters, will turn their eyes to the ancient cradle of their race, for those lights of civilization and that hospitable asylum which a free and independent government will hold out to the whole Greek nation, however dispersed. European improvements may through this medium be expected to make inroads on Western Asia, and the battle of Navarin may be found in its effects on civilization only second to that of Marathon.

O Sommets de Taygète, O débris du Pirée,  
O Sparte, entendez vous leurs cris victorieux ?  
La Grèce a des vengeurs, la Grèce est délivrée,  
La Grèce a retrouvé ses héros et ses dieux.

ART. XIII.—*Œuvres de Jérémie Bentham, Jurisconsulte Anglais. Trois volumes, grand-in-8vo. En six Parties. Première Partie: Traité de Législation civile et pénale. Bruxelles. 1829.*

THE appearance of this cheap edition of Mr. Bentham's collected works, connects itself so naturally with the loss which the world has recently sustained in the distinguished person to whose labours these works owe so much of their European reputation, that we gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity which it affords us to pay a tribute to his memory.

It seems natural that a man so eminent as M. Dumont, to whom England had become a second home, should not go down to his grave without a mark of remembrance from some of his ancient friends in this country, where he resided, with little interruption, for twenty years, and in which he formed many of those friendships which most contribute to mature and improve every good quality,

as well as to embellish and sweeten life. The following short account of him is, in its most important part, derived from long intimacy, without disregarding the help of the short paper printed by his affectionate friends at Geneva, immediately after his death.

STEPHEN DUMONT was born in the month of July, 1759, in the city of Geneva, of which his family had been citizens of good repute from the days of Calvin. Shortly after his birth his father died, leaving a widow and five infants without provision. The good widow, placed in such circumstances, supported by little but the courage which is inspired by motherly love, found means to educate her children, in a place where necessary knowledge was accessible, and poverty not disgraceful. She was induced by an anticipation of future eminence, seldom so happily fulfilled, to send Stephen to the College of Geneva, where he justified her determination, not only by his ability and proficiency, but by the virtuous purpose to which he turned his earliest attainments. He very soon defrayed the cost of his own education, and even contributed to the support of the family, by assisting the private studies of his comrades in the capacity of *Répétiteur*, an office to which we have nothing more like than a private tutor in our academical system.\* His meeting with his school-fellow Gallatin, forty years after their separation at Geneva, when he had reached a high place among European writers, and the other filled high stations in the North American Republic, might justly be regarded as the best panegyric on the institutions, society, and education of their country. In the year 1781 he was chosen one of the pastors of the city, and immediately distinguished himself so highly in the pulpit, that there remained no doubt of his becoming the most brilliant and the most persuasive of their sacred orators. But the troubles of Geneva, in the year 1782, turned the course of his life into another channel. Two parties of opposite principles, one attached to the authority of the magistracy, and the other to the privileges of the people, and differing especially on the extension or limitation of the right of suffrage, had long divided that republic. The disputes between these two parties gained lustre from Jean-Jacques Rousseau, the most wayward and perverse of all men of genius, who have approached the borders of insanity—which indeed he appears more than once to have overpassed. The more liberal party received the name of *Représentans*, or *Petitioners*, from a representation presented by them against the legality of the proceedings of the magistrates against the writings and person of that renowned and unhappy man. The magistrates, who refused the prayer of the petition, together with

\* The duty seems to be that of examining the students on the contents of the preceding lecture, and thus preparing them for examination by the Professor.

their adherents, were thenceforward called the *Negatives*. For twenty years a struggle was maintained between these parties, with various success, without bloodshed, though not without violence. At length, in the autumn of 1782, when the *Petitioners* had gained the ascendant, the courts of Versailles and Turin, abetted, or rather aided, by the Canton of Berne, surrounded Geneva with an armed force, and, under pretence of some ancient guarantees, imposed a new constitution on the republic, and compelled the leaders of the Representative Party to fly from their country. *Dumont* was not included in the proscription, but his heart had been touched by the love of liberty:—

“————— I could endure  
Chains nowhere patiently;—and chains at home,  
Where I am free by birthright,—not at all.”

*Task, Book V.*

He became a voluntary exile. He went to his mother and sisters at St. Petersburg, a city to which many Genevese had carried their honourable patrimony of ability and knowledge, influenced in part, perhaps, by the example of their townsman, *Lefort*, who was the first tutor, minister, and general of the Great Czar. He there became pastor of the French church, an office which he filled for eighteen months. But his views were directed to Great Britain, where most of the Genevese exiles for liberty had taken refuge; and where some of them were actually employed in negotiating with the government for the establishment of a Swiss colony in Ireland. It was then that his connection began with William, the first Marquis of Lansdowne, a man creditably and singularly distinguished for his cultivation of the society of men of letters and science, foreign as well as native. *Dumont* gradually became a friend, or rather a member of the family, and he was habitually consulted by Lord Lansdowne on the education of his younger son, and on the collection of a library; though he was not perhaps formally employed in the superintendence of either.

In this part of his life began his close connection with Sir Samuel Romilly, a man whose whole excellence will be little understood by the world, until they see the narrative traced by himself of those noble labours of self education, by which he taught himself every sort of ability which is necessary to serve mankind, and still more of that self-discipline, by which he at length formed a character yet more exalted than his genius, composed of a probably unparalleled union of tender affection with unbending principle, and producing those dispositions towards the ungrudging and heroic, which were hidden from the vulgar by the solemn decorums of a formal profession, and are seldom found to be ca-

pable of breathing so long under the undisturbed surface of a well-ordered and prosperous community. The habitual, or mechanical part of Romilly's life, was necessarily governed by those of his profession and country. The higher element, however, secretly and constantly blended itself with every thought and feeling; and there were moments when his moral heroism carried the majesty of virtue into the souls of the perplexed and affrighted vulgar.

Among the closest friends of Romilly and Dumont was George Wilson, a man little known beyond the circle of his friends and that of his contemporaries in the profession of the law, and one whom it would be difficult to make known to others, without the use of that language of vague panegyric, the abuse of which had more lowered it in his own eyes than even in those of most men of modesty and taste. It might be said by as unaffectedly conscientious a man as himself, (if such another there be,) that among those who thoroughly knew him, the degree of esteem for him was always considered as exactly indicative of the degree of sagacity and purity of the man who entertained it. Yet even he was not more upright and benevolent than his two friends: though having less vivacity than the one, and less ardour than the other, he was not so liable to be allured by imagination from the rigid observance of the severe maxims of that moral prudence which is the safeguard of virtue. With a keen relish for pleasantry, and perfectly exempt from all gloom and harshness, he yet shunned the amusement of Wilkes's conversation, solely from deference to morality. When Mirabeau visited England, about 1786, Wilson did not follow the example of his friends in cultivating the society of that extraordinary man, whose ill-trained fancies were better adapted to sudden felicities than to composition, and whose conversation was animated by an irregular benevolence, neither smothered by the profligacy of his youth, nor altogether extinguished by the intrigues and corruptions of his latter years.

In the summer of 1789, the season of promise and hope, especially to a Genevese exile, Dumont went to France and renewed his acquaintance with Mirabeau, whom he found occupied in the composition of his journal, (the *Courier de Provence*,) aided by Duroveray, Clavière, and others, who had been expelled from Geneva for liberty. Dumont took an active and very effectual part in it. A variety of observations on the Departmental Division and Municipal Administration of France, subjects which have for the last two years agitated that country, were then published in Mirabeau's Journal, by Dumont. His friend Wilson used to relate, that one day, when they were dining together at a table d'hôte, at Versailles, he saw Dumont engaged in writing

the most celebrated paragraph of Mirabeau's Address to the King for the removal of the troops, which was believed to have been entirely written by himself. It is certain that he reported several of Mirabeau's speeches, which he embellished and strengthened from his own stores, with that disinterested sacrifice of his own reputation to the diffusion of what he considered truth, which accompanied him through life. It is no less certain that he was an utter stranger to the ambiguous projects imputed to those whose general and avowed principles only he promoted. Many years afterwards, when asked by a friend to write the life of Mirabeau—he answered, “No! I know it too well.”

In 1791 he returned to England, and towards the end of that year the writer of this notice dined for the first time in his company and in that of Romilly, at the house of M. Chauvet, at Kensington; from which time he enjoyed the uninterrupted friendship of both till their last moments.

In the eventful years which followed he continued chiefly to live at Lansdowne House, or at Bowood, where the most remarkable men of Europe as well as of England were frequent and welcome guests. During the latter part of them he began to form an intimate friendship with Lord Holland, whom he had known from childhood, and whom it is needless to add, he loved. He was one of the members of the society of familiar friends, the habitual visitors of Holland House during thirty years, and who saw a succession of celebrated guests of every country, party, religion, and of every liberal profession or station, which is likely to continue unmatched till another house boasts such a master.

His mind was at that time in its most perfectly mature state; with much experience of very memorable events, and familiar intercourse with the most eminent men, with an abundant store of amusing and striking anecdotes, with that knowledge and taste for Continental Literature which was necessarily the chief want and desire of his companions. He had entirely subdued the popular and declamatory propensities which characterize youthful genius, yet without being in the least degree withdrawn from the love of letters and the delights of society, by those more scientific pursuits which occupied a succeeding period. In 1801 he travelled over various parts of Europe with Lord Henry Petty, now Marquis of Lansdowne, and brought back a fresher acquaintance with the mental occupations of the continental nations, from whom England seemed for years to be separated by a wider channel than that formed by nature.

But Dumont had then opened a new course of more serious occupations. In 1801 he published the *Traité de Legislation*: the first fruits of his zealous labours to give order, clearness, and



viracity, to the profound and original meditations of Bentham, hitherto praised only by a very few patient readers, and but little better known, even by name, to the English than to the European public. The extraordinary merit of these writings, manuscript and printed, chiefly attracted his mind towards them; inferior circumstances, however, contributed their part to the fervour with which he devoted himself to them. Trained in the hasty and shallow philosophy which then reigned, metaphysical principles were a novelty, in the contemplation of which he was too agreeably employed to examine the solidity of the foundation on which they rested. Weanied with the common-places of philanthropic declamation, which passed for philosophy, he ran with eagerness into the opposite extreme of new terms, dry definitions, and simple principles. The method of Bentham is undoubtedly a powerful instrument for the discovery of truth, especially in the juridical part of moral science. It is, however, a method which may become more than mischievous by the very circumstance of its apparent perfection.

Supposing every other objection to that system to be answered, it will be still evident that the value of its application in every particular instance must be in proportion to the exactness and completeness with which every circumstance is enumerated that can affect the determination of the question. But the enumeration is not *complete*, merely because the names of all such circumstances are enumerated. It is not thus that the philosopher proceeds in those sciences where the success is uncontested. He calculates the *degree* of every force that acts on a body; he ascertains the *proportion* of every element which goes to make up a compound; and an error in either of these respects is, in truth and effect, a want of exact and complete enumeration, which may lead to the most false results. Such mistakes in the physical sciences are easily detected. In the moral sciences, it is extremely easy to *seem* to form a complete theory by such general and vague inductions, because the means of quick and palpable detection are wanting. Wherever analysis is *really* exhaustive, it is the most perfect of instruments; but where it only reaches a semblance of exactness, it produces or perpetuates error in the exact proportion of its seeming approach to truth. There is no remedy against this dangerous distemper but the habit of never forgetting that, in each case, the main question always must be, "How much of each enumerated cause is likely to act in the instance before me?" No show of accuracy, no superiority of method, can dispense with this question, or enable any man to answer it otherwise than by approximation. But with these high and arduous matters we must not deal more largely in this place.

The talent with which Dumont performed his task is as generally acknowledged, as the perfect disinterestedness which led him to employ so much talent in expounding the opinions and enlivening the reasonings of others. It is due to him to say, that he always considered the system as a model, to be indeed always consulted and approached, but never imposed without a cautious regard to circumstances. It must also be observed, that however entirely he adopted the speculations, delighted in the method, and even acquiesced in the language of Bentham, that for which he really felt a warm zeal, and consecrated the labour of his life, was the practical establishment of that grand reformation of law, which owes, indeed, much to the writings of Bentham, and to the discussions which they daily contribute to spread and keep up, but which, so far from being peculiar to him, is zealously supported by those who most dissent from his moral theories, and was common to him (at least in that more obvious part of it which relates to criminal law) with the philosophers of the eighteenth century, who pursued the same object, though with less distinctness of view, less precision of language, and less knowledge of the abuses to be reformed. The mind of Dumont moved onward with that of the reformers of jurisprudence throughout Europe. He does not needlessly question the singularities of his venerable master. But his attachment was to the main stock of reforming principle. Those who knew him need not be reminded, that if its principles have any tendency to a cold and low morality, they were in that respect altogether defeated by the nature of Dumont; a man of the utmost simplicity and frankness, of a most unusually affectionate and generous disposition. A man of so much letters and wit could not have worked into his practical nature any indifference to art and accomplishment, to real learning, or to the only eloquence which deserves the name. No man ever less adopted the Epicurean contempt for love of native country as a prejudice. When Geneva was blotted from the list of commonwealths, his heart clung to her more closely. Those who met him at a remarkable party, at the seat of an English nobleman, in the autumn of 1813, cannot fail to remember with what patriotic as well as friendly pride he exulted in the brilliant superiority of a lady of Genevese extraction, with an amiable simplicity at which his friends ventured to smile. On the day that the intelligence of the restoration of Geneva was known, he dined with an invalid friend, and gave a sample of that unaffected fervour in the love of his native country, which can be felt only by the citizen of a small republic.

He was immediately chosen a member of the Supreme Council of his native city, where, conciliating opponents by moderating

partizans and by gaining the confidence and respect of all; he became in time its chief leader and ornament, as he would have been in more conspicuous and powerful assemblies. He had brought to a close the code of law, which, as chairman of a committee appointed for that purpose, it would have been his duty to present to the Supreme Council, when it assembled after its vacation. At the moment when he was thus about to engrave his name on the annals of his beloved country, to honour her by rendering her, as he hoped, an example to Europe, he was cut off in the full vigour of his faculties, and on the eve of their most conspicuous exertion. His labours will not be defeated; and they will show his wariness as well as his courage. He will not be deemed singular or extravagant, and it will be seen that he wore the badge of a sect, in order, as he believed, to obtain better means for serving his country and the world.

He was wholly untainted by political or philosophical bigotry, which has corrupted so many of those who inveigh against every form of that vice. His friends at Geneva, at Paris, or in London, were very far from sharing his peculiar opinions.

Surrounded by fifty-three nephews or nieces, in the first or second degree, the issue or progeny of three sisters, he treated them with a patriarchal tenderness very foreign from the scorn of some Epicureans for "the charities of father, son, and brother." In his will he leaves legacies to all; touchingly assuring them that they must not measure his kindness by his bequests. In every instance of the youngest child, he seems, with the most affectionate solicitude, to have weighed the needs and desires of each, and to have considered all their little claims as worthy of conscientious consideration.

His will, which is dated in May, 1826, opens with an acknowledgment worthy of him.

"I begin this Testamentary Disposition by an act of gratitude towards God, for having blessed me with a peaceable and independent life, which has owed its chief happiness to the charm of study and the enjoyments of friendship."

He died at Milan, on a journey to Venice, in October, 1829, in the seventy-first year of his age.

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## CRITICAL SKETCHES.

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- ART. XIV.—1. *Arminio, Tragedia* d' Ippolito Pindemonte, coll' aggiunta di tre' discorsi. 8vo. Verona. 1819.  
 2. *Epistole in versi*. 8vo. Verona. 1818.  
 3. *Sermoni*. 8vo. Verona. 1819.  
 4. *Il Colpo di Martello del Campanile di San Marco in Venezia*. 8vo. Verona. 1820.  
 5. *Elogi di Letterati*. 2 vols. 8vo. Verona. 1826.  
 6. *L'Odissea tradotta in isciolti*. 2 vol. 12mo. Milano. 1827.

WE feel we have omitted too long noticing the death of this distinguished writer, who was, at the same time, one of the most worthy and amiable characters Italy has in modern times produced. Ippolito Pindemonte was born in 1753, of one of the principal families of Verona, in the Venetian States. His education was such as was becoming a young patrician, but he early showed a firmness of moral principle that enabled him to withstand the temptations to which men of his rank and station in life are too often exposed, especially amidst the dissipation of a gay Italian city. Young Ippolito courted the company of the learned of his time, and particularly that of his countrymen, Torelli and Pompei, and he applied himself zealously to the study of the classical as well as of the modern languages. This course of education being completed, he travelled through Italy and Sicily, and thence to Malta, where being received into the order of St. John, he went to cruise on board the ships of the Order, performing the regular period of his *caravana*, the name given to the apprenticeship which the young knights had to serve. In the midst of his military duties he found leisure, however, to cultivate literature, and he wrote some poems, which as juvenile productions he afterwards destroyed. Having returned home, and feeling his constitution weakened by a chronic and at one time alarming infirmity, he retired to his villa at Avesa, where he wrote his *Prose e Poesie Campestri*, which were afterwards published together in 1795. In these he paints himself, and imparts his feelings to the reader with the most delightful *naiveté*. A spirit grave yet tender, pensive yet satisfied, philosophical yet pious, pervades every sentence of these and his successive compositions. A rare exception among Italian poets, he did not sing of love, although he was attached by constant friendship to several accomplished ladies, of whom he speaks in his poems, especially Countess Mosconi and Isabella Albrizzi. In 1788 he began his tour of Europe, during which he visited Switzerland, Germany, France, and England, passing the greater part of the year 1789 in Paris, at that most memorable epoch. He also spent several months in England, of which country ever after and throughout

all political vicissitudes he retained a friendly and favourable impression for he had found in it minds congenial to his own. He did not, however, like more vulgar travellers, learn to slight his own country while among foreigners, but fostered to the last a sentiment of warm affection for the land of his birth. He related to a friend, that, on arriving at Paris he feared he would have little opportunity of cultivating Italian literature. "But," added he, "I found myself agreeably disappointed; for meeting with Alfieri, and living in familiar intercourse with him, we read to each other our mutual compositions, and I may say that I never applied with so much fervour to our national studies, as in the midst of the French capital." On his return he wrote a small poem on his travels, "*I Viaggi*," and a moral and political tale, "*Abaritte*."

The French invasion found Pindemonte in his native home. At that most critical period he did not emigrate, like others, to a safer spot, deeming that his duty required him to share the dangers, and to try to avert or alleviate the calamities of his countrymen. His extreme moderation, and his irreproachable conduct, bore him safe throughout the storm, but he keenly felt the desolation of his unfortunate country. A stranger to violent party politics, he felt the degradation of Italy, driven to the desperate course of expecting regeneration from the rude hands of a conqueror. "Words had changed their meaning;" he wrote afterwards in his *Epistles*, speaking of those disastrous times, "fidelity to one's government became revolt, the sacred names of country and liberty, of laws and rights, a mockery, and, as in a cauldron of boiling impurities, the dregs of the land, patricians and plebeians, rose to the summit, and the good remained sunk and obliterated."\* The town of Verona suffered most cruelly in that crisis. Being forcibly occupied by French troops in 1796, although then at peace with the republic of Venice, a rash attempt of the country-people in the following year to rise against the military drew upon the devoted city the vengeance of the commander-in-chief, Bonaparte. The town was retaken and pillaged, and several of the inhabitants put to death. After the fall of Venice, the fortifications of Verona, the work of San Micheli, were razed to the ground. Pindemonte's favorite villa on the hill of Avesa was also destroyed. All these disasters our poet laments in his *Epistle*, which were published in 1805. In the successive occupations of his country by Austrians and French, Pindemonte kept aloof from the political scene: "I moved my steps away from our new masters and their ministers; I did not aspire to any of the vacated seats of office; I struck not a single chord of servile flattery from my harp; and I spent my days in solitude and silence, wishing to keep uncontaminated by the common servitude." But his was not the proud, unsociable misanthropy of Alfieri; he hoped and trusted in Providence for happier, or at least quieter, days, and was thankful when such were granted to his afflicted country.

Pindemonte had in early youth attempted the walk of the drama; he produced at a more mature age a tragedy on the subject of Arminius,

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\* *Epistola a Scipione Maffei*, 1801.

the German patriot and avenger of his country. This play contains some brilliant passages, and is remarkable for a certain boldness and freedom of style, which partakes of the romantic spirit, although the unities are preserved, and for the introduction of choruses, or lyric strains, to be sung between the acts, an attempt which has been since repeated by Manzoni. To the publication of his *Arminio*, Pindemonte joined some well-written essays on tragedy and on the French and Italian theatres. He wrote afterwards a beautiful little poem, *I Sepolcri*, in reply to Foscolo's much admired effusion under the same title, which the latter had addressed to our author. But in this, as well as in all his other compositions, Pindemonte's melancholy is softened by a ray of religious confidence which reconciles the reader to the otherwise gloomy subject.

In 1818 Pindemonte published his *Sermoni*, a species of the milder satire, after the Horatian model, on the follies of his contemporaries. The most remarkable of these are, the one on "Political Opinions," which begins by a paraphrasis of Goldsmith's well-known lines,

"In ev'ry government, though terror reigns," &c.

and the other "on Travelling," in which he exposes the pretensions, the shallowness, and the affectation of certain travellers, his countrymen. His next production, *Il Colpo di Martella*, published in 1820, is written in a tone of loftier inspiration. A watch having been posted on the summit of St. Mark's lofty tower at Venice, in order to give the alarm whenever fire breaks out in any part of the city, the men on duty, as a token of their vigilance, strike the great bell every quarter of an hour. From this circumstance the poet draws a warning moral for the citizens on the swiftness of time, and the manner in which it ought to be, but is *not*, generally spent. The poet ends his verse by a retrospective glance at his career through life, now drawing to a close, in which he shows himself to have been no stern intractable ascetic, but one who shared in the joys and sorrows of this world, although he considered it but as a land of passage.

"Troppo mi piacque quest' esiglio, è vero,  
Ma per esiglio sempre il riconobbi,  
Me riconobbi pellegrino, e in alto  
Vidi e sugli astri, la mia patria vera,  
Che discordia di parti e di sentenze  
Politiche conflitto unqua non turba."

He published a few years since a translation of the *Odyassey* in blank verse, which has been much applauded in Italy. His latest work, brought out shortly before his death, consists of eulogies of Italian literati.

In this manner our good Pindemonte's old age continued to be engrossed by the favourite studies of his earlier years, and in corresponding with most of his learned contemporaries. The deaths of Monti and of Cesari grieved him much, and added to his habitual melancholy. At length, on the 18th of November, last year, he himself, after a short illness, was removed from this world, at the age of seventy-five. He died as he had lived, like a sage and a Christian. The whole popula-

tion of Verona attended his remains to the grave, with marks of unaffected grief, and a monument is about being raised to his memory by his grateful and admiring countrymen.

As a poet, Ippolito Pindemonte ranks among his contemporaries after Alfieri and Monti, but as a philosopher, and we may say as a man, considerably above both. Manzoni is the one, among living writers, whom we should perhaps compare to him, especially having regard to the moral views and the mental independence of both these distinguished writers.

ART. XV.—*Teatro Original* de M. E. de Gorostiza. 12mo. Paris. 1822.

WITH real satisfaction we introduce the *TEATRO DE DON MANUEL EDOARDO DE GOROSTIZA* to our readers, as well on account of the book itself, as of the Author. Gorostiza is, to the best of our knowledge and belief, the first dramatist to whom Spanish America has given birth. He is a native of Vera Cruz; and Mexico has just shown her sense of the honour she derives from his genius by appointing him Minister Plenipotentiary to this country. We sincerely rejoice to see him in a situation so different from that in which he formerly visited England, a destitute fugitive from the arbitrary government of Ferdinand. Don Manuel received his education in Spain, as the better class of Creoles usually did, and in Spain he wrote the Comedies contained in the volume before us. They were acted at Madrid, and the first dramatic efforts of that portion of her children whom the mother country has so sedulously studied to keep down, received the frank applause of the best *Madrideno* judges.

The book itself is decidedly clever; and even were it less so, we should still be glad of the opportunity to say a few words more touching the new school of Spanish comedy. Some critics have called this a French school, but to us it appears rather a national modification of classical models, than an imitation of the French theatre. It offers faithful pictures of national manners, follies, and faults, cramped into due conformity with the unities, is very moral, has little love, (at least of the virtuous love which is usually the main-spring of modern comedy); and, as may be conjectured, rather uninteresting and dull. We could wish this new school, which we think more like the new Italian than the French, were livelier; but we hail the appearance of a national school, even with these drawbacks, in preference to more amusing imitations of foreign master-pieces. The former may contain the germs of future excellence; the latter promises nothing beyond stationary mediocrity. Our view of this new school will be best explained by a short sketch of a comedy, for which purpose we have selected Gorostiza's *Indulgencia para Todos*, or "All need Indulgence," one of the best specimens that we have met with. The versification, we should observe, is that of the old school, viz. octosyllabic, *asonante*\*

\* Of which the vowels agree, but not the consonants; e. g. as in *mad*, *rat*, *cup*.

lines, which in the Spanish drama, hold the place of our blank verse, intermingled with rhyme.

The subject of this comedy is a family scheme for the improvement of the heroine's prospect of happiness with a bridegroom selected by her father, whom she has never seen. The play opens with the expectation of this bridegroom, Don Severo de Mendoza, whose ungallant delay offends D. Fermin de Peralto, the punctilious father of the bride. Her brother Carlos justifies him upon that score, but expresses his fear for his sister's happiness on account of—

“ The single spot staining so fair a picture ;  
In him one only fault I find.

*D. Fermin.* What is't ?

*D. Carlos.* That he has none.

*D. Fermin.* A marv'llous fault.”

The father, son, and family friend, D. Pedro de Arismendi, the *Alcalde Mayor* of the town, now plot to cure the bridegroom of the *exigence* incident to paragons of perfection, by entrapping him into error, and this occupies the first act.

The second introduces D. Severo, and his inexorable requisition of absolute impeccability in all connected with him. He enters discharging his servant Gaspar for his first fault in ten years service, refusing to listen to his apology, and observes—

“ Indulgence is but mental impotence,  
Puerility is toleration ;  
Of folly both are th' indication,  
Or of a want of moral sense.  
This of my conduct is the rule ;  
I pity the unfortunate ;  
But if in contact brought by fate,  
With one whom proved offences stain,  
Or as a criminal or fool,  
I view him with unmixed disdain.”

In the same strain he rejects Don Fermin's solicitations in favour of the culprit ;—

“ Pardon my non-compliance, but my conduct  
Is regulated by my principles.  
I never deviate from the line of right ;  
And thence must Gaspar be discharged my service.  
*D. Ferm.* And thus you answer me ?  
*D. Severo.* I answer thus.”

Now begins the plot against the immaculate correctness of this modern stoic. His intended father-in-law makes him drink beyond his stint. His bride, Doña Tomasa, under the assumed character of Doña Flora, the bride of D. Carlos, seduces him into not only falling in love with her, but likewise into declaring his passion. D. Carlos surprises the lovers, challenges D. Severo as a traitor to himself and his sister, and, despite all anti-duelling principles, by his taunts provokes him to accept the challenge. This occurs at night. In the interval between the third and fourth acts, the duel goes off innocuously, Carlos having



carefully loaded the pistols without ball, and the combatants are reconciled. D. Carlos, upon the plea of not betraying their duel to the family by seeking admittance at an unseasonable hour, draws D. Severo into a gaming-house, where he is tempted to play, and pigeoned not only of his own money, but of a sum intrusted to him for D. Fermin.

In the fourth act Severo appears somewhat humbled, being constrained to employ the discarded Gaspar to procure him funds to replace D. Fermin's lost money, the misuse of which he thus hopes to conceal. We give part of the dialogue, in which Gaspar makes him feel his degradation.

*D. Sev.* Gaspar!

*Gaspar.* Señor, I do confess myself  
A most perverse and drunken porcupine.

*D. Sev.* No more of this. If that the first discovery  
Of error kindle wrath, time and reflection  
Calm us. No longer am I now incensed  
At what seemed yesterday a heinous fault.

*Gaspar (aside).* If thus my master justify me, sure  
He needs mine aid.

*D. Sev.* I've ever known thee faithful,  
Cheerful and serviceable.

*Gaspar (aside).* Praise! good Lord!  
What can have chanced?

*D. Sev.* And I would give thee proof,  
Gaspar, of mine esteem, by sending thee  
On business home.

*Gaspar.* For what?

*D. Sev.* For cash.

*Gaspar.* Already!

*D. Sev.* Thou'lt find some tale to satisfy my father,  
As that I've negligently lost my purse.

*Gaspar.* That were to lie.

*D. Sev.* To lie? No, we conspire not  
To evil end.

*Gaspar.* Still 'tis not speaking truth.

*D. Sev.* Thou wilt not then?

*Gaspar.* I will, if that your Honour  
On your own conscience take it.

*D. Sev.* How tormenting!

I take 't upon myself.

*Gaspar.* Then I will lie."

But D. Severo's cure is not yet complete; he hopes, by hiding his transgressions, to preserve his character, and still assumes the Infalible. D. Pedro consults him as a man of strict principles and impassioned virtue, inflexible by human affections, whether he must needs execute his magisterial office to the affliction of a friend. Severo answers by declamations upon public duty, Roman virtue, and Brutus; and the *Alcalde* arrests Carlos for the duel, saying, he never could have mustered firmness to do so without D. Severo's exhortations. The indignation expressed by the whole family, including the *pseudo-Flora*, at such unfriendly advice, finally overpowers the hero's arrogance. He

confesses himself to be Carlos's adversary, and proves his amendment by his answer to the *Alcalde's* question—

*D. Pedro.* What can excuse you?

*D. Seo.* That I am a man  
Liable to all frailties of my kind."

This satisfies the plotters; the plot is revealed, and the ci-devant Cato made happy in the lawful possession of her he had criminally loved.

ART. XVI.—*Histoire de l'Inquisition en France, depuis son établissement au XIII<sup>e</sup> siècle, à la suite de la Croisade contre les Albigeois, jusqu'en 1772, époque définitive de sa suppression.* Par E. L. B. de Lamothe-Langon. Paris. 1829. 3 vols. 8vo.

THE Inquisition now belongs to history. It can no longer exert any direct influence over our business or bosoms; and while pondering on the wonders of its acted time, we have leisure to group the pictures and make sage reflections. In vain a feeble timid cry is heard occasionally in the streets of Paris; "the Inquisition," a word of power, which, but muttered between the teeth, would once have made a king tremble on his throne, can no longer affright us; in vain some desperate hanger-on of faction may shriek forth with well-acted alarm, "the Jesuits! the Jesuits!"; the cry is repeated in various modulations of pity or ridicule, and all men allow that the holy fathers make good school-masters. A tribunal for trying the thoughts, and punishing the wanderings of the imagination, exists in every country, and in every form of society. Among ourselves, the Methodists, the most powerful, and, excepting perhaps the Quakers, the most respectable of our sectarians, have an Inquisition. The leader of each of their "classes" is bound to inquire, not into the actions, but into the thoughts of his fellows, and to report on the state of their religious feelings. Woe to the backslider in theology!—for if he is a baker, can he expect that the faithful will buy his bread? if he is a grocer, can he flatter himself that they will solace themselves with his tea? But even when without rules or method, we are all Inquisitors in our turn, from the tea-table gossip to the reviewer of books. And let it not be imagined that this universal system is without its agents and familiars, its tortures and anathemas. We do not, it is true, put our neighbours into dungeons because they think differently from us, nor do we crack their joints, or purify their opinions with the actual cautery; but expulsions from societies, disunited families, ruined businesses, broken friendships, and disastrous loves attest our inquisitorial power and its effects.

When Catholicism became identified with political as well as religious tyranny, it is not wonderful that this instinctive sort of inquisition should have been modified to resemble a political machine; and if the moral influence exercised over the very fortunes of others by men surrounded with all the ties and afflictions of humanity be so fatal,

it is not wonderful that an inquisitorial body, composed of individuals cut off by their religious professions from the common sympathies which are supposed to bind mankind together, should have framed and executed the decrees of the Holy Office in a spirit not altogether human.

In France, the jealousy of the sovereign, and the comparative independence of various municipalities, operated as a check upon the growing power of the Inquisition, even after it enjoyed a kind of legal existence as an ecclesiastical tribunal; but even in that country, its enormities, as they are chronicled in the volumes before us, are such as almost to exceed belief. The form of the proceedings is exceedingly curious, but this has been so often detailed, that it is necessary here only slightly to allude to it. Established for the purpose of carrying on a warfare against heretics, the Inquisition, by its holy triumphs, soon began to find a want of enemies. That heretics did exist, however, was plain, because the Inquisition existed; and it became therefore necessary to employ a numerous host of spies to penetrate into the fastnesses and lurking places of infidelity. The scope which this system afforded for private revenge was truly dreadful. The blow was unseen, and the assassin secure; no man was safe—not even in the midst of his own family; for it was impossible to be certain that his father or brother was not an agent of the Inquisition. When the accused was cited before the tribunal, resistance or flight was held to be a proof of the crime. The chief punishments were, banishment on a pilgrimage, excommunication, exposure on a scaffold, imprisonment, and death by fire. The pilgrims to the Holy Land, or elsewhere, carried with them a badge which proclaimed their crime, and their subjection to the Holy Office; the excommunicated were driven altogether out of the pale of society, and hedged round with impassable interdictions; the exposed were placed on a scaffold or a ladder, with the testimonials of their guilt, if there happened to be any, hung round their neck, and thus exhibited to the gaze of the people; the imprisoned were shut up for life in a dungeon without door or window, receiving bread and water in a box revolving in a hole in the wall, and in some cases were loaded with perpetual chains; the condemned to death were carried in priestly procession to a public place, and burned, not by the Inquisition, but by the common executioners of the town, that the holy fathers might be justified in declaring their abhorrence of shedding blood. When the rare occurrence took place that the suspicion of heresy was found to be unjust, the accused were restored to liberty; which, however, they were bound to enjoy (according to Pope Innocent IV.) in denouncing and persecuting heretics. The commencement of this frightful institution is placed by our author at the end of the 12th or the beginning of the 13th century. At this period the power of the pope was looked upon with disgust and suspicion; and the vices of the clergy were so notorious, that it had become a proverbial saying among the people, when alluding to any infamous action, “I would rather be a priest than do so and so.” In Languedoc, the celebrated heresy of the Albigenses had made rapid strides, and already possessed a

religious hierarchy of its own; every thing, in fact, announced a crisis important to the descendants of St. Peter. The proceedings of the Inquisition, however, during that period of its infancy, are mingled inextricably with the transactions of the twenty years' butcheries which desolated Languedoc; and hence the first volume of the work before us, and the greater part of the second, are filled with the historical details of a religious crusade, without parallel, we believe, in the annals of atrocity. At length, in the year 1228, complete triumph crowned the exertions of the "army of the Lord," as it was called; and Imbert de Beaugen, encamped before Toulouse, struck the last blow of the war in a manner well worthy of himself and his cause. His troops, rising every morning, for three months, at an early hour, after breakfast and hearing mass, divided into numerous bodies. These spread themselves abroad upon the face of the country, preceded by ecclesiastics of high rank singing psalms, and to the tune of this holy music plucked up the vines, broke down the trees, demolished the houses, farms, and bridges, and destroyed whatever was requisite for the comfort or necessities of men, except the churches and chapels. This satisfactorily effected, a treaty of peace was concluded between the Count of Toulouse, the King of France, and the Romish church; and the Inquisition, no longer able to have

————— a kingdom for a stage,  
Princes the actors,—

was obliged to content itself with individual victims, and the field of private life for its exploits. At this period, in fact, the history of the Inquisition in France properly begins; M. De Lamothe-Langon's nine first books should therefore be regarded only as introductory.

Overt acts indicative of infidelity, and avowals made *visd voce* in confidential conversation, were of course complete proofs of delinquency; but the negative evidence of an individual's absenting himself from confession and communion was held to be equally strong. At the council of 1229, some suspected parties were condemned by the bishop of Toulouse, *because of the insignificance of the facts which they revealed*; and in the same year, the determination of the Inquisition to conceal from the accused the names of their accusers—a piece of information which some obstinate individuals, determined not to allow themselves to be burned quietly, solicited—was openly avowed. At this period the bishops were the sole judges of heresy; but Pope Gregory IX., in 1233, finding that under their surveillance the evil extended rather than diminished, removed this enormous power into the hands of the "*frères precheurs*;" and thus the Dominicans became the first directors of the Inquisition in its organized state. A much higher antiquity, however, was claimed for the institution. The Inquisition, say its admirers, was first founded in heaven, when God himself was Chief Inquisitor, as the rebel angels can witness. He continued to exercise the holy function in behalf of Adam, and Cain, and the men who were drowned in the deluge, or confounded at the building of Babel. Moses acted in his name, when he punished the Hebrews in the desert by violent deaths by fire from heaven and living inhumation

in the earth. St. Peter next succeeded to the inquisitorial power, and after him the popes, his successors, who eventually transferred it to the monks of St. Dominic. The code of laws by which this institution was governed, when it at length reached the hands of these holy fathers, is unique in its kind; it recommends falsehood, treachery, and rapacity on the part of the inquisitors, and forbids nothing whatever except charity and mercy. The 16th article is worth transcribing. "It is better that a hundred Catholics irreproachable in their faith should perish, than that one heretic should escape; because the giving death to a hundred innocent Catholics is no more than opening to them the gates of heaven, whereas the setting at liberty a heretic may be the means of bringing many souls to destruction." This maxim, however, was promulgated long before by one of their fanatical warriors, who cried out, "Kill them all—God will know his own!"

It was not, however, without some struggles that the public submitted to be ridden by so powerful an incubus. The throats of sundry inquisitors were cut, and at Toulouse the lower classes rose almost *en masse* against the tribunal. In 1242, eight inquisitors arriving at the town of Avignonet in Lower Languedoc, took possession of the palace of the Count of Toulouse, and sending to the authorities for a list of the local heretics, despatched their party to cut fagots for the usual *auto da fe*. The *bailli* of the place, however, assisted by the garrison, stole under cover of the night and with all imaginable precaution, to the attack of the holy men; and having succeeded in performing the dangerous feat of entering a house which there was nobody to guard, massacred them on the spot. The inquisitors met their fate with joy, singing *Te Deum* for the victory of martyrdom they were about achieving.

By the blood shed on such occasions, however, the edifice seemed only to be the more firmly cemented; and for a space of nearly two hundred years, the history of the Inquisition is filled with persecutions, triumphs, and *auto-da-fes*, detailed by our author with commendable circumstantiality. At the beginning of the 15th century, the Holy Office in France commenced its decline. The lay powers, with the citizens and populace, had been goaded into desperation; the bishops writhed against a despotism which interfered even with their sacred rights; and the legislature detecting in every act of secrecy a civil as well as religious offence, deprived the Inquisition at one fell swoop of half its victims and half its authority.

From this period M. Lamothe-Langon traces the decline of the institution with great precision, till at length, in 1772, without struggle or convulsion, it expired apparently of weakness and decay.

The present work, we believe, is the first detailed history of the Inquisition in France, which was the parent of those of Spain, Portugal, and of the New World. The author has displayed great industry and research in the execution of his task; but to an English reader at least the eagerness with which he denounces and combats its atrocious dogmas appears to be somewhat unnecessary,

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ART. XVII.—*Opere varie d'Ugo Foscolo*. 8vo. Lugano. 1829.

THE *Antologia* of Florence, in an article of a late number on the above publication, which contains several orations of the late Foscolo, among others that on the occasion of the Congress of Lyons, and his tragedies, besides biographical details of that eloquent and original writer, adds, by way of illustration, a letter hitherto unpublished, written by Foscolo himself, about a twelvemonth before his death, to his friend the Marquis Gino Capponi of Florence. The literary portions of this letter are very interesting, but the statements, as to *matters of fact*, are so strangely coloured by the writer's own views, that we have thought it only a matter of justice to one of the parties who might be injuriously affected by their publication, to attach a few notes by way of correction, the accuracy of which may be relied on. We trust that the respectable editor of the *Antologia* will give publicity to these corrections in his Journal, and thereby counteract the erroneous impressions which he may have been the involuntary instrument of diffusing.

"... I was in hopes that, in giving you tidings of myself, I should be able to forward at the same time my Illustrations of Dante's *Commedia*; and if the bookseller had not disappointed me, the whole poem would have been new printed, published, and forwarded to Italy. My first intention was to print a quarto edition of only five hundred copies, as I did not reckon upon many purchasers, but only among the lovers of fine and correct editions, the librarians of the public European libraries, and among those readers of Dante who would like to see him illustrated in a fashion quite new and never before attempted, such as I consider it to be, the only one calculated to develop the poetry, the times, and the whole mind of Dante. Several sheets of the edition were already printed, when through the failure of a banker who held three hundred pounds of my money, and through my not being paid by certain editors of periodicals, among others that of the *European Review*, I was assailed by distress and anxiety, and calamities insupportable and irremediable to me, considering my age of nearly forty-eight years; at which I find myself destitute of home and of books, having sold everything at a vile price to pay my creditors, and not to live at their expense, and dishonour myself by taking that wretched immunity here called the *Insolvent Act*. Therefore, having paid all that I was worth, and being left without anything but my liberty, my edition of Dante was interrupted of necessity. Nor could I have proceeded with it unless I had gone in quest of subscribers, which I hold to be synonymous with begging; and if I had taken upon myself the expenses of the printing, which are enormous in this country, I should have run the risk of becoming again involved, without knowing how to extricate myself. I therefore closed with the proposal of a bookseller that I should write for him Illustrations of the *Divina Commedia*, and of four other of the great Italian poets, which were to be contained in twenty-one small volumes, and it was agreed that I should give him the text and the notes in the course of two years, for which I was to receive twelve hundred pounds.\* Such a work was not very arduous for me, bating the tediousness of revising the text, and of translating and condensing what I had already written in the Edinburgh

\* The bookseller was Mr. Pickering of Chancery Lane. The agreement was made in 1824; the authors selected for illustration were Dante, Petrarca, Boiardo, Ariosto, and Tasso; a specific sum was fixed for each, amounting to £1134 in all; that for the Dante was £420. On the publication of the Dante, the publisher was to be at liberty to relinquish or continue the other authors of the series.

and Quarterly Reviews and other periodicals, concerning our poets. As it grieved me, however, to lose so much study and research concerning Dante, I contrived to retain as much as I could of my first work in this smaller edition; although I was necessarily obliged to cramp and curtail much of what I had done, owing to the size of the work and the economical plans of the bookseller. Such was the result of my labours.\* But towards the end of that year (1825) certain booksellers, who were in partnership with mine in this undertaking of the Italian poets, failed, and Heaven knows how many authors, who lived merrily by their pens, have from that time been reduced to poverty in consequence of the failures of those booksellers! Walter Scott has lost thirty thousand pounds by them, but Government supplied him with some lucrative employment. However, I am neither Walter Scott, *nor a Tory*, and I am, moreover, *an alien*—therefore I have been obliged to put up with the loss of my twelve hundred pounds, besides three hundred more spent in amanuenses, books, and proof-correctors, without the satisfaction of having even a single copy of the volume already published; because between the bookseller and the assignees of his co-partners in the speculation of my edition, some half-printed volumes and my MSS. have been sequestered and sold for the benefit of the creditors, of whom I am also one: but in the interim, while waiting to recover a tenth of what I have lost, I find myself in great distress, and both my edition and my career stopped together.

"Some copies of the first volume of Dante, published under the title '*Discorso sul testo e su le opinioni diverse prevalenti intorno alla storia e alla emendazione critica della Commedia*', found their way, I believe, to Florence, and I am certain that Chevalier Puccini had one, and you must see to get it and read it. I would send you a copy, but I should be obliged to buy it, and it is *dear*,† and I have only by me a copy made up of the proofs sent me for correction. Although my original plan has been, as I said, sadly cramped and curtailed in this puny volume, it will yet serve to give you an idea of the Illustrations I have prepared, and which, I believe, would prove useful and valuable to Italy; the more so as no one has ever attempted to take the same view of the subject, and no printer or plagiarist will, I think, venture to counterfeit it in other editions.

"I have now resumed earnestly my original plan of illustrating the poem after my own fashion, and publishing an edition in five volumes quarto. But here an edition of a foreign work never defrays the expenses, the sale of seven hundred copies being barely sufficient to pay the printer, and to make up for the allowance to the trade, besides the most onerous charge of inserting numerous advertisements in the newspapers, without which no book in England can ever sell. Add to this the distress, whether temporary or lasting I know not, so severely and universally felt in this country; in consequence of which literature, and especially foreign literature, being looked upon as a sort of luxury,

\* From this sentence to the end of the paragraph is as much a romance as the *Ultime Lettere di Jacopo Ortis*. Mr. Pickering had no partners whatever with him in the speculation; no half-printed volumes or MSS. were sequestered or sold for the benefit of creditors, because they were not in existence to sequester; Foscolo received every shilling of the money stipulated for the Dante; at the time this letter was written, he was still labouring on the *Commedia*, but did not complete it until six months afterwards, namely, March, 1827. Sir Walter Scott—as every one knows, and as Foscolo might have known—received no lucrative place from government to make up for his losses; the official situation which he still holds, he had held for twenty years before this time.

† The first volume of the Dante, being entirely introductory, was published separately in 1825; the printing of the others was not proceeded with, owing to the Editor's delays, and the publisher's determination to have the whole MS. in hand previously. Moreover, Foscolo received, by agreement, one hundred copies of the first volume for the express purpose of presenting to his friends.

must be neglected even by those who cherished it, but who now can hardly provide the bare necessities of life. Besides, to tell you the truth, although many affect to talk about Dante, few understand him: the *Commedia* is a book for Italians, and for the Italians, living or to come, I have destined my labours and my illustrations.\* If I could therefore be certain of disposing of two hundred and fifty copies of my edition in Italy, I should not be obliged to throw away money beforehand in advertising in the newspapers, nor submit to the trade allowance required by the English booksellers. The two hundred and fifty copies would make one half of the edition, and at one guinea a volume would produce about £1500, which are required for printing the work. I should then have for my pains the other half of the edition, which I would endeavour to sell partly here by way of exchange for books which I stand in need of, (having sold most of mine to provide the means of subsistence,) and partly on the continent to the public libraries, &c.

"I feel extremely anxious, my dear Gino, not to lose the fruits of so many years' devotion to the study of Dante, of the middle ages, and of Italy. I began to act the parts of a critic, an antiquarian, and a pedant, in the *Edinburgh Review*, in order that they might know here at last *docuit quæ maximus Atlas*, in times when the human race in Europe was not able to understand him. I went on afterwards writing articles and pamphlets upon our poets, intending to sharpen my tools by it, until at last I became tired and sick of the task, and yet continuing the trade in order to cater *misericordie viatica canis*, the only useful result of my lucubrations was having learnt how to illustrate Dante's poem. To this last I have applied so intensely and so long, that now I feel I only want time and means for going to press; and I wish to do this the more, as, in finding my way through the poem and the obscure age of Dante, I think I have had a glimpse by which to explore also the unknown times of Homer and the state of Greek civilization at that period. I intend, therefore, next to print my version of the *Iliad*, illustrating it after the manner of the *Divina Commedia*, and I should insert in the last volume a Greek text, in which I would avail myself of the new remarks of Wolf, Heyne, and Payne Knight; and my text should be for the use of the modern Greeks, in order to persuade them at length to read in Homer not spirits and accents, but musical feet and hexameters.

"In front of the quarto edition of Dante, begun and interrupted as I have said before, a long political letter was to have appeared, addressed to the literati of Italy; a letter severe perhaps, but true, and useful one day or another. Fifty pages of it were already printed; but as the letter could not afterwards be included in the smaller edition, it remains now half printed, with the rest of the MSS., in the hands of the assignees, and they may do what they like with it: but, should I ever publish my own edition of Dante, I shall insert the letter, or if I must give up my plan for ever, I at least will print the same on some other occasion, by making only a few alterations at the beginning. To the *Iliad*, also, I could have wished to prefix a political discourse, in the shape of a letter, addressed to the Greeks, on the affairs of their sacred and unfortunate country; I should have wished, likewise, to publish simultaneously the first volumes both of the *Commedia* and of the *Iliad*, of which last I have now completed the version of nine books, which, after much revision and research, I do not think unworthy of the public. The third book, printed in the *Florence Antologia*, I have polished, so that if you see it now, it will appear like a flexible and living image. I, at this moment, have a copyist who is extracting

\* Some of the considerations so forcibly stated in this paragraph may have induced Mr. Pickering to pause in bringing out the other volumes of Dante, the MS. of which still remains in his hands. Two editions of the first volume have been already printed in Italy—no great encouragement, it must be allowed, for the English publisher to proceed with the remainder.



passages from the other books, which I will send with this epistle for your perusal, and you will tell me whether my long practice in these matters has enabled me to deal more successfully in my old and peculiar method of translating, a method from which, in spite of its thousand-and-one difficulties, I am determined never to depart.

"However, in order to complete my version and illustrations of the *Iliad*, I should require four years of tranquillity, with the certainty of selling my edition out of England; for here, books in foreign languages may obtain praise, but never will succeed, and John Bull is in the right of it, although the travelled English talk of foreign poetry and literature without comprehending them. Nor is this said in disparagement of their understanding, for I also would not pretend to assert that I understand thoroughly their poets, and yet, one way or another, I also write and see myself at times in English print. . . . But as on account of my *public and private character*, to use an English phrase, I wish to let the world know my opinions and feelings concerning Greece, the political discourse which ought to have preceded the translation of Homer will soon appear by itself in English; and, should the sale answer my expectations, perhaps I may then publish it in Italian, with the first nine books of the *Iliad*, which then can be made to say, at least, *non omnis moriar*.

"Be sure, above all, to answer me concerning Dante, after you have read the first volume of Pickering's edition. This Pickering, although against my determined will, found means to hold me up also as illustrator of an edition of the *Decameron*, by him conceived and got up, for although I love and honour Boccaccio, I *never could bring myself to venerate the Decameron*. In order to make it up with the bookseller, and with certain newspapers, which had advertised my illustrations, I made him a present\* of an *Historical Discourse*, begun long ago, about the Italian language, filling up a few vacancies with some additions concerning the *Decameron* and its admirers. I let him print this paper. Should Pickering's Boccaccio, a truly elegant edition, reach Florence, read the hundred pages at the head of the first volume, and let me know what you think, and what is said of them—I don't mean by all the *very learned*, but by the few sensible ones among the Florentines, and my most esteemed Nicolini among others. I know that I shall incur the enmity of both Crusicans and Anti-Crusicans, yet I think that the facts I have marked concerning these grammatical questions, the manner in which I have stated, and the inferences I have drawn from them, will serve some day, if not to cure the evils of the language, or to stop the contentions about it, to point out at least the origin both of the one and the other. And the origin is this: that the Italian has never been a spoken language;† that it is a written language and nothing else, and therefore literary and not popular; and if ever a day shall come when the political and social condition of Italy will cause its language to be spoken as well as written, as a literary and popular idiom at once, then both the disputes and the disputants will soon be lost and forgotten, and literary men shall no longer be like mandarins, and *the dialects shall not predominate* in the capital of each province, and the nation shall not be like a multitude of Chinese, but

\* The printing of the Boccaccio was commenced before the parties knew each other. Their acquaintance began by Mr. Pickering proposing to Mr. Foscolo to write a short preface for a certain sum. Foscolo undertook to do this, but made it twice the length intended, and received double the sum agreed for.

† This, like several other assertions of Foscolo, is too sweeping to be correct. The written Italian has been formed chiefly out of the spoken Tuscan, and most writers of the latter country have written in the popular language of their countrymen, and the public of Tuscany understands them. The case is different in the *dialect states*, which form, in truth, the great majority of Italy, and with regard to them Foscolo is right. See our Article in the present Number on the Dialects of Southern Italy.

a people able to understand what is written, and to judge of matters of language and of style, but *then only, not now, and never before then.*

"Several other papers on the history of the Italian language (for it is only from the matter-of-fact history, and from the vicissitudes of literature, that we can deduce useful theories,) were written by me and inserted in a periodical which began with magnificent preambles and promises, and ended most miserably, I mean the *European Review*. I, then, for the sum of £240, gave to the editors fourteen articles, styled 'Epochs of the Italian Language,' each of them embracing half a century, from the time of the first Frederic (Barbarossa) until our own days. The first three or four epochs were published, but the proprietors failed, and I did not receive a penny, having disbursed of my money not only thirty or forty pounds in copyists and translators, but as many again to lawyers, through whom, at last, I succeeded in recovering the MSS. of the unpublished epochs. I should like to condense them into one work, which I would dedicate to the Academy of La Crusca, with the motto, *Strike but hear*—although the Montists and Perticarians, with the whole of their brotherhood, should fall upon me. But my dear Gino, *quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo multa?* I am within sight of my fiftieth year, and besides the ebb of spirits and confidence and strength which takes place at this age, fortune now pursues me, so that I have few hopes of either living long enough to work, or of working sufficiently in order to live."

This melancholy letter was written on the 26th of September, 1826, and on the 10th of September, 1827, Foscolo was no more; of him and his works we may have something to say on a future occasion. It would appear, that he was born about the year 1778, which is confirmed by an article in the *Année Teatrale*, (or Theatrical Annual of Venice,) quoted by the Lugano editors of his works. By descent of a Venetian family, he came into the world on board a Venetian man of war which was taking his father to the island of Zante, then a dependency of the republic. His mother, however, we believe, was an Ionian, which accounts also for the mixture of Italian and Greek in Foscolo's first education and subsequent literary taste.

ART. XVIII.—*Die Bildhauer; Roman, von Karoline von Woltmann.* (The Sculptors, a Novel, by Caroline Woltmann.) 2 theile. Berlin. 1829.

THE German works of fiction that have made their way into this country have been chiefly those distinguished by their wildness, not to say extravagance—tales of ghosts and demons, or novels of exaggerated passion, sentiment, and character; and from these, together with Schiller's Robbers and Kotzebue's Stranger, the large majority of our countrymen have formed to themselves an imaginary standard of the German Drama and Romance. That, with respect to the Drama, this is a mistake, some of our contemporaries have of late explained, introducing to their readers' acquaintance a few of the many schools of tragedy which at present divide, or rather occupy as tenants in common, the public favour, in that land of enthusiasm, subtilty, and patience. But as Romance does not quite rank on a level with "gorgeous Tragedy," the various existing schools of prose fiction have not equally engaged the attention of the critic. One of these, which we

should almost say was the reigning favourite in Germany, is altogether unknown here. The school in question might be termed the *Æsthetic*, and alike disdains the aid of artificially contrived incidents in awakening interest, and the assumption of didactic dignity, through the enforcement or elucidation of any moral precept; inasmuch as the *Æsthetic* scholars of Germany (and what reading German is not included in this denomination?) are fully convinced that pleasure, not instruction, is the legitimate business of the Muses. The pleasure, however, which this class of their votaries purpose to afford is very harmless, and, our readers will perhaps think, not very seductive, being wholly intellectual in its nature, and destined rather to gratify those faculties that may be termed metaphysical, than either the heart or the fancy. But the views of these Novelists may be best explained by a few sentences from Karoline von Woltmann's preface to her *Roman*. She says,

"The first idea of the following pages was given by the singular provisions of the family entail of an old noble German house, and by a wish to make use of the poetry that lies in the art and in the life of the Sculptor for a work of imagination.

"The following tale was not intended as a poetical attempt to inculcate a moral example; nothing was thought of but the circumstance, its hero, and his art. In the end, the story appears to prove that man destroys his own happiness by violently releasing himself from the oppressive relations in which Nature had placed him. In itself the remark was gratifying to me, as this is a soul-elevating truth, never to be sufficiently taken to heart; but it was no purpose of mine to exemplify it by my narrative; this has produced itself through the nature of things."

We are decidedly of opinion that not one of these novels would be read in England; but we conceive that, for the sake of the originality at least, an analysis of one, as brief as may be compatible with our object—the giving a clear idea of their character—can hardly be unacceptable; and we have selected *DIE BILDHAUER* as our specimen of the school, chiefly on account of the literary reputation enjoyed by its fair author in Germany. She is the widow of a voluminous historical writer of some reputation, in the composition of whose works she is said to have assisted, and is herself the authoress of several works in the lines of history and romance. The production before us we moreover think far less dull than most of its class—perhaps because it admits rather more incident and love than usual. As the whole story grows out of the extraordinary family bye-laws alluded to in the preface, we request the reader to attend heedfully to their exposition.

A certain worthy individual, Udalrich, Count of Auenfried and Bishop of Bamberg, who lived some three or four centuries ago, was equally bent upon raising his family name as high as possible, and upon providing as liberally for the younger branches of his race as for its head. To effect these, usually esteemed incompatible objects, he devised the following uncommon form of entail. The estates were to remain for ever the joint property of the whole race; every descendant of which, male and female, was to receive out of them a yearly allowance

sufficient to support the honour of the name even in externals. The management of the estates was committed invariably to the eldest male of the eldest branch, who was to reside in the Castle of Auffemried, to enjoy the title of *Obmann*, or Arbitrator, of the family, and to have the demesne lands as compensation for his trouble. At Easter of every fifth year, the whole race was to assemble at the castle, and live together six weeks upon their joint property, in order to strengthen their family ties by social intercourse, to deliberate upon their common affairs and interests, and to commemorate their founder. Any Auffemried suspected of disgraceful conduct was upon these occasions—entitled by their founder *lineage-days*—to be tried by a tribunal composed of the male Auffemrieds present, presided by the *Obmann*, and directed by some eminent lawyer. If found guilty, the convicted offender was to forfeit the Auffemried name and heritage. The specified crimes by which such forfeiture was to be inturred were, for men, cowardice, for women, unchastity, and for both sexes, unequal marriages, denying the family name, and following any ignoble occupation.

Towards the end of the last century, the reigning *Obmann* was a melancholy widower, who lived retired, devoted to the memory of his wife, the cultivation of the fine arts, and the education of his only son George. In this last employment he was assisted by a young *philologue*,—*Anglic* classical scholar, who, however, chiefly kept the father company, whilst George, except being taught Greek and Latin, was left pretty much to nature. That, under such tuition, he ran like a deer, swam like a fish, climbed trees like a squirrel, and scaled rocks and mountains like a goat, are in German novels things of course. But he likewise learned mental activity from the example of his father and his tutor, and mental energy and earnestness from their conversations; whilst his uniform and tranquil life gave his character simplicity and depth, and his *entourage* of art, *i.e.* pictures and casts of antique statues, together with the local beauties of Auffemried, impressed upon his sense the eternal forms of beauty. These eternal forms of beauty the dawning artist soon began to embody or imitate, by carving with his knife upon the rocks and the trees.

This poetical system of education is early interrupted by the *Obmann's* death. The regular successor, the next brother of the deceased, is a bustling person—an Economist and Utilitarian, without sense of eternal or of any other beauty. He removes the statues and pictures into lumber-rooms, spends his days amongst his farm labourers, and wears home-made clothes. Of course George's sense of eternal beauty is shocked at the idea of disfiguring his person with an ill-made suit, and a violent quarrel ensues between the uncle and nephew, which is only appeased by the arrival of a package of clothes for George and his cousins, sent by a younger diplomatic uncle. But a more importantly mischievous piece of economy is the *Obmann's* dismissing the *philologue*, and sending his son and his nephew to the village school, to which he has appointed the son of his own tutor, an ignorant pedant, who by flattery has contrived to obtain his patron's

full confidence. To such tuition George cannot submit, and takes to playing truant and modelling. His first performance in this way is a *Herown*, a sort of eanotaph to his father's memory, consisting of busts of his father and tutor, with a Venus in the character of one of the Fates. The village pedagogue complains of young George's truancy; the *Olmann* is enraged at what he deems handcraft in an *Auffenried*; and the young artist, finding his situation intolerable, runs away, supplied by his kind cousin and confidant, Annie, with a well-stored purse and portmanteau.

His flight is directed to an university where his old tutor, the *philologue*, is a professor; and under whose care he proposes to complete his education—writing to his uncle, the convey, for the where-withal. He finds the professor absent upon a scientific expedition to Egypt; but accidentally meets with a sculptor, employed in making from a portrait the statue of a beautiful young lady, for her father, a Polish nobleman, resident at Florence. This artist George captivates by the genius he displays in first sketching, and then modelling, a far superior design for the statue in question, and yet more by pointing out in the lovely, expressive, and laughing features of the portrait, a something dark and mysterious.

“ ‘What knowest thou of this *trait*?’ exclaimed the master. ‘She has it—I call it the unfortunate, for I have noticed it in the faces of those who have died a violent death.’ George unconsciously shuddered at the answer.”

The master teaches George the use of the chisel, makes him study anatomy, and then sets him to execute in marble the statue he had modelled. We translate the delineation of our hero's feelings over this first work in marble.

“ ‘With a trembling hand George struck the first blow that was to call forth the beautiful form. But his courage grew with the progress of his work; it filled all his thoughts and sensations; every stroke was instinct with life; upon each followed surprise at its success, despondency of further success, and success ever augmenting.’

“ ‘Already he beheld the figure in its peculiar form and attitude, but enveloped in a thick veil. This became thinner and thinner. One member of the body after the other came forth in its proper character, lightness, life and beauty, together with the appendages and ornaments. He swam in an ocean of rapture. All that he saw bore reference to his statue. Every flower belonged to its wreath, and appeared there he knew not how, with the distinguishing curve of its petals in its native softness, delicacy, meltingness. He had a sense of its being whilst he carved it. . . . . He felt the pulsation of every vein, the swelling of every muscle, the tension of every nerve, in the form he wrought. He felt as though a living being were hurt by every pressure of the chisel or the file that cut away more than the needful.’

“ ‘With this intoxication of the fancy, this excitement of sensibility, was combined an equal activity of the understanding. He could give the soberest account of the reason of every effect the moment it was produced.’”

George's next work is a group of Hector and Andromache.

“ ‘This work induced an inspiration very different from the other, and more beneficent in its influence. The sentiments whose expression he embodied, overflowed into his own soul.’”

‘ But we have not room for all the delineations of our young artist's

feelings over his work. When the group is finished, George refuses to sell it, purposing to take it with him, as his best letter of introduction, to Italy, whither he is going to complete his professional studies; but discovering his master to be a tyrannical miser, who suffers his family to pine in want, sickness and drudgery, amidst his hoards, he sells Hector and Andromache, and places the proceeds in the hands of a lawyer, to be strictly applied to the support and education of the sculptor's family. He then repairs to Italy, with a recommendation from his master to Canova, reaches Rome, and flies to the Vatican. There the first antique he sees is a monumental figure with the face of his statue of the Young Maiden, but at a riper age, and having the expression of his favourite Venus at Austerlied. He is startled at the resemblances, but the impression is effaced by the sight of the Apollo, the Laocoon, &c., upon which he gazes with the feeling, "and that is stone, the work of human hands—possible to his art!"

George next presents his introductory letter to Canova, who, pleased with the talent exhibited in his drawings, admits him to work in his private studio, and imparts to him much of his own skill. But Canova's spirit is not congenial to that of our hero, who

"did not so much imitate the antique as strive to penetrate into the secret of its perfection; and herein he found it: to be swayed by no law in his representations, save what the conception necessarily imposed, to think and feel this in deep simplicity, to contemplate it expressed in lucid beauty in the statue. He placed the essence of beauty not alone in the witchery exercised over the senses by the pleasing, the soft, the delicate; he placed it likewise in the completeness of the single parts of a whole, in their individual health and force, in their harmony with each other, and with the idea of the whole which they form."

Upon these principles George, in Canova's studio, produces a statue of Paris and a bust of Annie, which enchant the celebrated master, and are generally admired. But his labours are much interrupted by Canova's visitors and habits. George's genius is deep, he requires stillness, and having conceived a group of Theseus and Sciron, he resolves to execute it at home.

"The work was accomplished; file and chisel rested; the silence of finished labour environed the group in the brightness of completion in which it stood, towering over its creator, humbling, exalting, delighting him as he looked up to it—his cheeks glowing, his breast throbbing with joy, gratitude, conscious power; yet already contemplating it as something alien to himself, contemplating the abruptness with which life divides the achiever from the achieved."

"His studio was filled with visitors, brought thither by the reputation which the group of the Theseus had already acquired. George found his work surrounded by a dense circle of admiring gazers. Single exclamations of 'Stupendous!' 'Magnificent!' 'Exquisite!' half-breathed, but uttered in the tone of rapture, interrupted the silence ever imposed by the presence of admirable statues, by the sight of this highest, motionless, mate life. He saw the group towering in its colossal size, like an apparition from the more youthful age of humanity; every feature necessity, simplicity, strength, and life. A whisper, announcing him as the author of the work, pointed him out to notice. All pressed upon him with enthusiasm and congratulations, yet with reverence and reserve. On all sides he perceived admiration, joy—and amidst this the en-

tered. It was almost too much to bear. In one hour, certainty of love, certainty of fame, the beloved a witness of the latter, and in his soul the consciousness that it was not undeserved."

The novelish parts with which the *Æsthetic* portion of this un-English production is relieved, are less to our purpose, though they derive their colouring, if not their existence, from the hero's artist-feelings and situation. At Rome he meets with Florentia, the lovely original of his first statue, in circumstances which cast a shade of disrepute upon her conduct and character. Her family having returned to Poland, she is living alone, for the avowed purpose of studying music, (her genius for which resembles George's for sculpture,) under the protection of a bachelor duke, somewhat deformed; but a professed connoisseur. She is introduced to George through a series of mystifications, contrived by the duke out of curiosity to see what effect the beauty, which unseen he had portrayed, will produce upon the artist. This effect of course is, that he falls violently in love with Florentia, who returns his passion, but strives to conceal her sentiments. The fair Pole's birth, though noble, has not the equality required by the good bishop in the wedded partners of all possible Aufseerieds; but despite this, despite even her suspicious relation to the duke, George resolves to marry her, and submit, for her sake, to be the first Aufseeried ejected from the family—a doom the bitterness of which he deeply feels. During the growth of this passion he is involved by it, and by the artifices of Giuseppe, a scholar of Canova's, who forces his services upon George, in appearances of ingratitude to Canova, and of various other offences. In the end Florentia's conduct is explained by the discovery that she is the wife of the duke, the marriage having been, for family reasons, temporarily concealed; and the catastrophe of the novel, after her death, (she is drowned through the duke's officious folly,) is George's trial and acquittal before the Aufseeried tribunal.

We shall close our brief sketch of this *Æsthetic* novel by inserting, as a specimen of Frau von Woltmann's powers, in a style different from that of our preceding extracts, her picture of the recovery of Florentia's corpse out of the Tiber. George has been for months imprisoned through the machinations of the duke and Giuseppe. Canova effects his liberation, and he is flying to the abode of Florentia, of whose marriage and death he is still ignorant, when his attention is caught by a boat rowed by men in the duke's livery, which an immense crowd is anxiously watching. As he gazes,

"some commotion appeared towards the middle of the river. A black, wild-looking head, the tension and flush of exertion in the face, a brawny shoulder, rose out of the yellow Tiber. The left arm was seen labouring under the water. Now followed a second up-borne head, its brown tresses hanging down in the waves. They were washed from the pale face; it met the sun-beam, the eyes glazed, in undisfigured beauty—the face of Florentia. The multitude raised a cry of lamentation. The little maiden in the boat stretched her arms towards the spot where the beautiful form was seen higher and higher out of the stream. The boat was rowed thither. A second wild face appeared above the liquid mirror, half hidden beneath a mass of white folds. Sinewy arms lifted a cry of lamentation, wrapt in a long white garment that dragged in the water."

ART. XIX.—*Waterloo. Au Général Bourmont.* Par Méry et Barthélémy. Paris. 1829. 8vo.

Messrs. Méry and Barthélémy, whom the French government were absurd enough to push into notoriety by the prosecution of their poem, called *Le Fils de L'Homme*, seem determined to leave no part of the history of Napoleon untouched. They began with Egypt, and they have arrived at Waterloo; this poem, which, it seems, is a component part of another, is now prematurely published out of its natural order, for the sake of having a fling at the new ministry of France. The partner-poets, conceiving that they should lose the market for their goods if they were to wait their due season, have hastened to present the latter end of their production to the public first: thus killing two birds with one stone, for they give birth at the same time to a poem and a political pamphlet. The most important element of both this class of writings is understood to be fiction, and although Messrs. Méry and Barthélémy have no other claim to the character of either able poets or pamphleteers than this one, still the bold and original manner in which they apply that figure of speech commonly called *lying* must entitle them to the marked approbation of all admirers of mendacity, plain or ornate.

The perusal of this poem of "Waterloo" would have simply excited our contempt on the score of its falsehood and imbecility, did we not fear that the opinions which its writers wilfully assume from malice, may be entertained by many of their countrymen from ignorance or vanity. The idea that a great and powerful, and on so many points an enlightened, nation; can be blinded either by vanity or ignorance to the nature of the misrepresentations contained in this wretched pamphlet is too painful to be looked over in silence. The prejudices and falsehoods respecting England and Englishmen, which are industriously inflamed by men who call themselves the *liberal* writers of France, may be productive of the most mischievous consequences. It is the duty of every one who remarks them, and can contribute to their dissipation, to use his efforts for that purpose. They embrace a far wider field than the mere battle of Waterloo, but their unfairness with respect to that engagement is a good specimen of their *quo animo*. The aberrations of Messrs. Méry and Barthélémy, in the present instance, are entirely confined to it and to the character of the British army—so shall our remarks.

Among the earliest stanzas of this *soi-disant* poem, we find these observations on the avidity with which the English, in their visits to the field of Waterloo, purchased the relics of the army.

"Et la foule stupide aux bords de la Tamise  
Touchait avidement la dépouille conquise  
Dans ce musée souterrain.

Il fallait ces hochets à leurs pauvres chroniques,  
Au répertoire usé des fastes Britanniques,  
Pour charmer la veillée au gothique manoir:  
Comme un grand souvenir dont un peuple s'honore,  
Ils en étaient réduits à répéter encore  
Les vieux contes du Prince Noir.



Aussi, quand des combats la chance aléatoire  
 D'une page douteuse habilla leur histoire,  
 L'Anglais la publia monté sur des tréteaux;  
 De leur drapeaux vainqueurs ils montraient la merveille,  
 Comme des parvenus, mendiants de la veille,  
 Étaient leurs premiers manteaux.

Ils avaient un héros! L'Homère de l'Ecosse  
 Jeta dans Hyde Park le plan de son colosse;  
 Le ciseau du sculpteur mentit en le créant.  
 Changeant en profil grec son anglaise effigie,  
 Il cuirassa de fer sa poitrine élargie,  
 Il fit du pygmée un géant.

Et les lords pelerins, abandonnant leur île,  
 Se rendaient au champ Belge où vainquit leur Achille.  
 Ils allaient répétant: Waterloo, Wellington;  
 Ces mots, plus durs encore dans leur bouche Bretonne,  
 Tombaient comme un refrain d'un timbre monotone,  
 Toujours: Waterloo, Wellington.

It would seem that the "stupid crowd on the banks of the Thames" had no trophy to boast of, no tale of victory to enliven the evenings of "the old manor-house," in the interval between the exploits of the Black Prince at Poitiers, and Lord Wellington at Waterloo: that intoxicated with the novelty of even a doubtful success, they seized upon this battle as a subject of extraordinary triumph, cast statues to the victor of a most unwieldy size, and went about running the changes on Wellington, Waterloo—Wellington, Waterloo, in an uncouth voice, and with the heavy monotony of a stamping machine. It would seem that Bonapartists are as mendacious as their hero's bulletins. The recollections of no country are richer than our own, whether of modern or ancient triumph: the very contest with the gigantic power of Napoleon, of which Waterloo was the closing scene, the history of which these pseudo-poets must at least know, though they may know nothing more, is full of materials for the manor-house fire-side. Victory was so far from being a rare thing, in the estimation of the banks of the Thames' people, that the achievements of their modern Marlborough and his army in the Peninsula, were popularly in the mouths of all men. It is idle, however, to attempt to refute matter which is utterly untenable: we quote the passage as a specimen of the petty spitefulness of the true Bonapartist: a creature suckled in error and nursed up with all sorts of delusion.

After some further offensive depreciation of the English, the poets proceed to connect them with the "Sinon" of the Battle of Waterloo, General Bourmont. They say that it is *we* who would have him a minister of France, and that he is so. This imaginary crime is, therefore, to be revenged—but how?—by a true and faithful description of the battle of Mont St. Jean, improperly called Waterloo; a very singular revenge it must be confessed.

"Dans son intégrité retablissons l'histoire;  
 Le temps n'a pas jugé la moderne Crécy;  
 Ce pompeux Waterloo que leur bouche raconte,  
 C'est notre Mont-Saint-Jean: nous l'adoptons sans honte,  
 Notre bataille, la voici—

They proceed in their design of re-establishing history in all its integrity: it is done by a series of lines, in which it is difficult to find one which does not contain a falsehood. To begin with the description of the first movement with which the battle of Waterloo opened: the attack upon the Chateau of Hougoumont by the French left, under the command of Jerome.

“ *Vers les lignes Bretonnes  
Toute l’armée en feu ébranlé en dix colonnes,  
Jérôme le premier, vers leur droite poussé,  
Veut que le sang d’un roi soit le premier versé;  
Son aile qu’il entraîne au fond de la vallée,  
Emporte d’Hougoumont l’enceinte crénelée;  
En vain ses défenseurs cherchent l’abri des bois;  
Poursuivie et forcée une seconde fois,  
L’élite des Anglois vers les monts se replie  
Sous le choc foudroyant du roi de Westphalie.*”

Every one who knows any thing of the battle of Waterloo knows that the country-house of Hougoumont, in front of the British right, was a place of so much importance that it has always been called the key of the Duke of Wellington’s position. It was filled with light companies of the guards, and some riflemen were stationed in the wood attached to it. Against this point Napoleon directed the efforts of thirty thousand men, who attacked the place in three divisions, one after another, but who never did get possession of it in spite of all their efforts. The riflemen were driven out of the wood, and at one time the chateau was masked, that is to say, the enemy intercepted it, and acting in the face of it, prevented our sending reinforcements to its brave garrison. The division, which succeeded in masking it, was, however, soon after driven back with immense loss, and reinforcements were sent to it of more guards. This is a very different story: the King of Westphalia neither did, nor do we believe he wished, to shed his blood there; he carried, we believe, an entire skin from the field.

“ *Masses d’Anglais! rempart vivant que rien n’entame,  
Ni des hauts cuirassiers la foudroyante lame,  
Ni les puissans chevaux sur la ligne élancés!  
Ils résistent, debout l’un sur l’autre pressés;  
Dans ce carré de fer que la tactique enchaîne  
Nul Anglais ne s’émeut, ni d’effroi, ni de haine;  
Mais ce qu’à nos soldats inspire un noble espoir,  
Ce qu’ose l’héroïsme, il le fait par devoir.  
La guerre est son métier; dans un jour de bataille  
Pour gagner le salaire, il se bat, il travaille.  
Peu soucieux de gloire, il subit le danger  
Dans l’ignoble souci du boire et du manger,  
Et de ces gras festins exigeant le partage,  
Au sang de l’abattoir s’abreuve de courage.  
Pareil au journalier, automate banal,  
Qu’un statuaire adroit met sur un piedestal,  
Si ses chefs l’ont voulu, dans sa gêne stoïque  
Il garde tout un jour une pose héroïque.  
Son œil n’exprime rien que le morne stupeur,  
Immuable soldat, sans courage et sans peur.*”

This is a libellous character of the British soldiery, in imitation of that of General Foy, who had had reason to know them better. They who speak of either the English, Irish, or Scots soldier, as a mere mercenary, are either grossly prejudiced or basely malicious: to say that on the day of battle he works like a journeyman for his pay, without courage, and without fear, is to betray an utter ignorance of the fact, and small acquaintance with either human nature or the result of institutions on the character of a people. It is true that the men of our army are not selected either from the most moral or the best-looking of our citizens, but that is no reason why they should not share that spirit which is common to the whole British race. There is no people naturally more pugnacious than the British. If it can be said of the combative cock that he merely fights on the arena because he prefers to live well in a pen, and not because his blood rises at the sight of an antagonist, then it may be similarly asserted of a British soldier that he sticks at his post, or makes a bayonet charge, under the strong impression of his shilling a-day. There is in him, on the contrary, a strong spirit of adventure, a fearless desire of contest, and a vehement looking-back at home, a pride in the British name, and all those noble feelings which spring from national recollections. But he possesses not merely the courage of attack, which he shares with savages, but the courage of resistance, a courage the rarest and most valuable of all, for it is compounded both of soul and body. This is what our neighbours cannot understand: when he stands to be shot at, and run down for a whole day, they call him the *soldat immobile, sans courage et sans peur*: they little dream with what feelings he is burning; when the order is at length given to move forward, they may, however, gather an idea. It is this *bottom* which endures, and never tires, which animates the last struggle of all, combined with fine physical qualities, which renders the British soldier invincible in the field. The Frenchman may be equally brave: but he fights in a state of exaltation, which is liable to evaporate: he is *mousseux*, like his own champagne: besides which, the French have a trick of sentiment, which serves to gild plain actions with a tinge of heroism. All our military speeches are clothed in the most ordinary language: "Up, guards, and at 'em." "What will they think of us in England, boys," &c., while our neighbours naturally fall into an elegant, or at least a sentimental, turn of phrase. Such is *la garde meurt et ne se rend pas*. But we seek not, and never have sought to depreciate the military virtues of the French: we are almost too generous in that respect; let them only be fair in return. Let us quote the testimony of General Muffling, one of the best military writers of the day, and an impartial judge.

"There is not, perhaps, in all Europe, an army superior to the English in the actual field of battle. That is to say, an army in which military instruction is entirely directed to that point, as its exclusive object. The English soldier is strongly formed and well fed, and nature has endowed him with much courage and intrepidity. He is accustomed to severe discipline, and is very well armed. The infantry opposes with confidence the attack of cavalry, and shows more indifference than any other European army when attacked in the flank or rear. These qualities explain why the English have never been defeated in a

*pitched field since they were commanded by the Duke of Wellington.—Histoire de la Campagne de l'Armée Anglaise, &c. 1815.*

“ Mais comme de la mer la vague renaissante  
 Mine, à force de chocs, une digue puissante,  
 La colonne Française, en rapides torrens,  
 Dans sa dernière charge écrase les deux rangs,  
 Et la mort mille fois, ou donnée ou reçue,  
 Au milieu des carrés agrandit une issue.  
 En vain les Grands-Bretons, immobiles et froids,  
 Se reforment plus loin en carrés plus étroits,  
 En vain des autres monts regagnent-ils la cime,  
 Partout la main de fer les suit et les decime.  
 L'orgueilleux Wellington, qui pâlit pour ses jours,  
 Cuirassé de soldats, étouffé de secours,  
 De son armée entière attend la dernière heure,  
 Donne des ordres vains, croise les bras, et pleure.

What impudence is here ! On the united testimony of every British officer present, not a single square of the Anglo-Belgic army was broken for a single instant the whole of the day : they never formed in any other position than the precise ground taken up in the morning : that the number in the squares was greatly diminished is true, but it was by the artillery, and not the iron hand of the cavalry. On the contrary, it was in these ineffectual charges of cavalry against the British squares, which lasted half the day, that Napoleon's cavalry was destroyed, and which greatly contributed to his utter discomfiture. As for the picture of the Duke of Wellington *trembling for his life, crossing his arms, and weeping*, it is simply puerile, and unworthy of the gravity of refutation.

The notes are even more offensive than the text: we are called “the conquered at Waterloo,” by a stroke of impudence more than Gascon, and the entire credit of the utter destruction of the French army and its consequences is given to the Prussians. General Gourgaud has furnished the poets with a long note on Marshal Grouchy, which is simply a repetition of the St. Helena *mensongeries*. Comte de Grouchy has, however thought fit to give it a flat denial in the *Constitutionnel*, and promises a complete refutation of it in a short time. If the facts respecting him are as completely *denaturés* as those which relate to the English, his task will be an easy one. Having neither time, space, nor inclination, for farther notice of a publication which derives its only claim to notice from a popular clamour, we will conclude by unhesitatingly asserting, that it does not contain a single sentence which is not more or less a falsehood, and capable of a ready and simple proof of being so.

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# MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

## No. IX.

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### FRANCE.

M. THIERRY has a third edition of his *History of the Conquest of England by the Normans* nearly ready for publication.

M. Cuvier has made a very favourable Report, in the name of the Committee appointed by the Academy of Sciences, on the scientific collections made by M. Charles Belanger, during his travels in the East, from 1825 to 1839 inclusive. The Committee conclude that the Academy should represent to the Minister how important it is to science that the publication of M. B.'s rich collections in Botany, Zoology and Entomology should be given to the world.

A Prospectus of the work has since been published, under the title of *Voyage aux Indes Orientales, par le Nord de l'Europe, les provinces du Caucase, la Georgie, l'Arménie et la Perse; suivi de détails topographiques, et statistiques, et autres, sur le Pegou, les Iles de Java, de Maurice et de Bourbon; sur le Cap de Bonne-Espérance et Ste. Hélène*. It will form four volumes in large 4to., with two folio Atlases containing 200 plates, of which 80 will be coloured. Three of the volumes will contain the Narrative part, and the fourth the Zoological and Botanical portions. The publication is proposed to be divided into thirty-five livraisons, at ten francs each.

A translation into French is announced of the *Stunden der Andacht*, or House of Devotion, of which there have been twelve editions in Germany during the last twelve years. The translation will be published in 8vo., with a large type, and in weekly parts.

M. Suckau, author of some elementary works on the German language, and German Preceptor to the Duke of Bordeaux, is engaged in a translation into French of Heeren's celebrated work on the Polity and Commerce of the Great Nations of Antiquity, of which an account is given in our present Number.

Several of the large Collections relative to French History, which have been for several years in progress, are now brought to a termination, and others are on the point of being completed. The *Collection of Memoirs relative to the History of France*, edited with Notes and Prefaces by M. Petitot, and divided into two series, has just been completed, the first series in 52 and the second in 78 volumes, each of them with very copious Indexes. The *Collection of the National Chronicles*, (including Froissart, Monstrelet, &c.) edited by M. Buchon, is also finished in 47 volumes. Of the *Collection of Memoirs*, anterior to those in Petitot's Collection, (translated principally from the Latin works in the *Rerum Gallicarum Scriptores*), edited by M. Guizot, 28 volumes out of 30 have appeared. Of the *Collection of the best Treatises and Dissertations relative to the History of France*, edited by Messrs. Salgues, Leber and others, 14 volumes have appeared out of 18. The *General Collection of Ancient French Laws*,

from 422 to 1789, with dissertations relative to the *Lost Laws*, the *Archives of the Kingdom*, &c., by Messrs. Isambert, Taillandier and Decrux, is also rapidly advancing to a conclusion. The twenty-fourth volume, just published, comes as low as the beginning of Louis XIV. The *Laws of Louis XVI.* have been already published; and four more volumes, which will comprize the rest of the *Laws of Louis XIV.* and those of Louis XV. will appear shortly, and terminate the series.

The ninth volume of Count Segur's *History of France*, commencing with the reign of Louis XI. is now in the press.

The travels of M. Caillé to Tombuctoo, edited by M. Jomard, in 3 vols. 8vo. are announced to appear in December.

The Abbé Chiarini, Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Warsaw, is about to publish in two volumes, 8vo. a *Theory of Judaism, applied to the Reform of the Israelites in all the Countries of Europe; intended also as a Treatise preparatory to a French Version of the Babylonian Talmud.* The work will be divided into three parts; the first containing an examination of all the authors who have written on Judaism in all the countries and languages of Europe; the second exhibiting the true spirit of Judaism, its anti-social doctrine and pernicious tendency, supported by citations from the Talmud and other obligatory books; the third pointing out the most efficacious means of reforming the Jews, and resolving the great problem so often debated and never decided, namely, that of rendering them happy and useful to the countries which have granted them an asylum.

The same author proposes to publish a complete version, in French, of the Talmud, with Commentaries, in six volumes, folio. The Emperor Nicholas has accepted the dedication of both these works, and assigned the author a sum of 6,000 florins towards printing the first, and 12,000 florins per volume for the last of these works.

At the extraordinary sitting of the French Academy, on the 3d of November, the Duke de Levis read some fragments of an unpublished *Tour in Scotland.*

*Necrology.*—P. A. N. B. Comte Daru, a Peer of France, Member of the French Academy, and the Academy of Sciences, died on the 5th of September last, of an attack of apoplexy, at his seat near Meulan, aged sixty-two. He was a native of Montpellier, where his father was secretary to the intendency of Languedoc. He entered the army at sixteen, and was lieutenant and commissary at war when the revolution broke out. He warmly embraced its principles, like most of the enlightened spirits of the epoch. After having made the campaign of 1792, he was arrested as a suspected person, and imprisoned for eighteen months, during which he amused his solitary hours with poetical composition. After his liberation he filled successively several important situations in the commissariat and the office of the war ministry. After the 18th Brumaire, Bonaparte appointed him secretary to the ministry at war, and the day after the battle of Marengo nominated him one of the commissaries for the execution of the convention concluded between General Berthier and General Melas.

Having attached himself to the fortunes of Napoleon, he was, after the latter had assumed the imperial diadem, in 1805 nominated a counsellor of state and intendant-general of the emperor's military household; in 1806 intendant-general of the Brunswick territory, commissary for the execution of the treaties of Tilsit and Vienna, and minister plenipotentiary at Berlin. In

1806 he was elected a member of the Institute; and in 1808 an honorary member of the Berlin Academy. In 1811 he was appointed minister-secretary of state, and shortly afterwards received the portfolio of the war-administration. He accompanied Napoleon in his Russian campaign as secretary of state, and after the capture of Smolensk, in the council summoned to consider whether the French forces should advance any further, gave his decided opinion in the negative. After the retreat commenced, General Matthieu Dumas having fallen ill, Count Dumas was obliged to take upon him the functions of intendant general of the army. His capacity for labour and strong constitution enabled him to fulfil, with apparent ease, duties, which would have killed any three men of ordinary constitution.

After the restoration of the Bourbons he was nominated intendant-general by the king in December, 1814. On the return of Napoleon, during the hundred days, he subscribed a considerable sum for the purpose of arming the Parisian fédérés, and in his capacity of counsellor of state attached his signature to the celebrated declaration of the 25th of March. After the second restoration, he retired for a time to private life and devoted himself to literary pursuits. In 1819 he was by a royal ordinance summoned to the Chamber of Peers, where his rectitude of judgment, his administrative knowledge, his facility for labour, and his eloquence, rendered him one of the most formidable adversaries of the Villele ministry, and signalized him as one of the most energetic defenders of the national liberties. In 1821 he published his *History of Venice*, the most important of his works, and that upon which his literary fame will principally rest; it is now regarded as the most complete and impartial history of that singular government, equally remarkable for its strength and long duration. Of his subsequent work, the *History of Brittany*, an account was given in the third number of this Journal. His other works consist of a poetical translation of Horace, a variety of occasional Poems, Discourses and Eulogiums, pronounced in the Academy, and Speeches in the Chamber of Peers. As a writer, his prose was considered superior to his poetry.

His loss has been very sensibly and generally felt, for his character and talents had gained him many friends. His funeral took place on the 11th of September, and his remains were deposited in the Cimetière Montmartre. Five discourses were pronounced over his tomb by Messrs. Mirbel, Cuvier, Silvestre de Sacy, Ternaux, and Leroy.

M. Lamartine, the poet, has been elected to the vacant place in the Academy, occasioned by M. Daru's death. His opponent was General Philip de Segur, the historian of the French Expedition to Russia, and of Peter the Great.

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It has been thought that it would be rendering a real service to historical study, as well as an agreeable one to the amateurs of early French literature, to publish *Le Brut d'Angleterre*, one of the most ancient monuments of the language, and which, partaking both of the nature of a poem and a chronicle, comes with a double claim before the public. This work, which was composed in the middle of the twelfth century, will now be published complete for the first time; hitherto only a few fragments have appeared: it consists of nearly 20,000 verses, and contains traditions and accounts of historical events as far back as the seventh century of our era. The text has been copied and collated with the greatest care from MSS. in the King's Library, of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. A Vocabulary will be added, chiefly containing explanations of the terms not derived from the Latin. The editor, who is intimately acquainted with the Northern languages, will be able to bestow great completeness and certainty on this almost totally neglected part of French etymology. The work will be printed by Didot, in two volumes, 8vo.

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## GERMANY.

M. BESSEL, one of our ablest and most laborious astronomers, has just published, in the Berlin Memoirs, an account of some very interesting experiments on the Pendulum.

Dr. Tholuck, of Halle, announces, that with the beginning of the next year he will commence a new Theological periodical, intended chiefly to give an account of the best theological productions, but occasionally noticing works in other branches that may involve considerations connected with the main object of his work. From the high character of the editor, we are led to anticipate considerable benefit from such a work.

The Emperor of Austria has approved of the formation of a Missionary Society in his states, to be called the *Leopoldine Institution*, (in memory of his daughter, the late Empress of Brazil.) The chief object of the Institution is to provide missionaries for the diffusion of Christianity in North America, of the state of which a lamentable account has been given, during his recent visit to Vienna, by the Vicar-General of Cincinnati. The Institution has already met with the warmest support from some of the highest characters in the Church and State.

Professor Kruse has announced to his literary friends in Germany, that he has been prevented from publishing the third part of his *Hellas*, partly by his removal from Halle to Dorpat, and partly because he has been favoured by Sir W. Gell, the celebrated traveller, with many hitherto unpublished plans, &c. of the Peloponnesus, by which great light will be thrown on many important places in the Morea; so that ultimately the delay will prove of essential advantage to the work.

Professor Seyffarth has been appointed to a nominal Professorship of Archaeology in the University of Leipzig, with an addition of 300 dollars to his former yearly pension of 200.

HEIDELBERG.—This city having been fixed upon for the eighth annual meeting of the German Naturalists and Physicians, every exertion had been making for months beforehand for the due accommodation of our guests. The government, which is always ready to promote the interests of science, caused particular attention to be paid to the necessary preparations; the inhabitants took a very warm interest in the event; and the members of the Museum Club very kindly offered their handsome and spacious apartments for the meetings. Previous to the day fixed for opening the sittings, we had the pleasure to see arrive several celebrated men, not only from Germany, but from almost every country in Europe. On the 18th of September, Professor Tiedemann, chosen as first manager, opened the public assembly in the great lecture-room of the Academy, with a discourse on the progress of the Natural Sciences, their present state, and their influence on civil society. Professor Gmelin, the second manager, then read a list of the names of the members present, who were very numerous. Among them were Count von Sternberg from Prague, Dr. von Speez from Ofen, Robert Brown from London, Coddington and Whewell from Cambridge, Ferussac from Paris, Rehmann from St. Petersburg, Eschholz from Dorpat, Quetelet from Brussels, Lichtenstein and Ritter from Berlin, Treviranus from Breslaw, Treviranus from Bremen, Goldfuss, Harless and



Nees von Esenbeck from Bonn, Oken and Vogel from Munich, Rüppell from Francfort, &c. &c.

The second sitting was on the 20th, and the third on the 22d. In this third sitting it was decided by a great majority, that Hamburg should be the place of meeting for the year 1830. The first Burgo-master, Dr. Bartels, and Dr. Fricke, were chosen managers. Professor Gmelin read a note addressed to the meeting by Baron de Ferussac, in the name of the *Société Anonyme du Bulletin Universel des Sciences et de l'Industrie*, inviting it to take part in that publication. A committee was appointed to consider the proposal. Professor Oken reported the steps that had been taken towards the edition of Pliny, viz. the collation of the MSS. in Italy, Spain, France and England.

In the fourth sitting, on the 23d of September, the question—whether cities situated out of the German Confederation might be chosen for the meetings—was discussed, and negatived by a great majority. Professor Tiedemann informed the meeting, that the city of Heidelberg, which had been a seat of the muses ever since the fourteenth century, wished to testify the respect for science which it had inherited from ancient times, by having a medal struck in commemoration of those meetings, to be distributed among the members. A burst of applause interrupted the speaker.

The fifth meeting was opened by a report of Professor Lichtenstein, in the name of the committee for considering of Baron Ferussac's proposal, to which it was agreed to accede; and a letter was desired to be written to the Baron, in the name of the assembled German Naturalists and Physicians, acknowledging the utility of his great undertaking, and wishing it every success. Among the additional members present were Professor Duncan from Edinburgh, Betti from Florence, &c.

At the sixth and last meeting, on the 24th of September, Professor Lichtenstein read a letter addressed to him by the illustrious Goethe, in which that patriarch of German literature expressed the warm interest he took in the proceedings of the association.

In conclusion, Professor Tiedemann laid before the meeting an account of the proceedings, and thanked the meeting for the numerous attendance, and the lively interest that had been manifested. Professor Lichtenstein, as the second manager at the assembly in 1828, delivered the accustomed valedictory oration, and concluded with the following words:—

“We now take leave of you, and of this friendly abode of science, with feelings of the most grateful recollection of the abundant and various information and enjoyment which our meeting has again afforded us on this occasion. Neither the banks of the Elbe, nor those of any greater or smaller stream that we may visit in the sequel, will ever be able to efface or to obscure the lively image which we now carry away with us from the wood and vine-covered hills of the Neckar.”

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PRUSSIA.—*Halle*.—The number of Teachers in our University (not including Language and Exercise Masters) has increased during the summer from 62 to 70.

The Students actually immatriculated are 1291, which is, indeed, fewer by 39 than last winter, but still a much larger number than in any other Prussian University except Berlin, and, with the exception of Göttingen and Munich, than any other German University. Of this number, 934 study Theology, 215 Jurisprudence, 66 Medicine, and 76 Philosophy: 946 Students are Prussian; 345 foreigners. It is to be observed, however, that all those here called foreigners are Germans, with the exception of 22 Danes, 9 Swiss, and 12 Hungarians. The Students have distinguished themselves, both by their application, and by their orderly and moral conduct.

## ITALY.

PISA.—An *English Journal*, under the title of *The Ausonian, or Monthly Journal of Italian Literature*, is announced. The Prospectus which we have received states, that “it will in form and type be exactly similar to the *London Literary Gazette*. Studiously avoiding every subject of political or religious controversy, it will be divided into the three following heads:—1. Original Essays, chiefly relating to the Literature or History of Italy. 2. Critical Reviews of the most important works, as they appear. 3. General intelligence from Rome, Florence, Naples, and the other Italian capitals. The first Number will be published as soon as we have collected so many signatures of subscribers as may nearly cover the heavy disbursement which we are obliged to encounter; and the terms of subscribers are fixed at £1 sterling per annum.”

## NETHERLANDS.

WE have already spoken of a Commission appointed by his Majesty in the Southern Provinces, which is to publish several hitherto inedited Manuscripts relative to the history of the Netherlands. The Prospectus of this collection is now printed, and contains a list of the Manuscripts to be published by the Commission. The following are the principal:—

- I. The Chronicle of Nicholas de Clerk, known by the name of the *Rym-Kronyk* of Brabant—in Flemish.
  - II. Chronicle of John van Heeln, being a description of the battle of Woeringen in 1288, at which he was present—in Flemish.
  - III. History of Brabant, by Edmund Dinter—in Latin.
  - IV. The Diplomatic History of Brabant, by P. von der Heyden, named *a Thymo*—in Latin.
  - V. Narrative of the Journey of Philip the Fair, to Spain, by Anthony von Lalaing—in French.
  - VI. Account of the Troubles which took place at Ghent in the Reign of Charles V.—in French.
  - VII. Journal of the Tour of Charles V.
  - VIII. Chronicle of St. Bavo—in Latin.
  - IX. Chronicle of Gilles Li-Muisis or Mucidus—in Latin.
  - X. Memoirs of John von Haynin—in French.
- And several other pieces.

The care of editing these Manuscripts is confided—

- i. & ii. to Mr. Willems of Antwerp, Member of the Royal Institute of the Netherlands.
- iii. to Mr. Bernhardt, Librarian of the University of Louvaine.
- iv. to the Baron von Reiffenberg, Professor of Philosophy in the same University.
- v. vi. & ix. to Mr. von Hulthem, Member of the States General.
- vii. & viii. to Mr. Raoul, Professor in the University of Ghent.
- x. to Mr. Silvain von der Weyer, Librarian of the City of Brussels.

Each of the editors is to employ in his remarks the language of the author: he is to annex to each of them the necessary Explanations, Appendices, and Indices; and, if needful, Maps and Plates. To each of them a short Account of the Author's Life is to be prefixed. The editors are to pay all possible regard to conciseness, and their remarks are to be chiefly confined to the expla-

nation or correction of antiquated or corrupted words, and to the illustration of things, of names, of persons and of places. The collection will consist of about thirty volumes 8vo. Subscriptions will be received either for the whole collection, or for any separate work.

## RUSSIA.

A new periodical, which is likely to be extremely useful, is about to be published with the permission of the Emperor, by the title of *Journal of the Home Department*. As it is to be published by that Department, it will have an official character. The object is to acquaint the public with the measures of the government which are in the jurisdiction of the Minister of the Interior, and the state of the several branches of administration subordinate to that department.

The Journal will be divided into three sections.

I. Will contain the Ukases of the Emperor, Reports to his Majesty, Annual Accounts of the Home Department, Letters Patent, &c.; all to be published at full length, and, where needful, with explanations of the intentions of the government.

II. Statistics:—This section will comprehend, among other articles, descriptions of the governments and towns of Russia; their population, produce and manufactures; tables of the population of the empire, and its parts; tables of the amount of consumption and produce of the harvest; descriptions of establishments, charitable institutions, schools, &c. under the direction of the Minister of the Interior; descriptions of public edifices lately erected or projected, with plans and drawings, &c. &c.

III. News.

To be published every two months, in numbers, each containing ten or twelve sheets of letter-press.

## SPAIN.

THE third volume of Señor Navarrete's Collection of the Early Spanish Voyages, just published, is divided into three sections. The first, under the head of *Viages Menores*, contains an account of the discoveries made by the Spaniards on the Coasts of the New Continent, after its discovery by Columbus, in his third voyage in 1498, for a period of twenty-seven years. Among these navigators, Captain Alonso de Hojeda cuts the principal figure. The second contains the four *supposed* Voyages of Americo Vesputcio, taken from the complete Latin edition published at Strasburg in 1509, in the author's life-time; Señor Navarrete has here given some exact notices of this navigator, and set in their true light the nature of his pretended discoveries. The third section contains an account of the Spanish settlements at Darien. The volume is closed by a Supplement of additional documents to the first two volumes.

## SWITZERLAND.

THE last Annual Report of the *Société de Lecture* of Geneva presents very gratifying results, and gives fresh proof that this Society may be confidently recommended, as regards its constitution and direction, to other

great cities of Europe, as one of the best models for such societies. In the past year it reckoned 382 ordinary members, and has accordingly nearly reached the maximum to which it may be raised without inconvenience. The number of strangers admitted *gratis*, with the utmost liberality for a longer or shorter time, (but at the longest for thirteen months,) amounted to nearly double the number of the members, viz. to 620; of whom 177 were English, 116 French, 70 Genevese, who were only resident in the city for a short time; 74 Swiss, 63 Germans, 38 Italians, 35 Poles and Russians, 17 Americans, 12 Savoyards, 9 Greeks, 9 Belgians, 5 Spaniards, 2 Portuguese and 1 Swede. The greater part of these visited Geneva during the months of July, August, September and October. The library now consists of 21,000 volumes in all branches of literature, but the greater portion are in the classes of polite literature, history, periodical works, political newspapers, and voyages and travels. New connections have been established with Paris, London and Edinburgh, in order to obtain as quickly as possible the most interesting pamphlets and parliamentary papers. The library receives considerable accessions by the gifts of its friends both at home and abroad. The activity of the circulation of the books is prodigious, 700 being constantly out. A particular Society for the German language is attached to the Institution; and holds its sittings in winter, in what is called the German Room, where only German is allowed to be spoken. The income of last year was 38,475 Genevese florins, and the expenditure 35,090. The Catholic Bishop of Geneva has strictly prohibited the clergy of his diocese from visiting or becoming members of the Society.

The last meeting of the Society of Swiss Naturalists took place towards the end of July at the Monastery of the Great St. Bernard. More than eighty naturalists attended from Zurich, Berne, Bâle, Fribourg, the Grisons, Argovia, the Pays-de-Vaud, the Valais, Neuchâtel and Geneva. A number of strangers, French, English and German, were also present. Three meetings were held on three successive days, during which several interesting papers on various subjects of natural history and physics were read by various members. Excursions were also made in the vicinity for the purpose of collecting objects, which were attended with great success; two entomologists from Lausanne having collected more than 2000 species of insects. The hospitable reception which the whole party met with from the prior and brethren of the Monastery are spoken of in the highest terms. The meeting for next year was fixed to be held at St. Gall.

A letter from one of the German naturalists present has been published in the *Morgenblatt*, in which it gave us pain to observe the following remark on our countrymen. "On the first evening after their arrival at the Monastery, the strangers, and particularly the Germans, very soon became acquainted with each other. New groupes were formed every instant. A frank and cordial gaiety, the result of mutual kindness, soon prevailed among us. *The English alone remained strangers to these movements, and constantly kept themselves aloof.*"

## ORIENTAL LITERATURE.

THE Asiatic Society of Paris has announced the intended publication of a second edition, lithographed, in 8vo. of the Chinese and Latin Vocabulary of Basil de Glemona. It is expected to appear in 1830.

M. Klaproth has resumed his Supplement to the same Vocabulary, which has become a work of indispensable utility to the Chinese student, from the alleged slovenly manner in which the latter part of Dr. Morrison's Dictionary has been sent into the world.

- 23 Billiard, *Projet de Code Noir pour les Colonies Françaises.* 4to. *Paris.*  
 24 Lermnier, *Introduction générale à l'histoire du Droit.* 8vo. *Paris.* 9s.  
 25 Blume, Dr. *Grundriss des Pandektenrechts.* gr. 8vo. *Halle.* 4s.  
 26 Walter, Dr. *Lehrbuch des Kirchenrechts.* 8vo. *Bonn.* 15s.  
 27 Hugo, Ritter, *Beiträge zur civilistischen Bücher-Kenntnis.* 2r Bd. 8vo. *Berlin.* 9s.  
 28 Reyscher, Dr. *Sammlung der Württembergischen Gesetze.* 1r Bd. gr. 8vo. *Stuttgart.* 15s.  
 29 Martin, Dr. *Lehrbuch des Teutschen gemeinen Criminal-Rechts.* gr. 8vo. *Heidelberg.* 1l.  
 30 Feuerbach, A. von, *aktenmässige Darstellung merkwürdiger Verbrechen.* 2r Bd. gr. 8vo. *Gießen.* 1l.  
 31 Lippert, Dr. *die Lehre vom Patronate nach den Grundsätzen des Kanonischen Rechts.* gr. 8vo. *Gießen.* 3s.  
 32 Barth-Bartenheim, J. L. C. *System der österreichischen administrativen Polizei.* 2r Bd. gr. 8vo. *Wien.* 1l.  
 33 Bergmayr, J. F. *das bürgerliche Recht der K. K. österreichischen Armee.* 2r thl. gr. 8vo. *Wien.* 6s.  
 34 Eisendacker, Dr. W. *Ueber die Entstehung, Entwicklung und Ausbildung des Bürgerrechtes im alten Rom. Mit einer Vorrede von A. H. L. Heeren.* *Hamburg.* 8vo. 8s.

### MORALS, EDUCATION, AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

- 36 Tennemann, *Manuel de l'histoire de la Philosophie, trad. de l'Allemand, par Victor Cousin.* 2 vol. 8vo. *Paris.* 1l.  
 37 Say, J. B. *Cours d'Economie politique pratique.* Tom. V. 8vo. *Paris.* 9s.  
 38 Duchatel, de la Charité dans ses rapports avec l'état moral et le bien-être des classes inférieures. 8vo. *Paris.* 9s.  
 39 Bontmy, *Considérations sur les résultats importants du nouveau mode d'éducation inventé par M. Jacotot, &c.* 8vo. *Paris.* 2s. 6d.  
 40 Durietz, *Traité complet de la Méthode Jacotot, rendue accessible à toutes les intelligences, &c.* 8vo. *Paris.* 4s. 6d.  
 41 Rey, Joseph, *De la Méthode Jacotot.* 8vo. *Paris.* 2s.  
 42 Laroche, *L'Enseignement Universel de M. Jacotot en présence de l'enseignement universitaire.* 8vo. *Paris.* 2s. 6d.  
 43 Durivau, *Examen critique et raisonné de l'enseignement dit universel, ou Méthode Jacotot.* 8vo. *Paris.*  
 44 Gouroff, *Essai sur l'histoire des Enfants trouvés, depuis les tems les plus anciens jusqu'à nos jours.* 8vo. *Paris.* 4s.  
 45 Bouilly, *Portefeuille de la Jeunesse, ou la morale et l'histoire enseignées par des exemples, &c.* Tom. I. et II. 18mo. *Paris.* each 2s. 6d.  
 46 Almanach des Bons Conseils pour 1830. 18mo. *Paris.* 1s. 6d.  
 47 Bouquet, *des Banques publiques de prêt sur gage, et de leurs inconvéniens.* 8vo. *Paris.*  
 48 Anillon, Fr. *Pensées sur l'homme, ses rapports et ses intérêts.* 2 vol. 12mo. *Berlin.* 10s.  
 49 Nebenius, Fr. *über die Natur und die Ursachen des öffentlichen Credits.* gr. 8vo. *Karlsruhe.* 1l. 1s.  
 50 Keyserlingk, Dr. *die Wissenschaft vom Menschen Geiste.* 8vo. *Berlin.* 7s.  
 51 Schoebel, Dr. *General-Statistik der europäischen Staaten mit vorzüglicher Berücksichtigung der Kaiserthumes Oesterreichs.* 2 Thle. gr. 8vo. *Prag.* 19s.  
 52 Weber, H. von, *Handbuch der psychischen Anthropologie.* gr. 8vo. *Tübingen.* 10s.  
 53 Weinhold, Dr. C. A. *Das Gleichgewicht der Bevölkerung, als Grundlage der Wohlfart der Gesellschaft und der Familien.* 8vo. *Leipzig.* 2s. 6d.

### MATHEMATICS, PHYSICS, AND CHEMISTRY.

- 56 Pouillet, *Elémens de Physique expérimentale et de Météorologie.* Tom. II. 1ère partie. 8vo. *Paris.*

- 57 Hauber, Fr. *Scholæ logico-mathematicæ*. gr. 8vo. *Stuttgarti*. 12s.  
 58 Jacobi, Dr. *Fundamenta nova theoriæ functionum ellipticarum*. 4to. maj. *Königsberg*, 15s.

## NATURAL SCIENCES.

- 60 Marcel de Serres, *Géognosie des Terrains Tertiaires*. 4to. *Paris*. 7s.  
 61 Descourtils, *Flore pittoresque et médicale des Antilles*. Livraisons CXXXVI. à CL. 8vo. *Paris*. each 4s.  
 62 Humboldt et Kunth, *Revision des Graminées publiées dans les Nova Genera et Species Plantarum*. Livraison V.—IX. folio. *Paris*. each 2l. 8s.  
 63 Duperrey, *Voyage autour du Monde*. Zoologie. Liv. XII. 4to. *Paris*. 12s.  
 64 ————— Botanique. Livraisons V. VI. VII. 4to. *Paris*. each 12s.  
 65 Lesson, *Histoire Naturelle des Oiseaux Mouches*. Livrans. VI.—IX. gr. in 8vo. *Paris*. each 5s.  
 66 Werner, *Atlas des Oiseaux d'Europe*. Livraisons XIV. XV. 8vo. *Paris*. each, *noir*, 3s. *color*. 6s.  
 67 Dubamel, *Traité des Arbres fruitiers*, par Poiteau et Turpin. folio. Livraisons LIII.—LVI. *Paris*. each 30s.  
 68 Guérin, *Iconographie du Règne Animal de M. le Baron Cuvier*. Livraisons II. et III. 8vo. 6s. *color*. 15s.; 4to. 10s. *color*. 20s.  
 69 Deponchel, *Hist. Nat. des Lépidoptères de France—Nocturnes*. Tom. IV. 2de partie, Livraisons IX.—XIII. 8vo. *Paris*. each 3s.  
 70 Freycinat, *Voyage autour du Monde—Botanique*. Livraisons IX. X. 4to. *Paris*. each 12s.  
 71 A. de Saint-Hilaire, Jussieu, et Cambesèdes, *Flora Brasiliæ Meridionalis*. Livrans. XH. XIII. 4to. *Paris*. each 15s.; folio, *fig. color*. 3l.  
 72 Vieillot, &c. *Faune Française Texte et Planches*. Livraisons XXIII. XXIV. gr. 8vo. *Paris*. each.  
 73 Temminck, *Nouveau Recueil des Planches coloriées d'Oiseaux*. Livraisons LXXIX. LXXX. 4to. *Paris*. each 10s.; folio, 15s.  
 74 Redouté, *Choix des plus belles fleurs prises dans différentes familles du règne végétal*. Livraison XV. XVI. 4to. *fig. color*. 12s.  
 75 F. Cuvier, *Hist. Naturelle des Mammifères*. Livraison LX. folio. *Paris*. 15s.  
 76 Decandolle, *Collection de Mémoires sur différents parties du Règne Végétal*. Liv. V. *Ombellifères*. 4to. *Paris*.  
 77 Loiseleur-Deslongchamps, &c. *Flore générale de France—Phanérogamie*. Livrans. VII.—VIII. 8vo. *Paris*. each 6s.  
 78 Planches de Seba, accomp. d'un texte mis au courant de la Science. Livraisons XXXI. XXXII. folio. *Paris*. each 4s.  
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Formerly the importance of any power could with difficulty be measured otherwise than by the size of its army, the strength of its fortresses, and the intimacy of its alliances with other states. The aid afforded by history to such inquiries was but trifling, for history was then without its two main pillars—political economy and statistics. The chronicles of nations were generally calculated to excite disgust, since they presented but a melancholy spectacle of the constant sacrifice of the welfare of the people to the bad passions of their ambitious rulers. But the politicians of the present day are learning how to ascertain the condition of a nation, by looking into it a little closer; by examining the real sources of its wealth, and the circumstances which influence its prosperity or decay; and by availing themselves of that science which teaches them how to calculate from such documents as are ascertained, the probabilities of other elements of society, so as eventually to bring the whole before their view. Statistics, as defined by Professor Achenwall, of Göttingen, (who first gave them a name about the middle of the last century,) are the exposition of the effective components of any political society, country or place; and it seems now pretty generally admitted that this exposition must be grounded solely on facts. Vague hypotheses were never less esteemed than in the nineteenth century.

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We occupy ourselves in England so little with statistics, that it seems the more useful to introduce our readers to the very valuable works of M. Quetelet, prefixed to this article. His "Researches" are founded almost entirely upon the Netherlands official returns, or are drawn from authentic sources to which he constantly refers. They should be in the hands of every one who wishes to know the Netherlands well, and we shall rely considerably upon them in the observations we are about to offer. We have collected from other quarters, information which we think may tend to illustrate M. Quetelet's Researches, and may at all events be acceptable to such of our many countrymen as are to be met with, in the travelling season, at every corner of every street in Holland and Belgium. We cannot undertake to give here any thing like the whole of the details which the subject comprises, but we shall at any rate supply many facts that will be looked for in the guide-books in vain.

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	Netherlands.	France.	Great Britain.
Hectares of land cultivated	4,653,636	46,000,000	12,980,000
Ditto uncultivated	1,288,763		
Ditto built on	25,781	7,538,426	9,431,760
Roads and canals	235,067		
Total	6,198,137	53,538,426	22,411,760

The proportion of unproductive land in the Netherlands is consequently less than a fourth, while that of Great Britain, including Scotland, amounts to a third. As, however, three-fourths of Scotland are waste, the proportion in England and Wales may be taken at about the same as in the Netherlands. In France it is only one-seventh, if M. Dupin's estimate be correct; but the roads and canals in the Netherlands, which cover a twenty-sixth part of the kingdom, are at least ten times more numerous than M. Dupin rates them at in France, viz. at 9824 metres in length to each square myriametre; unless, indeed, the smallness of that proportion afford a presumption that M. Dupin has not noticed the cross roads, which are comprised in the estimate for the Netherlands.

These calculations are necessary to be borne in mind in considering the population, to which, of course, all other parts of national statistics have reference. The force of a state, it has been said, may be expressed by the number of its inhabitants divided by the extent of its territory, which would be true, if the degree of comfort in which the inhabitants live could at the same time be ascertained. *Prima facie*, however, the multiplication of men is a sign of the augmentation of wealth, and when we see how incomparably greater the population of the Netherlands is than that of Great Britain, France, and almost every other country in Europe, we cannot but be prepossessed with the opinion, that things must be going on well. The returns for 1826 state it at 6,088,300; which gives 9822 inhabitants to every square myriametre of 10,000 hectares, or one to each hectare of land; the numbers for the same year per myriametre being, in England and Wales, 8107; in Great Britain, 6930; and in France, only 5900. The population on the 1st of January, 1827, was, according to the *Jaarboekje*, 6,116,985; and its rate of progression is worthy of much attention, on which account we insert, as the first illustration

of it, the following Table extracted from the official returns printed at the Hague in 1827.

*Movement of the Population for Ten Years.*

Provinces.	Population.		Births.	Deaths.	Marriages.	Divorces.
	1815.	1825.				
Zeland .....	111,108	129,329	55,331	42,436	10,645	27
Guelders .....	264,097	284,363	90,862	59,818	19,337	13
North Brabant ..	294,067	326,617	100,863	69,507	20,380	1
North Holland ..	375,257	393,916	145,744	121,725	34,789	209
South Holland ..	388,505	438,202	165,741	143,850	34,942	148
Utrecht .....	107,947	117,405	41,038	29,928	8,982	30
Friesland .....	176,554	202,530	65,565	38,219	15,327	46
Overijssel .....	147,229	160,937	51,951	37,479	11,629	13
Groningen .....	135,642	156,045	51,673	30,539	11,492	37
Drenthe .....	46,439	53,368	16,728	9,852	3,954	3
Linsburg .....	287,613	321,246	101,781	70,549	22,960	5
Liege .....	358,185	331,101	115,623	82,698	24,387	24
Namur .....	164,400	189,393	58,690	34,134	12,592	8
Luxemburg .....	213,597	292,610	92,242	68,695	18,740	1
Hainaut .....	488,595	546,190	183,198	118,289	39,591	27
South Brabant ..	441,649	495,455	169,181	119,109	36,423	5
East Flanders ..	615,689	687,267	218,830	162,834	43,120	0
West Flanders ..	516,324	563,826	191,139	141,310	37,882	6
Antwerp .....	291,563	323,678	101,471	70,623	23,075	2
The Kingdom	5,424,502	6,013,478	2,015,646	1,421,600	430,247	605

An increase to the amount of 588,976 persons is thus shown to have taken place in ten years: and a more recent account proves the average annual addition for the five years preceding 1828, to be at the rate of 10,982 per million, outstripping the more thinly-peopled countries of Russia, Austria, and France, whose annual increase respectively per million, M. Dupin says, is 10,327, 10,114, and 6,536; though considerably behind Prussia, Great Britain, and the Two Sicilies, which advance at the annual rates of 27,027, 16,667, and 11,111, per million. The inhabitants of the Netherlands would thus be doubled in 63 years; trebled in 100; quadrupled in 127; and quintupled in 147 years; unless the causes which, according to Mr. Malthus's theory, must have hitherto prevented the population doubling in 25 years, should hereafter put a further check on its growth.\*

\* It will be perceived by our subsequent remarks, that we are no disciples of that school of political economy of which Mr. Sadler is the head, and which bases its doc-

Comparing the births and marriages in the Netherlands with those of their neighbours, they appear to be more numerous; while the deaths are about equal to those of France, and exceed those of Great Britain in the proportion of 3 to 2. The account stands thus :—

		Netherlands.	France.*	Great Britain.†
100 Births	to	2807 Inhabitants	3168 . . . . .	3534
100 Deaths	. . . . .	3981 . . . . .	4000 . . . . .	5780
100 Marriages	. . .	13,150 . . . . .	13,490 . . . . .	13,333
100 Marriages	. . .	468 Births . . . . .	426 . . . . .	359

It is highly satisfactory to think that if Great Britain gives birth to a smaller number of citizens, she preserves them better; a conclusion which the healthiness and cleanliness of our country readily induces us to adopt, supported as it is by the above calculation, and by the tables of mortality for various countries, which inform us that the probability of life (or the age at which the probability of living or not is the same) is, in the Netherlands, between 22 and 23; in France, between 20 and 21; in England, between 27 and 28; in Brandenburg, between 25 and 26; and in Switzerland, at 41 years. We may, therefore, as a tolerably safe rule to find the population of the Netherlands, multiply the annual births by 28, and the deaths by 40; for that of France the births by 31½, and the deaths by 40; and for that of Great Britain, the births by 35½, and the deaths by 58.

The influence of local circumstances upon the production and preservation of the human species, is one of the most important inquiries that can anywhere be made; and as we have a few words to say upon the subject, we beg attention to the following table, compiled from the official documents published by M. Quetelet.

trines concerning population on the principle that the intensity of fecundity varies in an inverse ratio to the numbers on a given space. Hence it is inferred, that any cares which a government may bestow upon the state of the population, are altogether superfluous, since Nature herself will interfere when the inhabitants outgrow the resources of a country. The principle is so totally contradicted by facts, that we notice it merely for the purpose of protesting against the notion that calculations as to the probable increase of the people are more amusing than useful. The wastefulness of an existing generation, which spends or destroys the capital which, if productively applied, would contribute to the maintenance of the next, cannot be less culpable than the prodigality of the father who dissipates the stock that would have enabled his children to produce, in their turn, for themselves.

\* *Annuaire du Bureau des Longitudes pour 1828.*

† *Statistical Illustrations*, London, 1827. M. Quetelet does not appear altogether satisfied with these numbers, and thinks the difference more apparent than real. We wish we could refer him to a more authentic collection.



Provinces.	Rate of Increase of population for 5 years, to 1825.	Ratio of Population in 1824 to			Ratio of female to male Births in 1824.	Ratio of Births to Marriages in 1824.
		Deaths.	Births.	Marriages.		
North Holland....	0.040	34.5	23.2	104.4	0.956	4.50
East Flanders....	0.051	44.8	28.4	165.3	0.946	5.22
Limburg.....	0.059	47.5	29.2	90.3	0.956	5.09
Antwerp.....	0.056	48.8	30.7	142.9	0.960	4.65
Zeland.....	0.056	31.4	20.7	113.7	0.960	4.49
North Brabant....	0.059	51.4	29.2	150.0	0.974	5.14
Namur.....	0.062	57.9	29.8	150.9	0.907	5.06
Liege.....	0.065	46.2	28.9	154.1	0.942	5.38
Utrecht.....	0.068	36.3	24.3	118.2	0.939	4.96
South Brabant....	0.068	38.2	26.1	142.2	0.970	5.45
Gelders.....	0.069	53.7	27.6	131.1	0.932	4.78
South Holland....	0.070	35.0	23.9	113.3	0.959	4.74
Overijssel.....	0.071	43.5	26.5	121.9	0.937	4.60
West Flanders....	0.073	40.7	27.5	137.7	0.930	5.01
Hainaut.....	0.073	51.1	27.4	136.5	0.921	4.98
Groningen.....	0.078	49.3	28.9	149.3	0.898	5.27
Luxemburg.....	0.080	53.8	27.9	149.9	0.967	5.37
Friesland.....	0.086	46.1	27.1	128.7	0.944	5.75
Drenthe.....	0.087	55.0	27.8	130.3	0.895	4.69
Average for the } kingdom..... }	0.062	45.8	27.0	132.4	0.947	4.90
Do. for 1825.....	..	41.0	27.1	127.9	0.945	4.70

The provinces of Drenthe, Friesland, and Luxemburg thus appear to be those in which the annual increase is the greatest. They are entirely agricultural and pastoral—are more thinly peopled than any others—and are the most healthy, two of them being those in which the proportion of deaths is the smallest in the kingdom. The circumstances of their inhabitants, if not so wealthy as in other parts, are, at any rate, easy; the wages of labour are comparatively high—the poor not numerous—and in one of them (Drenthe) the poor colony of Fredericks-oord has been the means of employing industriously the indigent classes. A gradual increase of population might therefore be looked for, since we see a far greater prolongation of life than in other provinces. It is remarkable that the intensity of fecundity in these three provinces varies extremely; that of Drenthe ranking among the lowest (the 15th) of the nineteen provinces; that of Friesland being high (the 2d); and that of Luxemburg being about the average. South Holland is also a province where the rate of increase is high, and the intensity of fecundity low; from which facts we are induced to doubt considerably of the value of any speculations upon population, of which the intensity of fecundity is the sole basis. The highest fecundity in the Netherlands is in East Flan-

ders, where the marriages are the fewest, and the annual increase smaller than in any province except North Holland; and it is also high in Zeland, where the annual increase is very small. It is true that in North Holland and Limburg the increase is slow, and the fecundity small; but the circumstances of these provinces are identical, not in their popaleness, (for one is very thickly, the other very thinly peopled,) but in their unhealthiness; the dampness of their climate, and the exhalations arising from their marsh lands and stagnant waters, being well known to all who are acquainted with the localities of Maestricht and Amsterdam. There appears, therefore, no reason to believe that the intensity of fecundity has any tendency to diminish in proportion as the population becomes denser; on the contrary, it seems a symptom of an annual increase, and whatever causes promote that increase appear to contribute to the fruitfulness rather than to the barrenness of the females of our species.

If any additional proof were wanted to show that the degree in which the power of reproduction is exercised by a nation, is a different thing from its rate of increase, it might be urged that the proportion of births to a marriage is in Prussia  $3\frac{1}{2}$ , and in Great Britain  $3\frac{1}{2}$ , in both which countries the population is advancing faster than in the Netherlands, where it is  $4\frac{1}{2}$ . The average issue of marriages throughout Europe is, according to Von Malchus,\* 4 children; and the annual increase in Europe 2 per cent. on about 215 millions. It is evident that the degree in which this ratio is exceeded, or fallen short of, by particular states, is very far from being dependent upon their actual density, or rarity, of inhabitants; for if this were so, the rate of increase in the Netherlands, Wurtemberg, Great Britain, and the Two Sicilies, (whose inhabitants are respectively about, 5067, 4360, 4043, and 3583 to a square mile,) would be less than in France, Austria, Russia, and Sweden with Norway, where the numbers on a square mile are respectively 3157, 2628, 649, and 282; whereas the actual rate of increase per annum of the eight countries in question stands thus

Netherlands . . .	$1\frac{1}{10}$ per cent.	France . . . . .	$\frac{6}{11}$ per cent.
Wurtemberg . . .	$1\frac{1}{2}$	Austria† . . . .	$1\frac{1}{100}$
Great Britain . .	$1\frac{7}{10}$	Russia . . . . .	$1\frac{1}{20}$
Two Sicilies . . .	$1\frac{1}{11}$	Sweden, with } . .	$1\frac{1}{2}$
		Norway . . . . .	

\* Statistk und Staatenkunde. Stuttgart. 1826.

† The Austrian increase has been variously stated, but as the rate varies considerably in the different parts of the empire, we have adopted M. Dupin's estimate for the whole.

These proportions, given on the authority of Dupin, Von Malchus, and Schnabel,\* show how far from the truth is the assumption that population diminishes after reaching a certain climax, or that it ebbs and flows like the waves of the sea. We do not pretend to maintain the contrary doctrine—that the more populous a country is, the greater is the rate of increase—but the more facts we see bearing on the subject, the more inclined we become to recognise the principle, that the ratio of the advance of population is naturally far greater than that of the means of subsistence, and that it is the insufficiency of those means that is constantly checking the production, as well as abridging the duration of life, of the human species. The Netherlands are a striking instance of the influence of peace and plenty on the multiplication of men; and of the truth of the maxim “A côté d’un pain, il naît un homme.” If the proverb had said “A côté d’un pain, il vit un homme,” it would have conveyed more clearly to governments the lesson, that, by taking care to provide and distribute subsistence, and to augment that provision to its utmost extent, they do the most in their power to preserve and renovate the inhabitants of their dominions.

It is a principle which ought never to be lost sight of, that population has a constant tendency to fill up the voids made in it by death; and as an example of it, we find that the provinces most exposed to mortality, viz. Zeland and North and South Holland, are precisely those where the births are the most numerous, though the shortness of life is, of course, detrimental to society, which wants productive members. This rule is so true, that it is verified even with reference to the seasons of the year; for, after eighteen years of observation, M. Quetelet found that the maximum and minimum of births and deaths in the Netherlands take place almost in the very same months; and the *Jaarboekje* for ten years, just published, gives the average number as follows, for the months which rank the highest and lowest, taking unity as the medium, viz.

BIRTHS.		DEATHS.	
January . . . . .	1.091	January (Maximum) .	1.196
February (Maximum) .	1.171	February . . . . .	1.177
July (Minimum) . . .	.851	July . . . . .	.833
August . . . . .	.915	August (Minimum) .	.826

According to the tables of mortality, it appears that at 40 years of age the probable life is in Holland 26 years—at Amsterdam 22 for males and 25 for females—and at Brussels 24; whilst in

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\* General-Statistik der Europäischen Staaten. Prag, 1829.

Paris it is 21—in Vienna and Berlin 19—and in London but 18 years.\* To what causes this superior value of life, at Amsterdam and Brussels over other large cities, is owing, we cannot take upon ourselves to determine; but the difference with regard to children is still more striking, for the probable life, in general, which at Paris is between 8 and 9, at London under 3, at Vienna under 2, and at Berlin a little after 2, falls at Brussels at 23 years, and at Amsterdam, for males at 24 and females at 34. Comparing more closely Brussels and Paris, the proportion of children who die within the first three months, contrasted with the remaining nine months of their first year, is in the former as 1665 to 1384—and in the latter as 1764 to 693. Nothing would be more useful and interesting than to trace the reasons of this difference; and if it should be found attributable to the more motherly cares of the Dutch and Belgic women, who always nurse their children themselves, it will be a most honourable national fact, and will confirm the remark of M. Benoiston de Chateauneuf,† that for preserving the life of children, care is everything, and climate little or nothing; Switzerland and Holland, the antipodes of each other in that respect, being the two countries in Europe where fewest of them die.

We have one word more upon fecundity, considered, as it fairly may be, as an evidence of a healthy and comfortable state of existence. In the southern provinces there are 5.21 children to every marriage, in the northern only 4.87; both degrees of which are higher than in France, where the proportion of births, legitimate and illegitimate, to the marriages is as 4.76 to 100; and here we have another proof how little the rate of fecundity has to do with the density of the population. The greater frequency of marriages in the Netherlands may at first suggest a higher degree of morality; they are as 1 to 130 persons, and in France only 1 to 138. We are inclined to think, however, that an allowance must be made for the temptation which the facility of divorce in the Protestant part of the Netherlands holds out, whilst the Catholic Church admits it so rarely, that, in the populous province of East Flanders, there has not been one divorce for ten years. The difference in marriages between the Catholic and Protestant provinces is very considerable; they being in the former, one out of 148, and in the latter, one out of 123. The Hollanders are thus shown to be a more domestic people than the Belgians—a fact

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\* Dr. Hawkins, in his *Medical Statistics*, states the mortality of London to be 1 in 40; in Middlesex 1 in 47; and in England and Wales 1 in 58.

† *Considérations sur les Enfants trouvés*. Paris. 1834.

very consistent with the greater tranquillity and phlegm of their temperaments.

Having thus taken a view of the population, the next consideration is their resources; which divide themselves into the three great branches of industry—agriculture, manufactures, and commerce.

The agriculture of the Netherlands has long been distinguished equally for its productiveness and its variety—a variety which is observable both throughout the country in general, and in the products of particular farms. Not only in the Walloon provinces, where the farms are usually from two to three hundred hectares, but in the two Flanders, where they are commonly about ten and seldom exceed twenty hectares, every sort of plant is found growing in great luxuriance. The spade husbandry of the two Flanders, and in particular of the Pays de Waes, and of the Campine in the province of Antwerp, is too celebrated to require description here. Although the wheel plough is not used, nor the strong harrow that is employed in England, the unwearied industry of the Flemings has within two hundred years converted a tract of land, originally a barren and sandy heath, into a rich and beautiful garden. The produce of wheat here is often, as we are informed, not less than 32 bushels to 2 of seed—of oats 60 bushels to 3—and other grain in proportion; whilst in scarcely any part of Great Britain, with our superior stock and implements, does wheat yield more than from 8 to 10 times. The excellence of the Flemish system of manuring—their total abolition of fallows—and their skill in the rearing of cattle, are matters worthy the attention of farmers of all countries, and have already been noticed by Sir John Sinclair, in *Arthur Young's Farmers' Calendar*,\* and other English publications. The southern provinces of the Netherlands produce considerably more corn than their population requires; but as the northern are deficient, and are covered almost entirely with pastures and gardens, the kingdom is dependent in a great measure upon foreign supplies. But the value of the produce of the soil will be more clearly perceived by the following estimates, drawn up on the plan of Count Chaptal's calculations for France, which are as excellent in their plan as in the means of comparison they afford to other countries. We wish M. Quetelet would apply his useful talents to a work of the same kind for the Netherlands.

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\* We have derived considerable information from the *Collection of the Journal d'Agriculture*, published monthly at Brussels under the care of M. de St. Martin. It is a record of a variety of useful facts and experiments, many of which would otherwise escape the notice of foreigners.

CAPITAL EMPLOYED IN AGRICULTURE.

	<i>Arable land, Hop Grounds, and Vine- yards.</i>	<i>Woods.</i>	<i>Meadows and Bedder Land.</i>
Hectares or bonniers .....	2,600,000	900,000	1,000,000
Net annual value of each ...	40 francs.	20 francs.	100 francs.
Capital at 20 years purchase	3,080,000,000 Frs.	360,000,000	2,000,000,000
	<i>Pastures.</i>	<i>Orchards.</i>	<i>Kitchen Gardens.</i>
Hectares .....	400,000	54,000	92,000
Net annual value of each ...	10 francs.	40 francs.	120 francs.
Capital at 20 years purchase	80,000,000	43,200,000	220,800,000
	<i>Parks, Pleasure Grounds and Heaths.</i>	<i>Marshes and Lakes.</i>	<i>Rural Buildings in No.</i>
Hectares .....	300,000	116,000	250,000
Net annual value of each ...	5 francs.	4 francs.	1000 francs.
Capital at 20 years purchase	30,000,000	9,280,000	5,000,000,000
	<i>Oxen and Cows.</i>	<i>Heifers and Calves.</i>	<i>Horses above 3 years old.</i>
Number .....	1,500,000	590,000	390,000
Value of each .....	135 francs.	40 francs.	250 francs.
Capital .....	202,500,000	23,600,000	97,500,000
	<i>Colts under 3 years old.</i>	<i>Sheep.</i>	<i>Pigs.</i>
Number .....	95,000	1,600,000	600,000
Value of each .....	100 F.	8 francs.	30 francs.
Capital .....	9,500,000	12,800,000	18,000,000
	<i>Asses.</i>	<i>Poultry.</i>	<i>Dead Stock.</i>
Number .....	20,000	8,000,000	200,000 Farms.
Value of each .....	25 francs.	1 franc.	{ Stock on each
Capital .....	500,000	8,000,000	{ 1000 francs.

It thus appears that the total value of the agricultural capital is 10,395,680,000 francs, or £493,153,333 sterling. We have put down the annual values of the different kinds of land at the same sums as they are rated at by M. de Cloet in his "*Tableau Statistique du Royaume des Pays Bas*," published in 1824. M. de Cloet's estimates of the quantities of land can hardly be correct, as they do not correspond with the government returns, to which ours are more conformable; but we think his values, when compared with the products and prices given in Professor Kops's Report, and other agricultural documents, are as near the truth as estimates of this kind can be expected to approximate. These remarks apply also to the next table, which we have compiled, with reference to the same documents, and after much inquiry from persons conversant with the subject.

**ANNUAL AGRICULTURAL PRODUCE OF THE NETHERLANDS.**

Hectares of land employed Hectolitres produced . . . . Value in francs . . . . .	<i>Wheat.</i> 350,000 7,000,000 } at 20 per Hect. } 154,000,000 } at 22 fr. }	<i>Rye.</i> 700,000 14,000,000 } at 20 per Hect. } 168,000,000 } at 18 fr. }	<i>Buckwheat.</i> 300,000 4,000,000 } at 20 per Hect. } 32,000,000 } at 8 fr. }
Hectares of land employed Hectolitres produced . . . . Value in francs . . . . .	<i>Barley.</i> 280,000 8,400,000 } at 30 per Hect. } 84,000,000 } at 10 fr. }	<i>Pulse.</i> 110,000 2,200,000 } at 20 per Hect. } 48,400,000 } at 22 fr. }	<i>Potatoes.</i> 130,000 20,800,000 } at 100 per Hect. } 41,600,000 } at 2 fr. }
Hectares of land employed Hectolitres produced . . . . Value in francs . . . . .	<i>Oats.</i> 300,000 12,000,000 } at 40 per Hect. } 84,000,000 } at 7 fr. }	<i>Orchards.</i> 54,000 ..... 3,240,000 } at 60 fr. per Hect. }	<i>Kitchen Gardens.</i> 92,000 ..... 55,200,000 } at 600 fr. per Hect. }
Hectares of land employed Hectolitres produced . . . . Value in francs . . . . .	<i>Vines.</i> 20,000 ..... 200,000 } at 10 fr. per Hect. }	<i>Hemp and Flax.</i> 210,000 ..... 126,000,000 } at 600 fr. per Hect. }	<i>Woods.</i> 900,000 45,000 Hect. } Annual Cutting } 15,750,000 } at 350 fr. per Hect. }
Hectares of land employed Hectolitres produced . . . . Value in francs . . . . .	<i>Tobacco.</i> 10,000 ..... 10,000,000 } at 1000 fr. per Hect. }	<i>Hops.</i> 30,000 ..... 24,000,000 } at 800 fr. per Hect. }	<i>Vegetable Plants.</i> 60,000 1,200,000 } at 20 per Hect. } 24,000,000 } at 20 fr. per Hect. }
Hectares of land employed Hectolitres produced . . . . Value in francs . . . . .	<i>Madder.</i> 30,000 ..... 21,000,000 } at 700 fr. per Hect. }	<i>Marshes and Lakes.</i> 116,000 ..... 454,000 } at 4 fr. per Hect. }	<i>Pastures.</i> 400,000 ..... 4,000,000 } at 10 fr. per Hect. }
Quantity produced* . . . . Value of each . . . . . Of total produce . . . . .	<i>Oxen and Cows.</i> 200,000 200 francs. 40,000,000	<i>Cattle.</i> 260,000 15 francs. 3,900,000	<i>Sheep.</i> 500,000 10 francs. 5,000,000
Quantity produced . . . . . Value of each . . . . . Of total produce . . . . .	<i>Pigs.</i> 580,000 50 francs. 29,000,000	<i>Poultry.</i> 2,000,000 1½ francs. 3,000,000	<i>Eggs.</i> 180,000,000 30 centimes per doz. 4,500,000
Quantity produced . . . . . Value of each . . . . . Of total produce . . . . .	<i>Horses.</i> 150,000 300 francs. 45,000,000	<i>Milk.</i> ..... ..... 19,000,000	<i>Bees.</i> ..... ..... 2,000,000 lb.
Quantity produced . . . . . Value of each . . . . . Of total produce . . . . .	<i>Dry Forage, the 100 Kilograms.</i> 30,000,000 5 francs pr. quintal. 150,000,000	<i>Wool.</i> Kilograms. 2,400,000 2 francs per Kilo. 4,800,000	<i>Skins of Dead Horses.</i> 45,000 6 francs. 240,000

\* By produced is meant, for consumption, or productive application.

As our justification for differing materially in our estimate of the quantity of land in cultivation, not only from M. de Cloet, but from the German writers, Von Malchus and Schnabel, we think ourselves bound to insert the following account, extracted from returns which, in M. Quetelet's own words, "were obligingly communicated to him by the Minister of the Interior."

Provinces.	Hectares of Land in the whole.	Hectares in Cultivation.	Provinces.	Hectares of Land in the whole.	Hectares in Cultivation.
Zeland .....	158,416	148,029	Brought forward..	2,860,888	1,931,376
Guelderland .....	509,195	289,802	Limburg .....	466,687	310,514
North Brabant.....	501,293	277,183	Liege .....	288,992	237,579
North Holland.....	245,114	203,008	Namur .....	347,683	278,397
South Holland.....	287,181	244,213	Luxemburg .....	650,410	463,423
Utrecht .....	133,194	110,281	Hainault .....	372,469	356,258
Friesland .....	263,618	235,706	South Brabant .....	328,426	316,883
Overijssel.....	328,712	175,863	East Flanders .....	282,361	264,988
Groningen.....	204,899	173,063	West Flanders .....	316,585	296,915
Drenthe .....	229,266	74,229	Antwerp .....	283,830	197,303
Carried forward..	2,860,888	1,931,376	Total.....	6,198,137	4,653,636

The wheat harvest of 1827, which was an average one, varied from 10 to 27 *rasieres* or hectolitres per hectare or *bonnier*; the smallest produce being in South Holland, and the greatest in East Flanders; and in taking 20 hectolitres per hectare as the ordinary quantity, we think we are near the mark. With regard to other kinds of grain, the crop of rye in 1827 varied from 16 to 32 hectolitres per hectare; its cultivation has been increased on the clay lands, particularly in Friesland, and diminished on the sandy soils, where buck-wheat is preferred. Buck-wheat yielded in the same year from 15 to 25 hectolitres per hectare, which was a fair crop; and barley from 20 to 42 hectolitres—also a fair produce. Pulse yielded much less than usual, being only 12 hectolitres per hectare, an amount nearly as small again as in other years, owing to vermin and the wet spring. The produce of oats was very great, being commonly 50 hectolitres, and in Zeland, Limburg, and other favoured districts, as high as 70 or 80 hectolitres per hectare. We have, however, preferred taking the average at 40 hectolitres. Our estimate of potatoes is also much under the mark of 1827, for in that year 280 hectolitres to the hectare were yielded in some parts of Flanders—a crop more abundant than was ever recollected. The crops of potatoes are thought to be increased by guarding against planting them too thickly, and the large quantity of manure that is used would of course have such



an effect. Flax varied from 150 and 200 florins' worth per hectare to 400 florins; the best crop was in Flanders, and the worst in North Brabant. The difference of temperature between the northern and southern provinces has a considerable influence on the crops of colzaeed. They ranged in 1827 from 10 to 20 hectolitres per hectare; and the cultivation of this plant is on the increase, particularly in the province of Namur. Our estimates of the number and annual increase of cattle and live stock are taken from an official return quoted by Professor Kops. Thus the gross annual produce of the agricultural industry of the Netherlands stands at 1,202,284,000 francs, or £50,095,166 sterling. To ascertain the net return to the cultivators, we must deduct from this sum the charges of production—consisting of the price of seed and manure—of labour—of repairs to buildings and of farming utensils—the annual loss by the decay of strength and mortality of cattle—and the cost of the food of men and beasts, the whole of which have been estimated by M. de Cleet, and other authorities, at two-thirds the value of the gross produce. We have not space to enter into the details of these estimates, but we believe them to be substantially correct, and if they be so, the net yearly produce of the agriculture of the Netherlands is 400,761,333 francs, or £16,698,390 sterling.

When a flourishing agriculture is once established in a country, as is unquestionably the case in the Netherlands, it is commonly a mainspring of prosperity to the manufacturers, who, in their turn, by increasing the size of towns, and the demand for agricultural produce, give an increased activity to the interchange of commodities. Hence, in the natural course of things, manufactures will appear in their proper season without any such interference in the way of protection as most European governments, and latterly the United States of America, have thought fit to bestow upon them. Upon this protecting principle the Netherlands are also acting in a great degree, though the commercial interests of Holland have been the means of infusing into their tariff a much greater portion of liberality than is observable in that of their neighbours. The government displays a very lively sense of the importance of the manufacturing industry, and among other means of furthering it, has adopted that of periodical exhibitions, the first of which took place at Ghent in 1820; the second at Haarlem in 1825, and the third will be held at Brussels during the present year (1830). We have before us the particulars of the articles exhibited at the first two collections, and though they are far from representing the industry of the kingdom as they ought to do, they are nevertheless good guides to the progress the manu-

facturers are making in the various provinces. A nation like Great Britain, the pillars of whose arch of dominion are made of cotton and hardware, is most closely concerned in the real state of these matters.

The Metallurgic Arts are in considerable activity in the provinces of Liège, Namur, Hainault, and Luxemburg, where there are mines of iron, lead, copper, and coal. The immense establishment of Mr. Cockrill, at Seraing, near Liège, for machinery of all kinds, is one of the most perfect in Europe, and is a striking instance of the wealth that may be acquired by unremitting industry, the original proprietor having left England almost in a state of destitution. The factories and forges of M. Dupont, at Furd, near Binche, and at Arquennes, are distinguished for bar iron, made by a high pressure steam-engine, for round and sheet iron, and for axletrees and nails. M. Hanonnet-Gondarme, of Courvin, in Namur, is celebrated for the strength and ductility of his iron, which is said to be equal to Swedish. M. Houyoux, of Bousval, M. de Paul-Barchifontaine, of Sobre-St.-Gery, and M. Silez, of Celestin, in Hainault, work iron in the most superior manner into machinery and implements of all kinds. Articles of steel, copper, and bronze, are executed throughout Hainault and Namur; and as an instance of the tendency of useful inventions to diffuse themselves, the safety lamp of Sir Humphrey Davy is now made in the village of Dour, near Charleroi. The cutlery of Arnould-Raymond, and of Laderier, at Namur, is excellent, and prices have been so much reduced that a successful competition with that of Sheffield is confidently anticipated. The hardware of Dupont, François, Simon, Warnaut, and others at Liège, is of the best quality; and the files of M. Ramnet, of that city, received a gold medal at the Ghent exhibition, and were pronounced to surpass in quality those of England. It would be fatiguing to enumerate the variety of metallurgic operations going on in the coal provinces, and the multitude of productions, from the smelted iron as it comes from the furnaces, to the needles and bodkins that fill the shops. It is, of course, by this industry that the inhabitants mainly live, and how comfortably they do so in some instances, may be judged of by a visit to the collieries and works of M. de Gorgeas, at Hornues, near Mons, who has recovered these mines, by draining, from the effects of an inundation—has fixed engines and pumps of 500 horse power—has opened ten fosses—and extracts from them daily 13,000 hectolitres of coal. M. de Gorgeas employs 2,000 workmen, for whom he has built a handsome town, consisting of 260 neat houses with a garden to each. The rent is from one to two francs per week according to their size;

a very small deduction from the emoluments of men whose wages are from seventy centimes to three francs a-day. The streets are laid out with uniformity, and well paved; and in the centre of the village is a large square planted with trees, in which is the ball-room for the Sunday amusements, the town hall, and the school of mutual instruction, where 400 children are gratuitously educated. The workmen have the gratuitous use of store-houses for all purposes, and of the luxury of baths; and appear altogether in a very happy condition, and comfortable. The benefits which a great capitalist has it in his power to confer were never more strikingly exemplified than by M. de Gorges's village of Hornues, and we have not thought it inappropriate to mention it specially, because such examples are not only useful but cheering, amidst the mass of misery with which every nation more or less abounds.

The quantity of coals annually dug in the Netherlands may be taken at about 60,000,000 metrical quintals of 100 kilograms each, the value of which at forty centimes the quintal is 24,000,000 francs (£960,000). There were in 1822, in the four provinces we have mentioned, 93 great furnaces, 206 forges, 68 martinet houses (for hammering), 19 foundries, 17 laminaires or rolling houses, and 12 tin factories. Estimating the rough iron produced at 500,000 quintals, and the font or cast iron at 100,000 quintals, and valuing the wrought iron at 20, and the cast iron at 6 francs the quintal, we shall have a total value of 10,600,000 francs, (£424,000,) which we believe to be much under the mark, though from the depression complained of a little time back, we are fearful of over-rating the quantity produced.

The fabrics of cloth and casimir are some of the most important, having a considerable sale not only in the kingdom, but in the North of Europe, and America. The principal seat of this industry is at Verviers and the neighbourhood, extending as far as Liege and Maestricht. Verviers has risen in a few years to a town of 16,000 inhabitants, and contains the extensive houses of Biolley and Son, Engler and Co., and others. It is carried on also in and near Antwerp, and particularly by De Vreede, Dieppen and Co., and Van Dooren and Co., at Tilbury in North Brabant; at Delft; and at Leyden for exportation to the East Indies. The Netherlands cloths are much sought for, both from their quality and price, and might have been formidable rivals to our own, had it not been for the timely reduction of the wool duty. It is difficult to ascertain the quantity made with exactness, but in calculating the home consumption of woollens at twenty francs per head for a population of six millions, who use at least one-third of home manufactures, and adding to this third an equal amount

for exportation, the value of the cloth manufacture will be 80,000,000 francs a-year.

The linen manufacture flourished in Holland in very ancient times, and linen cloth of beautiful whiteness and fineness is still made at Bois-le-Duc, Endhoven, and Gehmert. The table linen of Helmont, of Bruges, and of Courtrai, is remarkable for the elegance of its designs and the fineness of its texture. The sail cloth of Holland and Flanders, the ticking of Turnhout, and the batiste of Ghent, are well known, as are also the threads, for sewing and for lace, of Termonde, Ghent, Brussels, Courtrai, &c. The bleaching-grounds of Harlem and Courtrai are the principal. The linen manufactures are chiefly in Flanders; among the exhibitors in 1820 at Harlem, Messrs. De Cercq, Bleeckere, De Vos, Robetti, Verheyden, and others, residing in these provinces, were distinguished; M. de Beer, of Ghent, sent there a piece of cloth of four ells in width; and the specimens of M. Plankaert, of Courtrai, also excited much attention.

There are in East Flanders 31,697 looms employed in weaving flax, 6124 for cotton, and 639 for mixed stuffs. Audenarde and St. Nicholas are the districts in which flax is chiefly cultivated; the latter alone contains 3800 bonniers sown with it, which yields about two million pounds a-year, one-third of it being exported to England and elsewhere. It is in the cottages of the small proprietors, owning from 3 to 5 bonniers, that the machines are mostly in motion, because they employ the evenings of themselves and their families in a kind of work which it is often not worth while for the large farmers to hire people to do. Independence and industrious habits are thus acquired by a numerous peasantry, who bring to market the stuffs manufactured by themselves from the produce of their own ground. The linen manufacture is, no doubt, capable of still further extension, and if the plan proposed by some influential persons in Flanders can be effected, for raising a fund to advance money to the peasantry for the purchase of machinery, and to establish additional markets for the greater convenience of sale, the people of these districts may make their labours even more productive than at present, and use their boys to the loom and their girls to the spinning-wheel from their earliest years. The linen trade with France has been much checked by the high duties in that country, amounting to 20 per cent. on unbleached and 40 per cent. on bleached linen. Hence many bleaching establishments have been removed into France, and it is a common thing for the weavers who reside near the frontier to cross it to perform their work, so as to obtain the advantage of sale in France free from the excessive duty. However, the

Netherlands weavers have no great reason to complain of their situation, for it appears that in East Flanders alone the average market sale of linens for the last ten years has amounted to 177,385 pieces, and adding one-tenth for the quantity disposed of by hawkers, 195,124 pieces. The price of the flax varying from 50 to 135 cents. the pound, the value of each piece may be taken not unfairly at 35 florins, so that the produce of the linen manufacture in one province only is 6,829,340 florins; the profit, at the low rate of 2 florins the piece, 390,248 florins.

The following table will show the progressive increase in East Flanders for ten years, according to the returns of the nine principal markets of that province.\*

*Number of Pieces of Linen sold in*

	1816.	1820.	1825.
Ghent .....	56,923	60,281	55,650
Alost .....	35,000	35,000	35,000
Roubae .....	31,200	31,919	34,576
Oudenarde .....	21,000	22,300	24,000
Geeraartsbergen .....	15,000	19,000	24,000
Lokeren .....	3,640	3,363	4,576
Deynse .....			2,400
Wetteren .....			2,390
Sotteghem .....	1,700	1,900	2,100
	164,463	173,763	184,566

The tendency of the linen manufactures to spread from towns into the smallest villages, is favourable to their increase, and they are, we believe, generally thriving in other parts of the country, particularly in Hainault and Friesland. Judging from the annual production and importation of hemp and flax, the value of these manufactures, including the bleaching and every necessary ingredient of completion, cannot be less than 105 to 115,000,000 florins.

The lace trade has, we understand, not much augmented of late years; but the three sorts, those of Brussels, of Mechlin, and of Valenciennes, retain all the delicacy and richness for which they have long been famed. MM. Ducpetiaux, Galler-Liegeois, Mees-Vanderborcht, Verbercht-Haye, Vispoel, Deliagre, Van Peteghem, &c. have sustained the reputation of their several cities by the specimens exhibited at Ghent and Harlem. The

\* Proef op de aanmoediging en uitbreiding der Linnenweverijen in Oost-Vlaanderen, door Ir. A. J. L. Van den Bogaerde, Beschryver van het Distrikt St. Nicholas, voornamelijk Land van Waas. Te Gent. 1829. (Essay on the Encouragement and Extension of the Linen-weaving in East Flanders, by Mr. A. J. L. Van den Bogaerde, Overseer of the District of St. Nicholas, for the Land of Waas. At Ghent, 1829.)

cheapness of tulle in France, where it is now made to a great extent, (a proof of which may be seen at Calais, where upwards of 5000 people are employed in it,) has probably interfered with the demand in that country for the more costly work of the Netherlands.

The rise of the cotton trade, or rather its resurrection, since the termination, at the peace, of Napoleon's prohibitory system (which forced it here as well as in France beyond all reasonable bounds) is very striking. The spinning establishments are principally in East Flanders and Brabant; and stuffs of all kinds, calicoes, ginghams, percales, and printed goods are made in abundance at Ghent, Brussels, Antwerp, Courtrai, Bruges, Ypres, Lokeren, and St. Nicholas. At the exhibition of 1820 there were 35 exhibitors of cotton stuffs, and at that of 1825, 66, and although the manufacturers were not particularly forward in displaying their products, yet some of the principal houses had no reason to regret their doing so, among whom were M. Basse, of Brussels; MM. Davis, and Engler and Co. also of Brussels; MM. Godefroid, Poelaert, Poelman, and Feroucke; De Smet, De Vos, De Vos-Bauwens, Vander Waerden and Co., and Sauvage and Co. of Ghent, and many other manufacturers equally well known. It is at Ghent in particular that this trade flourishes, as may be judged by the fact of its containing 68 steam engines for spinning and weaving, while 25 years ago there was not one in all Flanders, the first having been erected by Messrs. Edwards in 1805. Ghent receives annually 40,000 bales of cotton wool, and the new canal, intended to communicate with the Scheldt at Terneuzen, will give additional facilities for procuring the raw material. The price of labour is very low at Ghent, compared not only with other countries, but with other parts of the Netherlands; it being but 15 sous a-day, while at Antwerp it is 26 sous. The necessity of purchasing from England is almost superseded; and in spinning cotton of the low numbers, from 20 to 40, the manufacturers can already compete with us; a circumstance of some moment, considering the large quantity of cotton of this description we supply annually to the north of Europe.

These favourable circumstances have also contributed to the success of the sugar refineries at Ghent and in the neighbourhood, which have been on the decline at Amsterdam and Rotterdam. About twelve million pounds of sugar are annually refined in the first-mentioned city.

The distilleries of Holland are in a very prosperous state, and the name of Schiedam appears to retain its fame throughout the world. The circumstances of the distilleries thriving better here than in the corn provinces of Belgium, may be accounted for by

the facilities of exportation from Rotterdam, the fact being that  $\frac{2}{3}$ ths of the Geneva made at Schiedam are sent to the East Indies. This Geneva acquires a mildness and an oily flavour as it grows old, which the Hollanders are said to dislike; it is made solely of the spirit of rye and barley, flavoured with juniper berries. There are 300 distilleries at Schiedam, 100 in other parts of Holland, and about 40 in the other northern provinces; the average produce of each is 4992 ankers a-year, which gives a total of 2,152,672 ankers. Deducting, however, a third, and estimating the distillation at 1,400,000 ankers, this branch of industry will be found to produce about 34,000,000 francs, of which about two-thirds are exported. This calculation, however, only extends to the northern provinces, as we have not the means of making an estimate for Belgium, where the distilleries are comparatively few and inactive.

A vast number of hands are employed in Holland in brick-making, particularly at Utrecht and Dordrecht. These bricks are used not only for building, but for the roads which present so curious an appearance to strangers, and would indeed be but ill calculated for their purpose, did not all merchandize, and  $\frac{1}{3}$ ths of the passengers, travel on the canals. The figures in which they are laid down are not less striking than their colours; they are about 7 inches long,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  wide, and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in thickness.

We should hardly be expected to notice the breweries, did not their trade extend far beyond that of home consumption. "*La bonne biere de Louvain*" is exported in large quantities; there are between 30 and 40 breweries in that city which make about 4000 tuns each monthly. Brussels has above 40 breweries, and Mechlin 25; which latter are famous for the kind of ale called *Faro*. The consumption in the kingdom may be reckoned at 2½ cents. a-head; and of the two sorts of beer in ordinary use, the better is 11 cents. (less than 2d.) and the inferior 7 cents. (less than 1½d.) per pint. Both of them are perfectly wholesome, and though perhaps dearer than they ought to be, are not so heavily taxed as to drive the people to the abominable refuge of spirit-drinking—now one of the fertile sources of crime and misery in England.

As we have now spoken of those branches of manufactures which appeared to require special mention, we shall conclude the subject with a table of the value of the present manufacturing industry of the kingdom, according to its various divisions. If our authorities should have, in any instances, led us into error, it is assuredly without the slightest inclination on our part either to exaggerate or diminish.

*State of the present manufacturing Industry of the Netherlands.*

Substances.	Value in Fr.	Substances.	Value in Fr.
Iron* .....	46,000,000	Brought over.....	608,000,000
Copper .....	5,000,000	Dyeing .....	10,000,000
Woolens .....	80,000,000	Paper .....	8,000,000
Linen .....	95,000,00	Caps and Bonnets   .....	7,000,000
Cottont† .....	50,000,000	Cheese .....	10,000,000
Sugar (refined) .....	14,000,000	Jewellery .....	4,000,000
Salt (do.) .....	10,000,000	Starch .....	3,500,000
Spirits‡ .....	40,000,000	Acids and Salts .....	1,500,000
Beer .....	110,000,000	Cordage .....	3,000,000
Tobacco§ .....	28,000,000	Hats.....	6,000,000
Oil .....	30,000,000	Glass .....	2,000,000
Soap .....	10,000,000	Clocks .....	4,000,000
Lace .....	25,000,000	Cards .....	1,200,000
Leather .....	28,000,000	Embroidery.....	1,200,000
Earthenware and Pottery ..	4,000,000	Turnery .....	600,000
Bricks and Tiles .....	6,000,000	Lead and Zinc.....	1,000,000
Printing and Books.....	15,000,000	Miscellaneous .....	4,000,000
Bleaching .....	10,000,000		
	608,000,000	Total ¶ .....	675,000,000

The sum therefore of the manufacturing industry of the Netherlands amounts to 675 million francs, or £28,125,000 sterling per annum, of which we may state one-third to be composed of the profits of the labourer and the capitalist, according to M. de Cloet's calculation. The artisans in the country are about 13,000, and those in towns about 77,000, in all 90,000; whose wages at 1½ franc a-day (which, perhaps, rather exceeds the average) for 300 days, amount to 40,500,000 francs per annum. Deducting this sum from 225,000,000, the third of the total value, there remains a profit to the manufacturer of 184,500,000 francs, or about 28 per cent. on the gross produce, including the interest upon his capital and stock.

It is impossible to speak here of the commerce of the Netherlands with any degree of accuracy or fullness equal to the magnitude of the subject; for in the first place, there are no official returns published of exports and imports; and in the second, it would be necessary to enter into an infinite detail of the financial circumstances of Holland, and to trace the causes under which she has ceased to be the leading maritime power of the world. We therefore refer to the works of M. Van Ouwerkerk and M.

\* Including 24 millions of cutlery, hardware, and nails.

† Including the several branches of spinning, weaving, and printing.

‡ Reckoning only 6 millions for Belgium.

§ Estimating the consumers at 2 millions at 7 lbs. each, and the exportation at an equal amount.

¶ Of woollen, linen, and cotton.

¶ M. de Cloet makes it, in 1824, 600 millions.



Warin, as well as to the anonymous pamphlet placed seventh at the head of this article, which discusses the respective merits of the systems of free trade and prohibition, so far as they affect the commerce and manufactures of the Netherlands. Opinions are divided in Holland and Belgium, according to the supposed different interests of the merchants and the manufacturers, the former being of course the advocates of liberty of commerce, and the latter calling for protection. The tariff of duties is, however, generally framed with moderation and liberality, and among the various discontents that prevail, it is commonly admitted that in matters of trade the government endeavours to act upon sound principles.

With a flourishing agriculture, rising manufactures, and a dense population, the internal trade cannot be otherwise than active, of which the large space of ground covered by roads and canals is of itself a sufficient evidence. The new roads from Verviers and Spa through Chaude-fontaine to Liege; and from Namur to Luxemburg, are inferior to few in Europe. Two canals are on the point of completion, viz. from Ghent to Terneuzen, which will connect that city with the mouth of the Scheld; from Charleroi to Brussels, and round its whole circuit, so that coals may be brought by water to every part of the town; and a third, of far greater magnitude, is in execution, to connect the Meuse and the Moselle by a course of fifty leagues from Liege to Wasserbillig. There will be two branches to this work; from Hamoul to the Meuse, just above Dinant; and from Ettebruch to Mersch, to join the little river Else, which is to be made navigable to the town of Luxemburg. This great undertaking is expected to be finished in 1835; and is one of the many speculations in which his Majesty of the Netherlands is a principal partner.\* Every new communication of course adds to domestic traffic, and its profits must now considerably exceed the sum they were valued at by M. de Cloet in 1824, viz. 200 million francs. Based upon the agriculture, the manufactures, the mines, and the fisheries, the value of the profits of the home trade cannot certainly be less

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\* In speaking of public undertakings, we ought to mention the gigantic enterprise just set on foot for draining the lake of Haarlem, which covers a surface of 50,000 English acres. This vast piece of water was the effect of an inundation that happened about two hundred years since, and as it continues to encroach on the land the annual charge of maintaining the dykes on its sides increases every year, and now amounts to 30,000 florins. An association has been formed with a capital of six million florins; the most active agent of which is M. de Stappers, the original projector of the scheme, and the inventor of a new pump intended to be used in it, which emits water without being moved by the common method of pumping, but by the pressure of steam, wind or animal force. It raises 1000 cubic feet of water per minute.

than those of the manufactures, and may, we think, safely be rated at from 225 to 230 million francs, or between £9,375,000 and £9,583,333 sterling per annum.

As it is impossible to refer to the direct official returns, if any there be, we must endeavour to find a clue to the state of the foreign commerce by indirect means. And, firstly, we subjoin an account of the trade with England, extracted from M. Moreau's tables; the result of which exhibits an increase of more than double in little more than a century. The relations with the first commercial nation must certainly be some little criterion of the extent of those with the rest of the world.

*Imports and Exports of England and the Netherlands.*

		Exports to England.	Imports from England.
		£.	£.
Periods of War.	1697	552,484 sterling	1,671,895 sterling.
	1712	604,154	2,251,404
	1721	563,434	2,085,681
	1748	577,795	2,533,097
	1763	487,392	2,239,508
	1783	1,064,103	2,443,795
	1801	653,163	1,516,185
	1815	893,781	2,346,695
	1701	624,410	2,044,328
	1717	596,894	2,349,633
Periods of Peace.	1738	670,772	2,108,739
	1755	407,240	2,442,947
	1774	386,378	2,487,661
	1792	717,057	2,317,986
	1802	1,000,768	4,392,617
	1822	961,269	4,337,316
	1823	1,083,758	4,057,243
	1824	1,564,273	4,284,806

The next data we have to offer is the product of the *droits d'entrée et de sortie*, or the customs on goods imported and exported. By separating these for the provinces of North and South Holland, and of Antwerp, we shall be able to judge of the value of the trade of the three great commercial cities of Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and Antwerp, compared to that of the rest of the kingdom, and to each other. The total amount of taxes paid by those provinces is likewise a standard of the relative importance of commerce to other branches of industry. The Dutch capital invested in the foreign carrying trade, and other foreign speculations, cannot of course enter into the calculation; and indeed it is very doubtful if such capital can be admitted to form any part of the national wealth. If it can, it must be regarded as attended with very small profits to the community, though highly lucrative to individuals; and it is not with individual capi-

talists abstractedly from their country, that our inquiries have any thing to do.

*Imports of 1826, in florins.*

	On Land.	Personal.	Patents.	Stamps.
North Holland .....	1,969,130	1,142,798	444,526	1,603,348
South Holland .....	2,028,751	966,956	333,951	1,565,813
Antwerp .....	739,265	457,020	165,915	701,861
	<u>4,732,148</u>	<u>2,566,754</u>	<u>941,392</u>	<u>3,671,027</u>
Other Provinces .....	11,662,707	4,658,177	1,449,384	7,422,962
	<u>16,394,853</u>	<u>7,224,931</u>	<u>2,490,776</u>	<u>11,093,989</u>

	Native Journal. Stamps.	Foreign Journal. Stamps.	Imports and Exports.	Excise.
North Holland .....	44,124	4220	1,259,066	2,430,096
South Holland .....	14,518	3080	1,417,126	2,793,702
Antwerp .....	6,402	1564	1,061,833	1,570,540
	<u>65,144</u>	<u>8864</u>	<u>3,738,025</u>	<u>6,791,338</u>
Other Provinces .....	62,850	8879	2,319,676	15,647,651
	<u>127,994</u>	<u>17,743</u>	<u>6,057,701</u>	<u>22,438,989</u>

	Posts.	Barriers.	Provincial Revenues.	Total.
North Holland .....	425,566	15,416	204,935	9,543,223
South Holland .....	368,723	14,909	199,155	9,489,666
Antwerp .....	154,111	59,376	142,676	5,060,563
	<u>842,400</u>	<u>89,701</u>	<u>546,766</u>	<u>24,093,454</u>
Other Provinces .....	1,142,076	978,801	2,026,158	47,377,321
	<u>1,984,476</u>	<u>1,068,502</u>	<u>2,572,924</u>	<u>71,470,775</u>

The import and export duties then, which, except the taxes on journals, appear to be the only ones which greatly preponderate in the commercial provinces, form about one-twelfth of the whole revenue; a proportion which leads to form an estimate of the importance of the commerce of the Netherlands, as a source of national wealth, very different from that of Great Britain, where the Customs, (which do not comprehend the tea duties,) form on an average the third part of the revenue. The Excise levied in Holland is not of very large amount, nor do the Stamp duties form so much of that branch of revenue as we might have expected.

The present tariff dates only from 1822, and the earliest year with which we can make a comparison is therefore 1823. In that year the receipt of the import and export duties was:

	Florins.
North Holland . . . .	1,295,000
South Holland . . . .	1,546,000
Antwerp . . . . .	871,000
	<hr/>
	3,712,000
Other Provinces . . .	1,988,000
	<hr/>
	5,700,000
	<hr/>

which exhibits an increase for the kingdom in general, but a falling off at Amsterdam and Rotterdam. The trade of Antwerp would appear to be particularly on the rise, which is confirmed by the augmentation of the number of ships entering that port. In 1822 they were only 580; in 1827, 831; in 1828, 955; and in 1829, 1028; while, between 1822 and 1827, the numbers at Amsterdam had fallen off from 2159 to 1982; and those at Rotterdam, with Middleburg, had risen from 1312 to 1731. In 1827 the numbers at the next principal ports were, at Harlingen 457, and Dort 202 ships. We hear, indeed, from all quarters, of the advantages of Antwerp as the port for the supply of Germany, of the comparative lightness of the port charges, and of the better method of doing business than is practised at Amsterdam and Rotterdam.\* Hence the importations of coffee in 1827 were at

Amsterdam . . . .	18,000,000 lbs.
Rotterdam . . . .	13,000,000
Antwerp . . . . .	54,000,000

and the sales of coffee by the Society of Commerce of the Netherlands, according to their accounts just published, were for three years as follow:

	Antwerp.	Amsterdam.	Rotterdam.	Middleburg.	Bruges.
1827. Bales....	57,823	72,866	46,106	....	5,727
1828. Do....	64,693	65,961	35,924	8,831	....
1829, } Do....	80,796	95,412	70,244	15,282	....
up to Sept. }					
Total....	203,312	234,239	152,274	24,113	5,727

Coffee is an article consumed so largely in the Netherlands, (being used at the rate of five or six pounds per head per annum,) and one that forms so great a proportion of the whole of the East Indian produce, that the predominance of Antwerp as the mart for this commodity, coupled with the other facts we have mentioned, is a proof of her rapid rise in the scale of commercial

\* The old practice of selling at the invoice price is continued at these ports, without reference to port charges, which are now become so heavy and multifarious, that nine dealers out of ten are unable to calculate them. At Antwerp sales are made at prices which include all these additions.

cities, among which she once held so exalted a rank. In her prosperity, and in the decline of that of Amsterdam, may be learnt two useful lessons: firstly, the short-sighted policy of attempting to enrich a city by the exaction of excessive tolls in the name of dock dues, dam dues, or other municipal taxes; and secondly, of the injudiciousness of adhering to the forms and habits of other times, when the modes of trading have necessarily become altered, together with the manners of society in general.

We have already said that there are no official returns of imports and exports published; but with the assistance of the *Allgemein Handels-Zeitung* for January, 1828, and of a communication by M. Balbi to the *Bulletin des Sciences Géographiques*, &c. for May, 1828, we are enabled to compile the following account of the importation of the principal articles of merchandise into the Netherlands ports, during the year 1827.

<i>Articles.</i>	<i>Ports.</i>			
	Amsterdam.	Rotterdam.	Antwerp.	Middleburg.
Coffee, Bales.....	111,059	97,397	376,102	2,678
Ditto, Tons.....	2,663	1,079	3,639	117
Sugar, Chests.....	12,160	7,508	56,356	.....
Ditto, Mats.....	2,927	8,145	50,939	79
Ditto, Tons.....	18,653	3,829	4,028	2,609
Tobacco of America, Tons	15,205	13,934	1,351	.....
Rice, Bales.....	1,980	13,892	16,352	.....
Ditto, Tons.....	8,412	5,301	14,935	.....
Cotton, Bales.....	18,092	19,907	23,856	152
Indigo, Chests.....	66	476	1,332	.....
Ditto, Syrous.....	128	88	611	.....
Tea, Quarter Chests....	15,124	9,527	1,467	4,700
Skins, Pieces.....	9,271	34,501	215,044	.....
Pepper, Bales.....	31	5,247	21,847	.....
Wheat, Lasts.....	12,494	1,602	26	.....
Rye, Ditto.....	7,835	5,130	96	.....
Barley, Ditto.....	878	1,412	.....	.....
Potash of Russia, Puds*	50,583	24,791	106,920	.....
Linseed Oil of Do. Do.	1,346	.....	.....	.....
Tallow of Do..... Do.	9,416	835	1,191	.....
Hemp of Do. .... Do.	19,110	4,555	8,372	.....

By far the largest share thus appears to be possessed by Antwerp, of the trade of those great articles of consumption, coffee, sugar, rice, cotton, indigo, skins, pepper, and potash. The tea trade is almost exclusively confined to Amsterdam and Rotterdam, as well as that of corn, with which the warehouses of the latter ports are generally filled, more or less, according to the tendency of speculations. It is unnecessary for us to enter into any details of the Dutch corn trade, while such complete information on the subject is to be found in Mr. Jacob's Reports.

M. de Cloet states, that on an average of twenty years between 1775 and 1793; the number of vessels entered inwards in all the

\* A Russian weight of 40 lbs.

Dutch ports was 4140, and outwards the same, making a total of 8280 a year. The entries inwards in 1822, for Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and Antwerp, were 4051, which, adding 500 for Harlingen and Dort, becomes 4551. The numbers outwards for the same three ports were 4045, which we may, with a similar addition, call 4545, making a total of 9096 ships. In 1827 the number inwards, which has already been divided, was 5208, or 10,406 altogether. Taking the average number, however, at 10,000, (instead of 9751,) so as to cover the trifling trade of Ostend and Nieuport, and valuing each cargo, with *M. de Groot*, at 40,000 francs, a sum moderate enough, the amount of the trade by sea will be 400,000,000 francs. The trade by land with France and Germany, which in 1824 was estimated at 152,080,000 francs, may now be taken at 160,000,000; so that if but calculations be any thing within the bounds of truth, the annual value of the foreign commerce of the Netherlands is altogether about 560,000,000 francs, or 24,666,666*l.* sterling.

The yearly amount, then, of the productive industry of the Netherlands, without separating the net from the gross returns, (an operation which the greatest experience can hardly bring to more than a hypothetical result,) stands as follows:

Agriculture, including Fisheries *	51,095,166
Manufactures, including Mines . . .	28,125,000
Commerce, Inland and Foreign . . .	34,150,000

£ 113,370,166 sterling.

Having thus attempted to convey a notion of the resources of the country, the next point is the state of its finances, in which the principal question is, what price do the people pay to those whom they employ to preserve to them the enjoyment of their liberty and property? The answer will be found by taking the average of the decennial budget from 1817 to 1827, which gives the annual amount payable to the state by each individual in the Netherlands, at 14.48 florins per head; while the payment in France is 14.74 florins, according to *M. Dupin*, and that of Great Britain may be reckoned at 44.31 florins. This does not comprise the town dues, which *M. Quetelet* reckons at 4*s.* cents per head. If again we take the taxation as compared to the land, the amount by the hectare or bonnier is for the Netherlands 14.20 florins; for France, 8.70; and for Great Britain, 30.74. *M. Balbi*† states the proportion of the revenue to the population to be for Great Britain and Ireland 65.2 francs; for France 80.9 francs; and for the Netherlands 26.3 per head; and

\* The produce of salt and fresh water fish has been estimated at about a million sterling.

† "La Monarchie Françoise comparée aux principaux Etats du Globe."

that of the debt to be for the United Kingdom 869 francs; for France 145 francs; and for the Netherlands 635 francs per head; but as this writer has stated the debt at 3,800,000,000 francs, including the old debt, which does not carry interest, and as the only debt which is really a burthen, is 1,664,669,000 francs, the proportion of the debt to each individual in the Netherlands is not really more than 250 francs. We have before us the official returns of the revenue and expenditure for the eleven years 1816 to 1826, extracts from which we shall subjoin. There does not appear, during this period, to have been any very striking increase, with the exception of the department of the Post-office, and, in a less degree, of the Excise, and import and export duties. The direct taxes on property, which, as in France, compose more than one-third of the general revenue, have remained almost stationary; the duties on articles of consumption will always necessarily increase with the population, unless a counteracting cause exists in their disproportionate heaviness.

*Produce of the principal branches of the Revenue of the Netherlands.*  
*In Florins.*

	1816	1821	1826	Average for the eleven years.
Direct Taxes .....	25,363,700	32,049,316	28,972,818	29,156,436
Stamps, Registration, &c. ....	12,316,266	13,425,534	12,501,902	12,744,551
Import and Export ....	22,127,999	22,549,155	31,121,666	23,727,835
Duties and Excise ....				
Warranty on Gold and Silver } .....	181,786	174,029	188,908	181,749
Posts .....	1,066,308	1,828,224	1,984,276	1,614,759
Lottery of the Netherlands .....	448,952	595,540	584,448	547,212
Do. of Brussels .....	1,475,047	526,276	1,029,567	753,418
High Roads .....	1,546,080	1,010,799	1,108,823	1,057,375

This extract is rather intended to show the productiveness of the several receipts than the amount of duties levied. The actual taxation levied for the eleven years is appended to the returns, the totals of which are as follows:

*Florins.*

1816.....	140,023,658
1817.....	83,416,634
1818.....	83,076,521
1819.....	80,933,971
1820.....	80,472,734
1821.....	89,311,721
1822.....	85,272,108
1823.....	96,150,985
1824.....	81,309,677
1825.....	95,954,765
1826.....	104,542,413

Average.. 88,044,152 florins, or about 7,337,912l. sterling, per annum.

The budget for the Netherlands is submitted to the Chambers not annually, as with us, but once in ten years, with the exception of some trifling yearly contingencies. The controul of the Deputies over the finances is thus paralyzed for a period which the national jealousy in this country, and indeed in every other that desires to have an efficient constitutional check upon the influence of the crown, would consider far too long. Every objection that has been urged against septennial parliaments applies in a hundred fold degree to the budget; and it is probable that in the present temper of the lower Chamber of the Netherlands, it would, after all, be far more agreeable to the ministry to have the supplies voted yearly, than to encounter the storm which, having been gathering during the decennial period, has visited them at its termination in the present year; when, from the political causes which will be presently alluded to, the first part of the budget, which comprises the supplies, was rejected, and the minister was obliged to lose no time in attempting to conciliate the Deputies by proposing a repeal of the *mouture*, or duty on the grinding of corn. This tax was not very heavy in itself, but was offensive, partly from its being levied on the first necessary of life—partly from the annoyance of the constant presence of the tax-gatherers at the mills—and above all, from the notion of prerogative which the duty implied, and in which it took its origin, just in the same way as the lords of many manors in England enjoy the right of grinding their tenant's corn, and consequently of levying a toll upon it by whomsoever it may be reduced into flour. The abandonment of the *mouture* was a prudent and timely peace offering, but it is not very creditable to the government to have refused to give it up until driven to it by the most urgent necessity.

The public expenditure will appear from the next account, which we have extracted from the official returns after the same manner as the last.

*Principal branches of the Expenditure of the Netherlands. In Florins.*

	1816	1821	1826	Average for the eleven years.
King's Household.....	2,600,000	2,600,000	2,100,000	2,531,636
Great Offices of State.....	1,468,633	1,211,285	1,065,430	1,202,811
Foreign Affairs.....	937,838	705,503	766,969	787,638
Justice.....	3,394,311	3,321,347	2,191,049	3,243,567
Interior, and Waterstaat*....	7,245,910	5,019,322	6,159,249	5,744,439
Religions, except the Catholic	1,264,261	1,423,449	1,327,311	1,351,813
Catholic Religion.....	1,325,176	2,086,730	1,631,413	1,662,868
Education, Arts, Commerce } and Colonies }	3,894,736	1,723,882	73,019†	2,155,590
Finances.....	23,314,342	34,309,517	38,707,562	31,553,101
Navy.....	6,354,531	5,037,745	6,582,842	5,775,711
Army.....	27,128,574	17,427,732	18,444,535	22,852,651

\* The expenses of Canals, Dykes, and Navigation in general.

† The charges for Education are now included under the head of "Interior."



By far the largest item, and one which amounts to more than one-third of the whole annual expenditure, is that of Finances, which means almost wholly the interest of the national debt, being upwards of 4 per cent on 882,384,500 florins, or 1,664,669,000 francs. The land forces may be estimated, according to M. Balbi, in the proportion of one to every 142 of the population; the charge for the army provides therefore for above 42,000 troops; together with the ordnance and other branches of the war department. The navy at present consists of 93 ships. Of these, 30 are in active service, carrying 720 guns and 4314 men; twelve of which are stationed in the Mediterranean, six in the East Indies, and the rest in the West Indies and elsewhere. The charges for religion, which supply the spiritual wants of the whole community, except those of a few Jews, do not in the whole exceed 252,056*l* sterling, or tenpence per head, per annum, for a population of six millions. This sum is even less than the revenues of the Church of Scotland, which amount from 260, to 270,000*l*. per annum, for a population of two millions and a half. But what shall we say of it when compared to the revenues of the Church of England, which on the most moderate estimate we have ever seen, and that proceeding from a quarter in which we certainly cannot suspect exaggeration, amount to about four millions sterling per annum? We believe this to be much under the mark, but, dividing it by a population of thirteen millions, we find the average sum paid by each individual in England and Wales to be 6*s*. 2*d*. per annum, above seven times more than in the Netherlands. And, if we regard the fact, that at least one-third of the individuals paying this 6*s*. 2*d*. are not members of the established Church, the expenses of that Church are in the ratio of 8*s*. 3*d*. per head to that portion of the people which belongs to it. The household of the king of the Netherlands appears very moderate, which is, we have no doubt, greatly attributable to the simplicity of manners which distinguishes that sovereign. It was reduced 500,000 florins in 1826, and does not now exceed the expense of 175,000*l*. a year. The public charge for education is one which we cannot observe without great satisfaction. It is in accordance with an article in the charter of the Netherlands, recognising the instruction of the people, as one of the first cares of the government. If indeed, the attention of the legislature ought to be directed to any object beyond the mere securing the administration of justice, it is the most glaring omission for it to neglect the education of the lower orders, to which, in all our endeavours for

\* *Quarterly Review*, No. 58, In this estimate the incomes of the Bishops, Deans, and Chapters, is stated at only 177,500*l*. This is surely too low. Archdeacon, who is usually pretty accurate, says the total revenue of the Church was five millions in 1790; and rents are not yet reduced to the standard of that year.

the amelioration of society; we incessantly come round, as the sole basis of improvement. In most of the United States the education duty is collected by the tax-gatherer, as regularly as the canal dues, or any other tax for the public benefit; the Americans being well aware that the diffusion of knowledge among them is one of the strongest safeguards of their independence. As we shall speak hereafter of the state of the schools, we shall now conclude the subject of the finances with the totals of the expenditure for a series of ten years. It is to be observed that, since 1820, the expenses have been often anticipated; as, in, 1826, 10,414,267 florins were spent which were not strictly chargeable till 1827. Except, however, as regards this sum, the accuracy of the account will not be affected by these practices.

*Expenditure of the Netherlands for ten years.*

1817.....	111,877,561	Florins.
1818.....	94,825,409	
1819.....	92,361,408	
1820.....	85,030,664	
1821.....	91,454,256	
1822.....	91,423,606	
1823.....	93,922,428	
1824.....	101,878,147	
1825.....	106,177,979	
1826.....	112,116,749	

Average 98,106,820 Florins, or about 8,175,568l. sterling, per annum.

Having said thus much of the physical condition of the Netherlands, it may be expected that we should offer some remarks on the aspect of that country in a moral point of view. The bodily vigour of a nation, if it may be so called, is best ascertained by examining the progress of its industry, and the degree of energy put forth by its inhabitants in the developement of their resources. But in stopping here, we should have but an imperfect idea of the place that such a nation really occupies in the scale of civilization; for industry is, after all, but a means of promoting the amelioration and happiness of society. Hence we must endeavour to find the degree of cultivation the minds of the people have received, in which we should be sadly at a loss, if we were unable to call statistics to our aid. By figures we are however enabled to estimate immaterial, as well as material forces, and we are happy to avail ourselves of them to introduce our readers to some returns quite as interesting as any that we have yet given. This part of our subject may be divided into three branches, viz. 1st. The state of knowledge and education; 2d. The nature and

extent of the charitable institutions; and finally: The state of crime.

In considering first that great highway of civilization, the printing press, we should bear in mind that the larger part of the books printed in the Netherlands are re-impressions of works originally published in other countries, and that consequently the number of books composed and published in the kingdom is not a fair criterion of the avidity with which information is sought after. The number of indigenous publications, exclusive of journals, and periodicals for the three years 1826, 1827, and 1828, was 7183, and reckoning each work to consist of ten sheets and 600 copies, the result gives an average of 4,633,000 sheets a year. It was calculated by M. Daru that France in 1825 had produced 128 million sheets, an amount above five times greater than this of the Netherlands, having regard to the difference of the population. But as, for the reason we have mentioned, these statements do not give the true relation between the two countries, it should be known that Brussels alone contains 94 presses, and now prints 12,600,000 sheets a year, being one-tenth of what was printed in all France in 1825, or with reference to the population, one-half, supposing that the Netherlands did not contain a single press out of Brussels. This city, from its situation, seems calculated for a repository for the books of all nations; and the low prices at which foreign works are reprinted here, are an excellent antidote to their being sold too dear at home. The increased activity of the press at Brussels is very remarkable; for in 1815 the number of sheets printed was only 4,050,000; in 1823 it had risen to 8,250,000; and in 1828 it amounted to 12,600,000, having more than trebled in thirteen years. The circulation of newspapers, though regarded by many as tending to divert people's attention from more important studies, is nevertheless too sure a means of diffusing information, to be passed over unnoticed. It may be ascertained precisely by the stamps, which for the Netherlands were, in 1826, 145,739 florins, and for France a sum equal 165,920 florins. The stamps are the same in both countries, and therefore since France in that year reckoned, according to M. Dupin, 26,420,520 sheets, the Netherlands possessed about 21,900,000, exclusive of literary and scientific journals. In the same year the newspapers published in England and Wales have been estimated at 25,684,008 sheets; in Scotland, 1,236,399; and in Ireland, 3,473,014. The Netherlands have therefore a circulation of 60,000 sheets of newspapers a day; France has 72,380; and England, 70,370; which is at the rate of one to every 100 persons in the Netherlands; one to 437 in France; and one to 184 in England.

The inhabitants of the Netherlands are, thus, far better supplied with journals than England or France, and according to M. Balbi, than any nation in Europe; but as that writer calculates by the number of journals that appear, and not by their circulation, we apprehend M. Quetelet's computation is more authentic. The newspapers are conducted, as in France, less as commercial speculations, than for political purposes. The liberal journals are mostly in the hands of young men of talent, who endeavour to lead, rather than follow, the public opinion; and the ministerial papers are encouraged directly by the government. In reviews and magazines the Netherlands are entirely deficient, with the exception of those they import and reprint, and two or three publications devoted to agriculture and other branches of industry. We subjoin an account for three years, of all works published, with the exception of periodicals.

PUBLICATIONS IN THE NETHERLANDS.

	1825.	1826.	1827.
Theology .....	111.....	103.....	99
Jurisprudence, Medicine, Physics ..	93.....	105.....	146
History .....	94.....	96.....	96
Philology, Poetry, Theatricals .....	135.....	134.....	114
Miscellaneous, Novels.....	246.....	325.....	286
	679	763	741
Translations from German.....		107.....	120
Ditto      French .....		57.....	58
Ditto      English.....		30.....	25
Ditto      Spanish .....		1.....	..
		195	203

Upon this we have only to remark, that the greatest increase appears to be in the works connected with those sciences whose usefulness to society admits of the least dispute.

Tried by the test of education, the position of the Netherlands is equally favourable as it seems from the amount of its printing. In 1826, out of 3938 communes there were only 684 without schools, being about the sixth part; while in France two-fifths of the communes are still without schools. In the latter country the children, who frequent the schools, are as 100 to 2019 inhabitants; in the Netherlands they are as 100 to 947, a proportion exceeded by no country in the world, unless it be Prussia, and one that is the more striking, inasmuch as, comparing the number of children between 5 and 15 years old with the population, the utmost that could go to school would be 100 children out of every 521 inhabitants, which some of the best provinces do, at present, nearly reach. We are not near this in England, even if we count by the Sunday-schools, whose pupils are to our popu-

lation as 1 to 11; those of the day-schools being as 1 to 21. The ratio in Scotland has been variously stated as 1 to 7, and 1 to 31; and in Ireland both as 1 to 1105, and 1 to 17, the latter of which is the most probable. The calculation for the Netherlands is taken from the following account, for the compilation of which, based chiefly upon official documents, we are indebted to M. Quetelet, and as it is extremely valuable, we make no apology for inserting it at length.

STATE OF EDUCATION IN THE KINGDOM OF THE NETHERLANDS,  
1st January, 1826.

Provinces.	Pupils in the				Total.	Expenses of Primary Instru- tion. 1826.	Colleges, or Latin Schools.	Periodicals and Journals.
	Primary Schools.		Small Schools.	Schools of Industry.				
	Boys.	Girls.						
North Brabant....	20,630	14,529	2,624	195	37,978	48,066	420	6
South Brabant....	21,993	16,177	4,863	508	43,541	74,293	779	40
Limburg .....	13,493	8,795	1,466	..	23,754	22,050	780	2
Guelderland ....	18,881	12,243	2,031	..	33,155	58,245	172	4
Liege .....	13,794	8,539	933	67	23,333	12,311	634	10
East Flanders ....	25,644	22,205	6,399	1,624	55,782	21,065	274	5
West Flanders....	21,028	17,830	6,888	11,376	57,122	34,681	256	4
Hainault .....	32,179	21,736	6,504	18	60,437	61,379	1,263	3
North Holland....	22,018	16,880	9,062	88	48,048	159,226	221	38
South Holland....	23,813	16,883	8,179	1,296	50,173	116,715	225	22
Zeland ... ..	7,939	4,813	1,386	47	14,205	35,267	37	8
Namur .....	12,139	9,565	1,247	27	22,978	37,919	435	..
Antwerp .....	15,805	11,914	2,969	713	31,401	34,765	570	3
Utrecht .....	6,765	5,165	1,468	277	13,666	27,433	119	2
Friesland .....	14,571	10,331	2,011	..	26,933	48,104	121	1
Overijssel .....	13,484	10,587	1,582	219	25,872	41,824	113	1
Groningen .....	11,883	9,374	331	..	21,588	23,660	84	4
Drenthe .....	4,770	4,039	90	..	8,899	8,572	28	1
Luxemburg .....	19,925	14,819	160	..	34,904	24,798	505	2
Total....	320,774	236,437	60,193	16,455	633,859	890,373	7,038	156

The expense of the primary schools thus appears to have amounted to 890,353 florins, being at the rate of 14 cents, or about 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per head of the population. The schools for the poor are 285 in number, in which there are 56,617 pupils, whilst 90,000 other children, coming under the denomination of paupers, are received into the ordinary schools. The charges of the poor-schools amount to 247,176 florins; or 4.37 for each pupil. Besides these, the education bestowed by the government upon the children of the militia-men ought to be taken into account, and deserves mention as a creditable circumstance. The Latin schools appear very little frequented in comparison with the others,

for there are in the kingdom upwards of 300,000 youths between 12 and 16 years, whose age is suitable to these colleges, and yet the number who attend does not much exceed 7000, or a 43rd part of them. The government is said to be anxious to extend the utility of the colleges, by adding to them the means of instruction in the arts relating to industry and commerce, which will undoubtedly increase their pupils. The advantages of education appear to be the most extended in the northern provinces, which usually average 1 out of 8 as attending the schools. Drenthe, which, it will be recollected, is the province the most thinly peopled, and where the population is increasing the fastest, is also that where the schools are the most frequented—the proportion being as 1 to 6, which comprises very nearly all the children in the province. The worst educated provinces appear to be the Walloon district of Liege and Limburg. The universities are in a very flourishing condition, as will be seen by the steady multiplication of their students appearing in the following tables.

STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITIES OF THE NETHERLANDS,  
1st January, 1826.

	Theology.	Law.	Medicine.	Sciences.	Philosophy and Letters.	Total.
Leyden . . . . .	103	138	60	8	227	536
Utrecht . . . . .	154	103	20	33	170	480
Groningen . . . . .	94	73	28	14	91	300
Louvain . . . . .	..	154	70	63	335	622
Liege . . . . .	..	197	84	63	115	481
Ghent . . . . .	..	144	124	33	54	365
	351	809	386	214	992	2774

The increase, during a period of three years, in the students of the whole six establishments is thus exhibited :

	1824.	1825.	1826.
Theology . . . . .	246	325	351
Law . . . . .	723	807	809
Medicine . . . . .	355	374	386
Sciences . . . . .	233	226	214
Philosophy and Letters . . . . .	718	904	992
Totals . . . . .	2275	2636	2752

The absence of theological students at Louvain, Liege and Ghent, is accounted for by the obligation imposed on them to receive their education at the Philosophical College of Louvain, under the control of the government. This regulation was remonstrated strongly against by the Catholic hierarchy, as imposing improper conditions on the education of the young men, of whose fitness for

the priesthood the Catholic Church alone could be the judge. It was so far altered at the period of concluding the Concordat with the Pope in June, 1827, that the College of Louvain was declared to be merely facultative, and not obligatory; and by an Ordinance of the 20th June, 1829, the Catholic bishops were permitted again to open their seminaries, subject to certain regulations prescribed by the king.\* These new regulations have, however, been so far from giving satisfaction, that the Catholics allege they are in effect still obliged to conform their education to the system of the College of Louvain; and this grievance is still one of the main grounds of the discontent which exists among the Catholics of Belgium. The refusal of admission to the priesthood to those who have been educated out of the kingdom, is also much complained against, and appears, indeed, very unreasonable. The system of interference, on which the government has lately acted towards the Catholic Church, seems impolitic, and has contributed to render it unpopular in the Catholic provinces of the kingdom. The attention paid, however, to the universities in general, and the anxiety displayed by the king for their prosperity, are facts well known, and deserving of high admiration.

Next to the institutions for the cultivation of the minds of the people, come those for the relief of their wants in body and estate. To be the victims of pain and misery, is unhappily the lot of a large portion of every community, to alleviate whose sufferings is the unquestionable duty of the remainder, not only as members of the same society, but as belonging to the same great family of mankind. In our own country this duty is enforced by means of rates levied by the law—a practice wholly defective in one of the most desirable objects of legislative interference, viz. the diminution of the number of paupers. Experience has shown, that under our system the poor have been gradually becoming more numerous, and the poor rates have placed the country in a dilemma from which it can extricate itself neither by withholding, nor by continuing to administer, relief. Our poor rates now amount to a tax of nearly twelve shillings a head upon the whole population, while the charitable institutions of the Netherlands are about the average of three shillings a head, and are excelled by those of no other nation in Europe, either in their extent or the manner of their administration. They may be divided into three kinds; the first being designed to distribute relief; the second to diminish the number of poor; and the third to act as preventives to indigence. The first class are composed of the administrations for relieving the poor at their own houses, (above

\* The particulars of this affair are detailed in a pamphlet entitled "*Trois Chapitres sur les deux Arrêtés du 20 Juin, 1829. Bruxelles. 1829.*"

5000 in number,) of the commissions for distributing food, of the hospitals, and some smaller societies; the second comprise the poor schools, the charitable workhouses, the dépôts of mendicity, and the agricultural colonies. It is remarkable that the children educated at the poor schools are in the proportion of 197 out of 1000 to the whole number of poor relieved at their houses, or as about one to five. The indigent class seem, therefore, to participate in the benefits of education more generally than any other—a circumstance which augurs most favourably for their rise in society. The dépôts of mendicity are supported by the produce of their labour, the income of their property, and allowances made them from the Department of the Interior. The average revenue of the seven existing in 1821, since which one has been added, was 33.011 cents a day; and their expenditure 30.771 cents a day per head. Now the maximum of the actual wants of a labouring man in the Netherlands have been estimated by Baron de Keverberg to be, in the Netherlands, 20 cents a day, or 73 florins a year; from which will be perceived the degree of comfort which the inhabitants of these dépôts of mendicity enjoy; though it does not reach half the price of labour of a man in a state of freedom, which on an average for the ten provinces of Liege, North Holland, Friesland, South Brabant, East Flanders, Hainault, Antwerp, Guelderland, North Brabant, and Overijssel, was ascertained by the government a few years ago to be 75 cents a day. The mortality in these dépôts appears very great, having been at the rate of 100 to 891, for the 12 years preceding 1822; but it would assuredly be much greater among the same class of persons if living in the highways; and it should also be remembered, that the dépôts contain a large proportion of old people, who come there, as it were, to die, and that the able-bodied men who belong to them seldom remain above six months. The foundation, management, and husbandry of the poor colonies, have been so well detailed by other writers, that a few words will suffice here to express their actual condition. The first was established by the Société de Bienfaisance of the Northern Provinces, in Drenthe, on the confines of Friesland and Overijssel, in the year 1818. There are now at Frederiksoord, on an extent of about two leagues, six of what are called *ordinary colonies*, comprising 416 farms, divided into five sections, each of which contains 25 households. There are 1107 bonniers of land in cultivation, and 2268 poor maintain themselves upon it. Besides a provision for above 1000 mendicants in the central establishment, the colony for the repression of mendicity at Ommerchaus comprises 613 bonniers, also cultivated, with 18 large farms upon it, inhabited by families whose population amounts to 127 individuals. The society has also



2756 bonniers at Veenhuisen, 938 of which are already in tillage, and the establishment will provide for 2000 orphans; 1000 mendicants, and 300 indigent families. The population of this colony was, on the 1st January, 1829, 4115; and 24 large farms upon it are now occupied. The Colony of Industry at Wateren contains 42 bonniers, and 60 young inhabitants. The society is pursuing its labours upon 1542 bonniers of heath which it has purchased near its older establishments, and at Diever, where it has constructed canals for carriage, and fosses for irrigation. It possessed altogether, at the close of 1828, 7000 bonniers, (about 17,500 acres,) of which 2700 were in cultivation, and yielded a produce of the value of 150,000 florins; besides 100 horses, 1000 cows, and 2500 sheep. The whole population of the Fredericksoord establishments amounted, at the end of 1828, to 7614 individuals, and will probably soon reach the limit of 11,000, which is the largest number it is intended for. This society was originally designed for the whole kingdom, but it being judged more expedient that it should confine its efforts to the Northern Provinces, a second society was formed in 1822 for the Southern part of the country, of which the King's second son, Prince Frederic, became likewise the president. Its first colonies were established at Wortel, near Turnhout, in the province of Antwerp, which at the end of 1823 contained 125 farms. Five hundred bonniers of heath were in two years more converted into a colony for the repression of mendicity; and in 1828 the society consisted of 16,000 members, maintained above 1000 paupers, and was proceeding under all the favourable circumstances which the example of Fredericksoord, and a prudent circumspection, could insure. The Southern Colonies are superintended by Captain Van den Bosch, brother of the general of that name, to whom the original plan is attributable, and whose persevering exertions have contributed so mainly to their prosperity. The foundation of these colonies may really be regarded as an era in history;\* for they afford a memorable instance of the success of an attempt to renovate society, by creating the means of subsistence to counterbalance the rise of the population. Actuated by motives of the sincerest philanthropy, the societies of beneficence have con-

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\* A detailed account of the plan will be found in Mr. Jacob's Narrative; in the "*Voyage aux Colonies Agricoles*" of M. Edouard Mary, formerly Secretary to the Southern Society; and in the Essay "*Sur l'Organisation des Colonies de Bienfaisance de Fredericksoord et de Wortel*," of M. le Chevalier de Kirckhoff. Since our remarks were written we have read an article in the "*Quarterly Review*," recommending the institution of Home Colonies in this country on a similar plan, in the expediency of which, we need hardly say, we fully concur. We are not aware upon what authority the number of the settlers in the Netherlands Colonies are there rated at 30,000. M. Mary gives the number at Fredericksoord as we have stated it, and adding to that the population at Wortel, and even of the *Ateliers de Charité*, and *Dépts de Mendicité*, throughout the kingdom, the amount will not be near 30,000.

ducted their establishments upon the soundest economical principles, making the industry of the poor in all cases the means of procuring them the comforts of life. Their example is well worthy the consideration of those who advocate so warmly emigration from the United Kingdom; for if active benevolence has done so much in the Netherlands, it surely cannot be contended that the plan is impracticable in a country less thickly peopled, having a far larger portion of waste lands, and immeasurably more abounding with capital. We have ranked them among the second class of charitable institutions, but they assuredly effect also the object of the third, viz. the prevention of want. Under this head are to be numbered the savings banks, of which fifty now exist in the Netherlands; and the Monts de Piété, of which there are 124. These latter are equitable loan banks, which advance money to the poor, either without interest or at an interest much below what any pawnbroker would take. The establishment of them in London was projected a few years since, but the wisdom of Parliament preferred letting the pawning business remain on its present footing, however unfavourable to the thousands of paupers whose miseries drive them to pledge the very necessities of their existence.

The charitable establishments of the Netherlands seem on the whole well calculated to attain their end, and deserve imitation from the philanthropists of other countries. Their extent will be seen by a perusal of the subjoined table, for the authenticity of which M. Quetelet is our warrant.

*Charitable Institutions of the Netherlands.*

Nature of Institutions.	Number of Institutions.	Individuals relieved.	Expenses of Relief.	Expense for each Individual.
			Florins.	Florins.
Administrations for relieving the Poor } at home, . . . . . }	5,129	745,652	5,448,740	7.31
Commissions for distributing Food, &c.	36	22,056	88,184	3.73
Societies of Maternal Charity . . . . .	4	1,448	13,493	9.32
Hospitals . . . . .	724	41,178	4,091,157	99.37
Funds for Military Service . . . . .	1	2,277	110,942	48.73
Royal Hospital of Mearne . . . . .	1	156	23,290	149.30
Poor Schools . . . . .	285	147,896	247,176	1.67
Workhouses of Charity . . . . .	34	6,169	406,704	65.92
Depôts of Mendicity . . . . .	8	2,598	229,587	88.37
Societies of Beneficence for the Colonies	2	8,553	353,529	41.33
Establishments for the Deaf and Dumb	4	239	41,994	175.70
<b>Totals . . . . .</b>	<b>6,228</b>	<b>977,616</b>	<b>11,049,036</b>	<b>Average 11.30</b>
Monts de Piété . . . . .	124	....	4,208,068	—
Savings Banks . . . . .	50	18,035	2,771,608	Av. 155.93

\* In West Flanders, for the daughters of soldiers invalided or killed in service.

We have also before us, returns of the numbers and expenses of all these institutions for the several provinces, which are interesting in many points of view, though too long for insertion. Those provinces in which the proportion of individuals relieved is the largest, compared to their population, are generally the richest and most populous, and coincide with those in which the mortality and reproduction of the human species are going on with the greatest activity.

Among the materials that exist for determining the moral condition of a people, the amount of crime stands the most prominent. In looking, however, at the number of offences committed and punished by the law, regard must especially be had to their classification, and to the proportions between the crimes against persons, and those against property. The moral guilt, in the latter depending considerably upon the equality of the distribution of wealth throughout the country, the degree of ease in which the people live ought also to be brought into view; and when we compare the criminal calendars of different nations, we ought not to omit to refer to their respective modes of administering justice, and to the attention paid in each country to that branch of it which we call preventive. That prevention is, by far the more important care, in point both of duty and expediency, is a truth which governments are beginning to perceive, though in most countries repression, and in not a few vindictiveness, still form the spirit of the penal code. Just in the same way as the English poor laws are impotent to diminish the numbers of the poor, a system of punishment alone is ineffectual to deter from crime. So long as the will of man is free, and it is in his power either to conform to the law, or to violate it, the care of the legislature should be to turn that will into the right channel. Experience has shown that the fear of punishment, especially when that punishment is so severe as to become practically hard in its infliction, will not attain the desired end; and the problem to be solved is, how the inducement to good is to be made stronger than the temptation to evil? In what age of the world the solution of this question will develop a science capable of practical application, is a speculation we become more and more fearful of entertaining, as we peruse successively the records of the atrocities that are annually committed with a melancholy regularity, even in those countries that are entitled to be numbered among the most civilized on the earth.

We have already said sufficient to show, that in the prosperous state of its industry—in its institutions of education, and in its establishments for the prevention of misery—the Netherlands contains in a greater degree than most nations, the seeds from which the

morality of its people might be expected to spring. Yet in turning to the list of crimes, we find them existing in a vigour, which sets strongly before us the infirmities of human nature, even when regarded in its most favourable position. In the course of the year 1826, the number of persons accused before the Courts of Assize was one out of every 4388, being very little less than in France, where the proportion in the same year was one out of 4151. These are of course, exclusive of the numbers accused before the *Tribunaux Correctionnels*, which in the Netherlands and France have jurisdiction over a large portion of small offences, or *délits*, distinguished from crimes, which in England would be the common appellation for them, and for offences of a more serious nature. Hence a comparison between the criminal calendars of England and either of these countries, is liable to misconception; and the difference of our laws is an additional reason why a comparison between the crimes of the Netherlands and France is likely to lead to more useful results, the codes of those countries, and their administration of justice, being almost entirely similar, with the exception of the trial by jury, which was abolished in the Netherlands at the accession of the present dynasty.

In contrasting, then, the state of crime between these two kingdoms, the first requisite is, to distinguish between the crimes against persons, and those against property, which admit of more excuses than the former. In 1826, out of 100 accused, there were in the Netherlands 22 for crimes against the person, and in France 28. Examining the great crimes for the same year, such as murder, assassination, poisoning, highway robbery, &c., we find them to be in the proportion of 1 to 16, which, since the populations of the two countries are in the ratio of 1 to 3, induces the result that the great crimes are three times more numerous in France than in the Netherlands; and it is remarkable, that in this year there were in France 14 parricides, and 26 poisonings, but in the Netherlands neither one nor the other.

The capital crimes were thus divided:

	Netherlands. (1826.)	France. (1826.)
Crimes against the Person . . .	39	873
Crimes against Property . . .	31	276

Thus the crimes against the person were four times, and those against property twice as numerous in France as in the Netherlands. Crimes against relatives, such as parricide, infanticide, &c., from which the highest degree of depravity may be inferred, were for the two countries as 1 to 11, or, for the Netherlands, twice as many in France, with reference to the population. For-

gery was as 1 to 7, which makes it a little less common in the Netherlands; and theft as 1 to 5, or about the same amount.

Upon inquiry as to the degree in which offences are visited with punishment in the Netherlands, France, and England, respectively, it appears that in 1826 the criminal courts of the first condemned 84 individuals out of 100 accused; those of the second, 65 out of 100; and those of the third also 65, taken on an average of twenty years. Thus, in the Netherlands, 16 only out of 100 are acquitted; and in England and France 35; a difference which M. Quetelet attributes entirely to the jury, in which we cannot but coincide, when we consider the similarity of the law in the Netherlands and in France, and the fact, that before the *Tribunaux Correctionnels* and the *Tribunaux de Police*, where the judges decide in both countries, the acquittals are uniformly 16 out of 100 in the *Correctionnels*, and 14 out of 100 in the *Police*. The conclusion is irresistible, that before every court where the judges decide, the acquittals will be 16 out of 100, and where the jury, 35 out of 100. M. Quetelet offers no opinion whether this result tells for or against the institution of the jury, neither shall we presume to decide it, further than to remark, that if the design of legal tribunals be to bring offenders to justice, that end does not appear to be the best answered by that mode of trial which allows the largest number to escape punishment. It is indispensable that those whose business it is to decide, should be independent. If the judges cannot be trusted, it is well that other persons, such as jurymen, should be called in, and hence in political trials juries are generally necessary for the protection of the liberty of the subject; but whatever may be said about the importance of juries giving prisoners the benefit of doubts, and so forth, we apprehend that justice is best administered where the prisoner is condemned or acquitted, according as the evidence for or against him weighs the strongest in the minds of his judges, and not where he receives the benefit of considerations which do not at all bear upon his guilt or innocence. The opinions of jurists upon our duodecimal institution are much divided; but the fact we have mentioned, is certainly one upon which a strong argument against its intrinsic excellence might be raised.

The accusations for second offences are in the Netherlands 13 out of 1000, there having been in 1826, 31,354 persons accused before the correctional and criminal tribunals, and the repetitions of offences being 416. In France, we have only the means of comparison so far as regards the criminal courts, in which the proportion of second offences was 100 out of 1000 accusations. It is remarkable that in both countries punishment visits crimes against the person less effectually than those against property.

In 1826, the Netherlands acquitted 24 individuals accused of crimes against persons, and France, 49; whilst the former acquitted only 12, and the latter only 34 individuals out of 100 charged with crimes against property. Judges and juries agree, therefore, in acquitting the most easily, the worst division of crimes; most probably on account of the excessive severity of the laws against them. It does not appear that women are acquitted oftener than men in the Netherlands; but what is the proportion of women appearing before the tribunals, the returns do not specify. There is some reason to suppose it greater than that in France and England, where the proportion respectively is 100 to 448, and 100 to 467 men; for in 1825 there were in the prisons of Belgium 100 women to every 314 men. The ages of the perpetrators of crimes are thus classified:—

Ages.	Netherlands (1826).		France (1826 and 1827).	
	Men	Women.	Women.	Men.
Under 16 years . . . .	4		3	2
From 16 to 21 years . . .	12		13	15
Above 21 years . . . .	84		84	83
	<hr/> 100		<hr/> 100	
	<hr/>		<hr/>	

From a general table for France it would appear that the age when men commit the most crimes is 25, and that women enter rather earlier into the career, probably by reason of their greater precocity.\*

The trials before the superior police (*affaires correctionnelles*) are in the Netherlands, as well as in France, twenty times more numerous than the criminal trials. In 1826 the arrests were in the former kingdom as 1 to 117, and in the latter as 1 to 198 inhabitants. In bringing together the numbers accused before the criminal tribunals, the correctional courts, and those of simple police, the results are almost exactly similar. In the Netherlands there is 1 person annually accused out of every 117, and in France out of every 102 inhabitants; and the condemnations in both countries, are 1 out of 122.

It is now time to submit two accounts, compiled by us from the detailed and perspicuous returns prepared by M. Quetelet from authentic sources. The first is divided according to the nature of the crimes committed throughout the kingdom; the second is arranged to show the number of offences in each respective province.

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\* *Compte Général de l'Administration de la Justice en France, pour 1826.* This contains a scale of the degree of tendency to crime of the different ages.

## State of Crime in the Netherlands in 1826.—No. I.

CRIMES AGAINST PERSONS.				CRIMES AGAINST PROPERTY.			
Nature of Crimes.	Accused.	Acquitted.	Condemned.	Nature of Crimes.	Accused.	Acquitted.	Condemned.
Political Crimes.....	0	0	0	Exaction and Corruption..	2	1	1
Rebellion.....	68	26	42	Embezzlement of the Public	20	0	20
Breach of Sanitary Laws	0	0	0	Money.....	21	4	17
Escape from Detention	3	0	3	Burning of Buildings.....	0	0	0
Perjury and Subornation	17	2	15	— of other objects.....	0	0	0
Assassination.....	13	3	10	Destruction of Property.....	8	6	2
Poisoning.....	0	0	0	False Coining.....	18	12	6
Parricide.....	0	0	0	Counterfeit Seals, &c.....	2	1	1
Murder.....	24	7	17	Fraud by False Pretences.....	5	1	4
Assaulting and Wounding	123	26	97	— in Commercial Writ-	12	1	11
Assaults upon Authorities	21	4	17	ings.....	140	12	128
Arbitrary Arrests.....	0	0	0	Other Frauds.....	14	2	12
Menaces.....	5	2	3	Fraudulent Bankruptcy.....	5	0	5
Mendacity with violence..	1	0	1	Robbery in Churches.....	15	1	14
Bigamy.....	2	0	2	— on the Highways.....	9	1	8
Abortion.....	0	0	0	— in Dwelling Houses.....	198	24	174
Infanticide.....	2	0	2	Other Robberies.....	74	21	53
Child-stealing.....	0	0	0	Alteration of Bills, Bonds,	0	0	0
Rapes and Attempts.....	16	2	14	&c.....	0	0	0
Rapes on Children under	9	1	8	Embezzlement of Titles and	2	0	2
15 years.....				Deeds.....	0	0	0
				Breaking Seals.....	0	0	0
				Importing Prohibited Goods	5	1	4
Total.....	304	73	231	Total.....	1085	150	935

## No. II.

PROVINCES.	PERSONS ACCUSED.		
	Tribunaux Criminels.	Tribunaux Correctionels.	Simple Police.
North Brabant.....	64	1356	138
Guelderland.....	74	1254	273
North Holland and Utrecht	168	2154	479
South Holland.....	143	1315	537
Zealand.....	55	424	62
Friesland.....	66	395	263
Overijssel.....	89	319	51
Groningen and Drenthe.....	55	438	204
Limburg.....	99	2014	812
Liege.....	69	1967	969
Namur.....	38	2148	1029
Luxemburg.....	35	4146	3125
South Brabant.....	137	3331	1403
East Flanders.....	125	3215	1121
West Flanders.....	79	3267	1238
Hainault.....	60	1812	1324
Antwerp.....	83	1338	459
Total for the Kingdom	Accused .. 1389 Acquitted .. 223 Condemned .. 1166	30,894 6,666 24,228	13,468 2,858 10,610

It is in the southern provinces, where education is less generally spread, that crimes against the person are the most frequent. Dividing the kingdom into three parts, the first comprising the provinces of Liege, Namur, Limburg, and Luxemburg, for which justice is administered at the court of Liege; the second, the provinces of South Brabant, Hainault, Antwerp, and the two Flanders, resorting to the Court of Brussels; and the third, the remaining provinces which belong to the court of the Hague;—the crimes against persons are to the population in the first as 23 to 100, in the second as 27 to 100, and in the third as 17 to 100. Thefts are, on the contrary, most numerous in the northern provinces, where the distribution of wealth is the most unequal. The proportion of persons accused is, for the court of the Hague, 1 to every 3654, for that of Liege 1 to every 4720, and for that of Brussels 1 to every 5193 inhabitants, from whence it may be inferred, upon the whole, that, with regard to crime, the two Flanders, and the country round Brussels and Antwerp, are in the most favourable situation. These provinces are not the part of the country which contains the most schools, for the ratio of children at school is to the population, for the court of the Hague 1 to 8; for that of Brussels 1 to 10.5; and for that of Liege 1 to 11; therefore, the comparative paucity of offences committed in the Brussels district is not wholly attributable to education; but rather, as it seems to us, to the greater degree of ease in which its inhabitants live, which may be inferred not only from the general appearance of comfort, which every one who has visited it can testify to be superior to that of the rest of the kingdom, and to its containing the largest portion of cultivated lands, of buildings, and of inhabitants, as appears from the following comparison:—

	Superficies.	Cultivated Land.	Land built on.	Inhabitants to each 100 hectares.
Court of the Hague (hectares)	2,860,888	1,931,376	8062	80
— of Liege.....	1,753,578	1,289,913	4783	66
— of Brussels .....	1,583,671	1,432,347	12,886	167

The expenses of the detention of prisoners must be regarded as heavy or not, according to the manner in which the prison discipline is regulated. The cost to the Netherlands in 1821 was 2,500,000 francs, being a tax of 41 centimes upon each individual of the population; a sum comparatively greater than in France, where the annual charge is about 11,000,000 francs, or 33 centimes to each inhabitant. Imprisonment, to whatever good results it may lead in particular cases, is, after all, a punishment and not a prevention; and when we see the unwearied efforts of philanthropists for the reformation of prisoners attended with so little success, that the same crimes take place in each successive year,

101,21	101,21	101,21	101,21	101,21
at 3,4	at 3,4	at 3,4	at 3,4	at 3,4
016,01	016,01	016,01	016,01	016,01



with a regularity which may be calculated like any other object of statistical research, we become more and more convinced that the evil can be ultimately removed no otherwise than by tracing it to its source, and by so ameliorating the condition of the people in mind, body, and estate, that they shall be able to see clearly whether their happiness consists in adhering to, or in violating the law.\*

We have now given details enough to show that there are few nations in the world that contain more elements of general prosperity than the kingdom of the Netherlands. A fertile soil, cultivated in so perfect a manner as to have become a model to other countries; an ample supply of coal and iron; rising manufactures, many branches of which already rival successfully the older established fabrics of foreigners; an extended commerce; an abundance of capital, which is applied more and more to the construction of new roads and canals, and to a variety of works of national importance; a thick population, among whom the comforts of life are far more equally distributed than is generally the case; education so widely diffused as to be in many parts carried to its utmost extent, and spreading every day more widely; charitable institutions on a liberal scale, well conducted, and tending not only to relieve, but to check the growth of pauperism; crimes if not rapidly decreasing in number, yet becoming mitigated in atrocity; the public finances in a thriving condition, and administered with a due regard to economy; a national debt so moderate in its amount as not to press with inordinate weight upon the resources; — such are the main symptoms from which a healthy state of the body politic may be safely inferred. Yet as the constitution of an individual is seldom unattended by such temporary inconveniences as disturb its equilibrium, so a general contentment with the existing order of things is a climax to which few governments have hitherto been known to bring their subjects. Accordingly we find the Netherlands to be by no means so free from political excitement as a first view would lead us to suppose, and the late and present sessions of the States General have been the witnesses of more confliction of opinion, and more acrimony of debate, than have taken place, perhaps, even in the French Chambers.

When a union is formed between two nations which, though descending from the same original stock, have been separated for centuries by language, by religion, and by a diversity of tempera-

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\* In speaking of the prevention of crime, we cannot omit the pleasure of referring our readers to two excellent works of M. Duquetiex, of Brussels: — “*De la Justice et Prévoyance*,” and “*De la Mission de la Justice Humaine*.” His Essay on the Punishment of Death is an admirable Supplement to that of M. Lucas, crowned at Paris and Geneva.

seem and character, it is an arduous and difficult task to make them advance in harmony with each other under the same yoke. Such is the situation of Holland and Belgium since the period of their subjection to the House of Orange, in 1815, by virtue of the Treaty of Vienna; when a charter was granted to the new kingdom, very nearly resembling that of France, and effectually guaranteeing the public liberties in many material points. Every subject was declared equal before the law; a full and fair representation of the people was secured, and a provision was made for the different religious sentiments of the community, by confirming the establishments of the Catholic and Reformed Churches, according to the prevailing creeds in different parts of the kingdom. Supposing then the government to be administered with strict impartiality, neither the Belgian nor the Hollander could have any ground for complaint of the essential injustice of their union, as we hear urged so loudly in Ireland. But history has shown us that no people have been more jealous of their liberties than the Belgians, and it was therefore natural to suppose that the rule of a king, who was at once a Hollander and a Protestant, should be regarded with some little suspicion in this part of his dominions. These suspicions have been greatly aggravated by the interference of the government with the Catholic seminaries, to which we have already alluded—by the marked preference of Hollanders to Belgians in all offices, civil and military—and by some late attacks upon the liberty of the press, which, though their result has materially furthered its freedom, were nevertheless suggested by a spirit of oppression, which it is fit to take every occasion to hold up to reprobation.

The facts of these latter transactions have been briefly told. In July, 1828, two Frenchmen, named *Bellet* and *Jadin*, were condemned to a twelve-month's imprisonment, for certain offensive jokes inserted in the *Argus* newspaper, on the conduct of the government with regard to the *Mouture* tax, and the penal code, of which the following is a specimen:

“*Pauvre Peuple, on vous pressurera, on vous perdra;  
Voilà la liberté,  
Bibi;  
A la façon de Barbari,  
Mon ami.*”

On the 4th of October following, the sentence of these Frenchmen was remitted, on condition of their leaving the kingdom; and on their expressing a wish rather to remain in prison, it was intimated to them in terms not to be misunderstood, that whether then, or at the expiration of their sentence, their banishment was inevitable, and they were banished the kingdom accordingly. On

the 28th of October, an article appeared in the "*Courier des Pays Bas*," from the pen of M. Ducpétiaux, entitled "*Expulsion de MM. Bellet et Jador, en violation de l'Article 4 de la Loi Fondamentale*," showing that the banishment was arbitrary and unconstitutional; and shortly afterwards M. de Potter (the learned author of the *History of the Church*, and of the *Life of Scipio di Ricci*,) published an article in the same journal, to a similar effect. The object of these articles was to excite the public voice to call for an abolition of the law, by virtue of which the Frenchmen had been punished, and whose date was the 20th of April, 1815, a period when the fears excited by the return of Napoleon from Elba, had rendered a temporary enactment of the kind necessary. M. Ducpétiaux and M. de Potter now became its victims; they were arrested under its provisions, which were very general, (extending to spreading false news, taking part with foreign powers, exciting disunion or sedition, and other matters having reference to a period of national insecurity, and only *constructively* applicable to the press;) and were condemned, respectively, on the 13th and 20th of December, 1828, the former to one year's imprisonment and a fine of 500 florins, and the latter to eighteen months' imprisonment and a fine of 1000 florins. The public indignation was great and general during the whole period of these proceedings—so much so, that on the 22d of December, two days after M. de Potter's sentence, the minister actually submitted a Project to the Chambers for the repeal of the obnoxious law, and after very animated discussions, a new law of the press was passed on the 16th of May last, to the perfect satisfaction of the nation at large, whereby its liberty was secured to as full an extent as it is enjoyed even in England. The victims of the law derived, however, no benefit from its repeal, however strongly both justice and mercy appeared to forbid that any offender should suffer for the violation of a law, which, the legislature had since declared, ought not to have been in existence when the offence was committed. Things being in this situation, the States-General reassembled in November last; MM. De Potter and Ducpétiaux disdaining to supplicate the Executive, brought their case before the Chambers, by petition for a reversal of their sentence; and the debates on the budget waxed daily more furious; when, to the amazement and consternation of the deputies and of the nation, and to the utter astonishment of every one who knew any thing of what had lately been passing, a royal message was delivered on the 11th of December, containing a preamble of the most specious and insidious kind, on the circumstances of the country, and concluding with a recommendation to the Chambers to enact the following project into a law:

"Project of Law relative to the Liberty of the Press.

"We, William, &c.,

"Having taken into consideration that the law of the 16th of May, 1829, far from having answered its intention, has been followed by gross abuses, given rise to a great number of offences, multiplied uneasiness and suspicions, and served as a pretext for sowing disunion ;

"That it has, consequently, become indispensable to efficaciously repress disorder, in order to be able to maintain the peaceable inhabitants of the kingdom in the enjoyment of liberty and repose ; to support the government and the authorities in the peaceable exercise of their functions, and to preserve entire the rights guaranteed to us and to our House by the fundamental law of the kingdom ;

"By these considerations, and after consulting our Council of State, we have decreed, and do decree, as follows :—

"Article 1. Every becoming (*decente*) criticism of the acts of the public authority in works and periodical writings, journals, and pamphlets, continues to be free, and permitted to every person.

"Article 2. All those who, in any manner, or by any means whatever, shall attack the dignity, power, or rights of the Royal Family, or shall be guilty in any way or another of the manifestation of hostile sentiments towards the King, of contempt of the ordinances or decrees emanating directly from him, of insult or outrage towards the person of the King, or of any member of the Royal Family, shall be punished with from one to five years' imprisonment.

"Article 3. Shall be punished with imprisonment of from one to three years, those who shall be guilty of attacks upon the obligatory force of existing laws, or who shall excite disobedience to those laws ; all those who shall be guilty of disturbing or endangering public safety, in sowing disunion, fomenting alarm and suspicion ; as also those who shall commit the offences of attack and insult against the government or one of its branches, or who shall outrage its acts, or calumniate its intentions, or who shall endeavour to sap its authority.

"Article 4. In case of a repetition of the offence, the primitive punishment shall be doubled.

"Article 5. The prosecution of the offences mentioned in this law shall be ordered within three months.

"Article 6. All the existing legislative dispositions which are not abrogated or modified by the present law, and particularly the articles 201 to 206 of the penal code, are maintained ; articles 4, 5, and 6, of the law of the 16th of May, 1829, are annulled ; article 3 of that law is not to be applicable to calumny or insult committed in writing against public functionaries, for in those cases the offences will be prosecuted officially, without the necessity of complaint on the part of the persons insulted or calumniated."

Here then we have the unclean spirit of the law of 1815, wanting to return with seven others more wicked than itself ; and truly, if the States-General admit the entrance of so foul a legion, the last state of their country will be worse than the first. We cannot

believe the measure will become a law; and if it unhappily should so, we know enough of the temper of the Netherlanders to venture to predict that they will refuse submission to it. All crowned heads think they can thus put down the free expression of opinion; they are ignorant of the power that is arrayed against them and their machinations. That power—the liberty of the press—is also crowned, not on one, but, like the hydra, on a hundred heads; its vigour is only renewed by its wounds; it derives strength from resistance; it is, itself, the iron crown of the people; it bears on it the motto, “*Garde qui la touche!*”

Irritated at the conduct of the government, it is not surprising that the dissatisfaction of the Liberal party should have gradually increased, and that we should hear so much of the constitutional defects that require remedy, particularly of the necessity of making the ministers responsible for their advice to the crown, which they are not under the charter, though the maxim, “the king can do no wrong,” is recognised in its largest interpretation. Writing as we do from a distance, we shall not, we trust, incur the reproach of national partiality, in expressing the wish that ought to be felt by every one who participates in the practical freedom we enjoy in England, that the same freedom should speedily be attained by other nations whose institutions are less settled than our own. The exemption of ministers from responsibility does appear to us, not merely from comparison with our own country, but on every principle of jurisprudence, to be a most serious defect; and where a government is indiscreet enough to hazard an assault upon the free expression of opinion, such as that we have mentioned, we do not wonder at the people becoming desirous to make the advisers of state measures answerable for their actions. But time will assuredly bring to the Netherlands many constitutional changes, and this one in particular, we think, before very long.

The enforcement of the Dutch as the national language, and the obligation of speaking it in the States General, in the courts of justice, and on all public occasions over which the government has a controul, is a regulation much objected to by the higher and middle classes of the Belgians, to whom the long connection with France, the being educated in French, and the circumstances of the literature of the country being almost exclusively in that language, has made the Flemish almost a foreign tongue. The Dutch dialect, it is moreover urged, differs so much from the Flemish, that the former is as unknown to the common people as French, and hence the French, it is said, is after all, the language spoken the most commonly throughout the kingdom. The estimates of the number of the inferior classes speaking French are

so various, that we necessarily speak on this subject with diffidence, waiting the result of the census the government is in the course of taking, to ascertain the precise number of its subjects who understand that language; but we do not perceive the importance of fixing a language at all, where different ones are in common use. Men take such pains to procure conformity, where there is no possible harm in the existence of differences, that they require to be constantly reminded of the truth discovered by the Emperor Charles V. towards the close of his life, who having failed, after many efforts, to make two watches go alike, was thereby made sensible of the absurdity of the object for which he had shed so much blood in his time, viz. to make men of the same opinion. The charter of the Netherlands renounces this error with regard to religion in marked terms, and the same principle appears to require the alteration of the ordinances concerning language, so as to leave every person at liberty to make use of the tongue which he thinks most suitable for his own purpose.

Discontents arising from the various sources we have mentioned, have had the effect of uniting into one party, in opposition to the government, persons, the general tendency of whose opinions is usually found very different, viz. the Liberals, or usual advocates of reform in society, and the Catholics, including the clergy and those of the laity whose ruling sentiment is that of attachment to their religion.\* We are forcibly reminded by such a coalition, of the state of feeling in Ireland, where Catholicism bids fair to become the steadfast ally of every reform that is needed, or supposed to be needed, in church and state. We are moreover furnished with another proof of the little foundation on which are built those awful denunciations of the unchangeable nature of Catholicism which we have lately been accustomed to hear in such abundance in England. Catholicism in the Netherlands, far from being the instrument of oppression, or the vehicle of superstition, is the religion of a sensible and enlightened people; nor can it be shown that any one kind of superiority exists in the Protestant over the Catholic provinces, which is in any way imputable to their difference of creed. What blindness can be more wilful than to shut our eyes to the fact, that the Catholicism of Belgium is the friend of industry—of education—of social improvement? and what greater anomaly can be conceived than a nation of which all other elements are gradually ameliorating and drawing nearer perfection, while its religion remains immutable amidst the general improvement, clinging fast to the

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\* See particularly, among several pamphlets on this subject, one by M. de Potter, entitled "*De l'Union des Catholiques et des Libéraux dans les Pays-Bas.*" Bruxelles. 1829.

abuses with which more barbarous ages have loaded it? The Protestants of Holland are not so deceived as to entertain such notions; their history has afforded examples enough of the intolerance of the reformers; but tolerance has been long in the Netherlands, as it happily now is in Britain, a word without meaning; and though we are far from thinking the regulations relating to the Catholic schools to be just or expedient, we rejoice at the happy state of *religious* peace that prevails in a country where religious opinions are so considerably divided; and we trust nothing will occur to frustrate the common hope of all good men concerning such a state, viz. "*esto perpetua*."

Much has been said, of late, of the disposition that exists among the Belgians to reunite themselves on a suitable occasion with France, and so to accommodate the eager desire of territorial acquisition which still infects the latter nation. There is unquestionably a very constant and active intercourse between Brussels and Paris, and an intimacy between persons occupied in literature and politics in the two capitals, which naturally engenders a community of sentiment on most matters, between the Belgians and French. Besides which, as we have already stated, there are many branches of manufactures which have lost an extended market by their separation from a larger, and annexation to a smaller, country. Yet, if any very strong inclination for a French connection did exist, we cannot help thinking it would, under recent circumstances, have shown itself more manifestly than it has. If the Hollanders have hitherto had the predominant influence in the royal councils, the Belgians have been dissatisfied with them, not merely as Hollanders, but as those who deprive them of their just share in the government. So it is with the language; for nothing can be more natural than for every man to prefer his native tongue, and to be jealous of those who force him to speak in their language instead of his own. The jealousy, however, between Holland and Belgium, has, we think, arisen wholly from the injudicious conduct of the executive government, and is by no means such a national antipathy as there can be any difficulty in reconciling. In the main constitutional questions at issue—such as the responsibility of ministers—trial by jury—and freedom of the press—the Hollanders are, and show themselves to be, as much interested as the Belgians. The object of the efforts of the reformers of Belgium, is, no doubt, the same as that of the struggles of the French against an obnoxious ministry; for the end of both may be expressed in one word—liberty. If Holland stood in the way of that end, it would be a sufficient reason for Belgium disliking her; but so far as we can judge from personal experience of the people, we should say, that the

intelligent classes of the Belgians have really no desire to incorporate their country in the French monarchy, and that all they want is, such ameliorations in the national institutions, and such impartiality on the part of the government, as to enable them to consider the rights guaranteed to them at the union, as secure from violation for ever.

The task left to the House of Orange, after ratifying the Charter, or fundamental law, in 1815, was to fix the institutions of its new kingdom. The Hollanders, looking back with pride and affection to the annals of their commonwealth, derived their notions of constitutional perfection rather from their own past history, than from the examples of surrounding nations, or from philosophical principles. The Belgians, on the other hand, having no national recollections in this respect, turned their eyes upon neighbouring states, such as Great Britain and France, and began to proclaim the necessity of their freedom being of a constitutional and legal kind, instead of being held, as it were, by tenure from the monarch. At first the clergy and the ancient nobility kept aloof from, or at most, faintly supported the reformers; but later circumstances have disposed the church, and the equestrian order, to uphold the liberal cause, with a force which it would have been the height of folly in the people not to have availed themselves of. Though the spirit of the Catholic Church may be said to be essentially exclusive—though true it is, that many of the old nobles entered their protest against the Charter of 1815—it is not the less fortunate for the country that the priesthood; whose influence is always so powerful, whether for good or for evil—and the nobility, whose order, together with the nominees of the towns and of the rural districts, forms part of the provincial states, (whereof it is a very important, if not the predominant element)—should have been induced to take the popular side of the struggle. That it is the popular side, not in semblance only, but in substance, it would be mere waste of time for us to set about proving; for it is notorious that the Belgians feel, to a man, as strong an indignation against their government, as ever existed in France or any other country. If free institutions are desirable, their indignation is not less just than their struggle is meritorious.

If we have spoken without scruple of the blemishes which disfigure the political face of the Netherlands, it is the greater reason why we should allude to the main advantage it enjoys over this and other countries, in the more equal distribution of the national wealth. Great Britain is remarkable for having carried production to the greatest extent, but is certainly not distinguished for the excellence of the manner in which her riches are diffused among her people. The immense wealth and influence



of our aristocracy, are, we fear, but a poor compensation for the wretchedness and degradation of our paupers. There is a tendency to the accumulation of property which becomes stronger and stronger among us, and would finally become really dangerous, were it not checked by counteracting causes. Our merchants and manufacturers aim at becoming eventually landed proprietors, and take the places of those decayed branches of the aristocracy, who, in effect, fall back into the ranks of the commonalty. A succession to the powerful class is thus, by means of our active production, constantly kept up, and the large share of the legislature possessed by that class has unfortunately been too often the means of making the interest of their order the first consideration, and that of the community the second. In the Netherlands, as in France, there is no aristocracy of *this description*; the equal partition of landed property goes on with as little tendency to pauperism as injury to agriculture; and the parity of fortune binds together in social intimacy a large, respectable and enlightened middle class, whose views are all necessarily directed to the promotion of the common benefit.

To make societies what they ought to be, a right understanding of the principles of political economy will do almost every thing, provided the end of that science is, in its study, never lost sight of. When the science of wealth is considered merely in itself, and for itself, the world becomes a sort of mercantile speculation, and every thing is as it were materialized in a manner repulsive to elevated minds. But if we ascend the hill far enough to extend the limits of the horizon, a new prospect is opened to our view, and the importance of the science becomes the greater to us when we see that the wealth which it teaches us how to produce and distribute, operates as the prevention and alleviation of human sufferings, as the antidote to the vices and crimes engendered by misery, and as the source from whence a constant supply of moral and intellectual culture may be drawn. Riches are thus changed from a stagnant pool into a fountain of living water, whose stream flows in the same direction, and to the same point, as law or religion; of which, political economy is the most powerful auxiliary to make men live together in peace, and the indispensable ally in creating the greatest possible amount of happiness.

If the intensity of happiness could be determined by calculation, like the intensity of fecundity, it would be to that point that the whole of our inquiries would have been directed; but in our present state of knowledge, all we can do is to supply the data on which our readers may compute it for themselves according to their own judgment. In the scale of our own opinion, the amount of happiness existing in the Netherlands stands extremely high;

it is far more elevated than that of England; rather above that of France; and infinitely beyond that of any of those beautiful countries between Lisbon and Constantinople, for whom nature has done so much, and man so very little. It is cheering to turn ourselves away from those scenes of the European panorama, which exhibit the crowded prisons of Portugal, filled with the victims of a tyrannical usurpation—from the besotted ignorance, the stationary population, the stagnated industry of Spain—the melancholy degeneracy of Italy—and the atrocious barbarism of Turkey, which we have just seen shielded from extingishment by the influence of the (so called) Christian potentates—to contemplate those brighter sides of the canvas that display human nature in colours tending to adorn, rather than defile, the dignity of man. Europe is now become a confederacy of states, whose interests are so deeply involved in each other, that the welfare of one nation concerns the rest almost as closely as the condition of each province of a kingdom affects the other parts of the same country. The new kingdom of the Netherlands was accounted the best legacy of the Congress of Vienna; and fourteen years have added immensely to its value in the balance of civilization, which is now a synonymous term for the balance of power. The ascendancy of nations will henceforth depend on the degree of light which knowledge shall cast upon them, and the same knowledge will always secure their being well governed; for authorities which misunderstand the temper of the times, and endeavour to counteract the course of things prescribed by Providence, must eventually fall before the victorious forces of Truth.

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ART. II.—*La Divina Commedia di Dante, con commento analitico, di Gabriele Rossetti, in sei volumi. (Vols. I. II.—L'Inferno.)* 8vo. Londra. 1826.

THE “*Divina Commedia*” has proved a more inexhaustible source of interest, and has exercised the ingenuity of a greater number of commentators, than any other poem since the revival of letters. Early in the seventeenth century an edition was projected, in a hundred volumes, by Cionacci, a Florentine noble, wherein he purposed, by appropriating a volume to each canto, to comprise, in chronological order, every comment then existing, together with a Latin translation of the Strozzi library.\* Since that period new editions have repeatedly made their appearance, and authors, whose talents might have secured to them an independent place in the literary annals of their country, have been

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\* Cionacci, p. 64.

content to enrol themselves in the list of expositors, and to follow in the train of the great poet.

Yet, after the indefatigable researches of the old commentators, and of Venturi, Lombardi, and other modern writers of distinction, we are of opinion with our countryman Cary, and with Monti, Perticari, and Foscolo, that the "*Commedia*" is but imperfectly understood. We cannot forget that, after the critical labours of five hundred years had been expended on Dante's *Vision*, Biagioli and Foscolo were still able to surprise us with the novelty of their views; and all the lovers of Italian literature will join in regretting that the untimely death of the latter very remarkable man should have bereaved us of the expectations excited by his preliminary volume.\* But it seems to be the destiny of the great poem of Dante, as of the fair country which gave him birth—

"Il bel paese

Ch' Appennin parte, e l' mar circonda e l' Alpe,"

that time shall never see the number of their votaries diminish, nor their enthusiasm abate. They alone who have visited the one, or who are conversant with the other in the great original, can comprehend the power with which they fascinate the mind. Both have their peculiar charms, whether of natural growth or artificial culture; both possess characteristic features of grandeur and beauty, which delight the imagination at the first glance, yet are so rich in historical associations, that they yield never-failing rewards to antiquarian research. The spirit of inquiry, indeed, can never slumber while continually kept alive by the detection of new facts, concealed for ages by accident or design. The traveller has not merely delighted to roam over the surface of the peninsula, where nature and art, as if in rivalry, have assembled their choicest treasures,—he has searched beneath the soil, and found there matters of deeper and sadder interest—monuments of glory vanished, of dominion now forgotten—vestiges of the lost arts of Etruria and Greece, mingled confusedly with the records of Roman and Gothic grandeur. It has been the consistent belief of the admirers of the father of Tuscan literature, that a contrast no less vivid existed between the outward splendour of his imagery and the secret meanings that lurked beneath his mysterious allegories. But various have been the opinions entertained as to the truths which the hidden oracle would reveal if the veil could be drawn aside: whether its scope would be confined to moral and religious precepts, or whether it would aim its satire against ecclesiastical abuses, or the political vices of the age.

They who can still recal the emotions excited in their minds

\* *Discorso*, &c. London, 1835.

when they first read the opening cantos of the "Inferno," may probably remember a mixed feeling of admiration and dissatisfaction, an unequal struggle between the judgment and the imagination. It is immediately discovered that the poem is founded on tenets of Christian theology, and that the hell and purgatory of the poet's creed are to be revealed; yet the guide appointed to conduct him through these awful scenes is a heathen bard, invested with no peculiar sanctity whatever—and fresh inconsistencies and objections crowd upon the mind as the plan of the poem gradually unfolds itself. The strength of the charm, and the whole power of the poetic delusion, would be annihilated, if so many grand and striking images, all pourtrayed by the hand of a master, did not follow each other in rapid succession. For none can enter the wild and gloomy forest, or share the poet's terror as he looks back aghast on the dark valley which he has passed—none can read the dreadful import of the letters inscribed over the infernal gate—without feeling that the imagination is too deeply engaged ever to lose the impression. In a dream, our thoughts may be haunted by a fearful spectre, while the reason is conscious of our situation, and while we know that it is the creation of fancy. By some strange and mysterious influence our terror is continued, although we desire to be awakened, and although we are sensible that the phantom is unreal. On first entering on the scene of Dante's Vision, the mind is agitated by a similar conflict of feelings, although our wishes flow in an opposite direction. We fear that the pleasing delusion cannot last, yet while our doubts continue the spell remains unbroken.

We do not require historical consistency in all the events of a tale founded expressly on a vision; on the contrary, we expect that probabilities will be violated—that there will be great confusion of images, and much that is marvellous and incomprehensible. The void and dark abyss, and the winged monster wheeling his downward flight with his trembling rider, (*Inf.* c. 17.) and other images, equally supernatural, are in perfect harmony with the design. But even in painting the fantastic fictions of sleep, it is possible that such incongruities may be admitted as are subversive of all truth and justice in the conception. Such a combination of ideas as would naturally be most widely disconnected in our waking hours, must weaken the semblance of reality; and although there is no impossibility in such a train of associations, this reflection cannot render their introduction more agreeable. Of this nature is the perpetual confusion of things sacred and profane—the constant interweaving of two different systems of theology into the same composition. The Mantuan bard conducts our poet into the first circle, or hollow circular platform of

in their respective mansions. Beyond the seventh heaven Mahomet alone was permitted to proceed. He passed the veil of unity, approached within two bow-shots of the throne, and felt a chill that pierced him to the heart when his shoulder was touched by the hand of God; but the ineffable sweetness and complacency flowing from the divine presence diffused itself over his soul, and filled him with the most perfect pleasure. After receiving the divine commands, he descended to Jerusalem, remounted the Borak, and returned to Mecca, having performed in the tenth part of a night the journey of many thousand years.\* We cannot but recognise some features of resemblance between this romantic legend of the East and the Paradise of Dante.

Brunetto Latini also, in his poem, *Il Tesoretto*, relates a vision which is well known to all the lovers of Italian literature. But it was neither from the example of his master, nor from any particular fiction of Europe or the East, that Dante derived that characteristic feature of his plan to which we have adverted. If we would arrive at the true source of the confusion discoverable in all his writings, both in poetry and prose, between authorities and allusions sacred and profane, we must study the opinions and spirit of his age, and the peculiar state of literature and Christian theology at that time.

As to please is the very essence of poetry, the great masters of that art write almost instinctively in a spirit congenial to the sympathies of their fellow-men, and scrupulously guard, especially on subjects of high import, against shocking the feelings of their readers in matters on which the mind is most sensitive. Our curiosity is, therefore, naturally led to inquire to what extent this description of religious license was permitted by the popular notions of that day, and what were the causes of the extraordinary latitude, which, in spite of the superstition and fanaticism of the multitude, might then with impunity be indulged. Nor can we better illustrate the state of the public mind than by referring to a political treatise of Dante himself; whence we may also derive other information, peculiarly fitted to elucidate some of the principal difficulties of his "*Inferno*," and of the novelties of Signor Rossetti's comment.

The treatise "on Monarchy" was designed to produce an immediate effect in matters deeply interesting to the writer. From his knowledge of the state of parties, and the intellectual progress of society in Italy, he was admirably qualified to judge of the style of composition, and the course of reasoning best adapted to influence the contemporary public; and his talents and erudition

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\* Gibbon, vol. v. p. 211.

enabled him to accommodate his writings to their taste. His knowledge of the world, and experience in affairs of government, would have prevented his making any useless display of learning in a political controversy; and we may rest satisfied, that the scholastic subtleties and classical citations, and the continual references to sacred writers, were calculated to promote the objects he had in view; so that this treatise may be considered to reflect, as in a mirror, not the taste and genius of a single great writer, but the spirit of his age. Dante, we must recollect, had not passed his life in seeing visions, and in peopling ideal worlds with incorporeal beings. He had been a soldier and a statesman, actively engaged in the unhappy struggles of his country, and had experienced all the vicissitudes of fortune. In his twenty-fourth year, he served in the cavalry at the memorable battle of Campaldino, 1289, where the Ghibellines of Arezzo were defeated,\* and in the year following, he was at the taking of the castle of Caprona from the Pisans.† In the year 1300, he was chosen one of the three priors, who held chief authority in the Florentine Republic, where the Guelph interest was predominant, but divided into two factions, the Bianchi and the Neri, the violence of whose antipathies were not unaptly typified by their names. Dante was attached to the Bianchi, while his wife's kinsman, Corso Donati, was an active leader of the Neri. The two parties having taken up arms against each other, the priors banished Corso Donati, Guido Cavalcanti, and the leaders on both sides, by the advice of Dante, who desired with impartiality to restrain the excesses of all; but after a subsequent struggle, the Neri prevailed, and sentence was passed upon Dante of fine, banishment, and confiscation of all his property. The poet was afterwards engaged with other exiles and troops from Bologna and Pistoia, in a desperate but unsuccessful attempt to carry Florence by assault, and every effort during the remainder of his life to obtain a restoration to his country terminated equally in disappointment.

He was thus reduced to poverty, and wandered in exile, exasperated by private and public wrongs; and the composition of his works, both in poetry and prose, breathes the spirit of the exile and the partisan. He regarded Guelphism and the temporal power of the Pope as the source of misgovernment, and of the internal political dismemberment of his country; and looked to the power of the emperor, aided by the Ghibellines, as the only point on which hope of relief could rest. He advocated the title of Henry of Luxembourg, who was ambitious of regaining the rights of sovereignty which his predecessors had abandoned, and

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\* Inferno, xxii. 4.

† Inferno, xxi. 94.

for this purpose his treatise "*De Monarchia*" was composed about the time of Henry's arrival in Italy, in 1309. The succeeding emperor, Ludovic of Bavaria, relied much on the authority of this treatise of Dante as supporting his claim of supremacy over the pope; and on this same ground, so great was the animosity excited by it among the Guelph party, that the Cardinal del Poggetto proceeded to Ravenna after Dante's death, on purpose to disinter and burn his body, and scatter his ashes in the wind, but was prevented by the intercession of the citizens.

The treatise "*De Monarchia*" is written in the language which was then the universal medium of literary communication; and its latinity, though more pure than was usual in the literary world at that time, is yet characterized abundantly by idioms, and even words, to which Cicero and Quintilian were strangers. The object of the first book is to establish the necessity of monarchy, for which the venerable authority of Aristotle in his *Politics* is much relied on.\* The Old Testament also declares the unity of God, and that God made man after his own image, and that the human race is most after the image of God, when there is unity in the governing power.† The world, moreover, is in the best condition when justice most prevails. Virgil, when he saw the monarchical power about to rise and supersede the Roman commonwealth, hailed in his "*Bucolics*" the return of justice and the golden age, "*Jam redit et virgo*," &c. Lest the close reasoning of some of these powerful arguments should escape observation, they are often thrown into syllogisms, and the logician sometimes reminds the reader, that this is according to the second figure, *as*, "*Omne a est A, solum c est A—ergo, solum c est a*," &c.‡ Although contending for the monarchical prerogative, and the right of the emperor to rule over the whole world, from the rising to the setting of the sun, it is made sufficiently manifest that a federal union of free states was proposed, and that the principles of Gibellinism were not of a servile cast; for it is maintained, that the people are not made for kings, but kings for the people: "*Non enim—gens propter Regem, sed è converso, Rex propter gentem*," &c. Throughout every part of this book the confusion of sacred and profane authorities, and the equal rank attached to them, are most remarkable.

The second book proceeds to prove that the Roman people legitimately assumed imperial or monarchical power, and that the emperor of the Romans had, consequently, a right to rule over the whole world. After a preamble of citations from the Psalms and the Prophets, it is proved, according to the formal rules of logic,

\* *De Mon. lib. i. p. 12.*

† *Ibid. p. 15.*

‡ *Ibid. p. 19.*

that whatever is consonant to the will of God is right. The Roman people assumed the imperial power by right, first, as the most noble; for "our divine poet, Virgil," throughout the whole *Æneid*, bears testimony to the glory of *Æneas*, the father of the Roman people. Numerous passages are then cited from the *Æneid*, to attest the illustrious pedigree of the Trojan hero, and besides the dignity of his own line, it is declared that, in the rank held by his three consorts respectively in the great divisions of the globe, the *predestined* grandeur and universality of the future empire was typically indicated.\* First, he espoused *Cressa*, daughter of *Priam*, king of *Asia*; then *Dido*, queen and mother of the *Carthaginians* in *Africa*; and, thirdly, *Lavinia*, the most high-born dame in *Europe*, mother of the *Albans* and *Romans*, daughter and heiress of *King Latinus*. The most extraordinary train of reasoning next follows: Whatever is brought to perfection by the suffrage of miracles, is according to the will of God, and, therefore, right: that God alone can work miracles is confirmed by the authority of *Moses* and others. The Roman empire advanced to perfection by the sanction of miracles; for under *Numa Pompilius*, the second king of *Rome*, while he was performing sacrifices according to the rites of the *Gentiles*, the sacred shield fell down from heaven into the chosen city of God, as is attested by *Livy*, and commemorated by *Lucan*.

The next position is, that whoever aims at a legitimate end proceeds according to right.† The Roman people conquered the world from the most disinterested motives. "That pious and glorious people neglected their private interest for the sake of the public safety of the human race." To prove their greatness and virtue by argument and by authority, *Aristotle*, the *Old and New Testament*, *Latin historians* and poets, and particularly *Virgil*, are referred to. The divine right of conquest is broadly laid down; and never, certainly, did the believers in the *Koran* more confidently appeal to success in arms as an attestation of the sanction of heaven; and it is not a little singular, that the combat between *Hercules* and *Antæus*, as well as that of *David* and *Goliath*, are gravely adduced as a proof of the judgment of God displayed in the *duel*. In the conclusion of this part it is declared, that *Pilate* could have had no jurisdiction to condemn *Christ*, unless the Roman empire had been legitimate. That every prerogative enjoyed by the *Cæsars* had devolved upon *Charlemagne* and his successors, as if there had been an uninterrupted line of inheritance, is

\* *De Mon.* lib. ii. p. 32.

† "Quicunque sine jure intendit, cum jure graditur."—*De Mon.* lib. ii. p. 46.



left to follow from the above propositions as a corollary too clear to be controverted by the most bigoted Guelph.\*

The third book is to prove that the imperial power depends immediately upon God, and not upon the Pope. Some of those who support the Pope's supremacy, says Dante, rely on this text of Genesis, "God made two great lights, the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night," which they interpret allegorically to signify the two governing powers, the spiritual and the temporal; and as the moon, which is the lesser luminary, has no light save what it receives from the sun, so neither has the temporal authority any dominion save what it receives from the spiritual. Dante denies the typical sense imputed, for "concerning the mystical sense," he observes, "we may err in two ways, either by seeing it where it is not, or by taking it otherwise than it ought to be taken." There is also a denunciation against those who knowingly make use of such false arguments as men who sinned—not against Moses, nor David, nor Job, nor Matthew, nor Paul, but against the Holy Ghost. He adds, moreover, many arguments in reply, and this among the rest—that the moon does not derive all her light from the sun, but possesses some of her own, as may be seen in an eclipse; as also that the two luminaries were created on the fourth day, not only before man had sinned, but before he was created, and they could not, therefore, be typical of ruling powers of a corrective and remedial nature. The rest of this book is in great part occupied in refuting arguments of an allegorical description, and far-fetched theological reasoning, adduced by his opponents in support of the supreme power of St. Peter's successor. In reply to the argument from tradition, that the Emperor Constantine, on being cleansed of leprosy at the intercession of Sylvester, then Chief-Priest, made a donation of Rome, and many other dignities of the empire, to the church, Dante declares that it was not in Constantine's power to alienate the imperial prerogative, observing, that he who is charged with the imperial authority cannot destroy it without violating the rights of mankind. Dante, however, is far from denying the necessity of a High-Priest, and of revealed laws for the

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\* The Guelphs were, perhaps, precluded from disputing this point; for, in the first place, the popes always encouraged the popular delusion, that the governing power of ancient and modern Rome had been continuous and connected, as they pretended to derive from Constantine their patrimony and temporal power; and, on the other hand, they were interested in not disturbing the title which the emperors derived from the Cæsars to rule over the whole world, as they asserted the empire to be a dependency of the papal see. In the time of Frederick Barbarossa (1158) the Jurisconsults decided, that the emperor might rightfully assume the title of "Orbis terrarum Dominus et Rex regum;" so that the "Servant of Servants" claimed the "King of Kings" as his vassal.

direction of mankind; for he says that Providence has proposed the happiness of this life and that of the life eternal as the scope of human exertion, and to this double end he has need of two directing powers, the High-Priest, who, according to the doctrines of revelation, may lead him onward to the life eternal, and the Emperor, who, according to the precepts of philosophy, may direct men to temporal felicity. It admits of doubt, however, whether the High-Priest, thus alluded to, is not that of St. Paul; *Heb. iii. 1.*—"The apostle and High-Priest of our profession, Jesus Christ."

Nothing is more remarkable than the authority attached, in this treatise, to heathen writers, not only on topics of morality, but on subjects no less sacred than the miracles of God.\* There was evidently so little danger of shocking the religious sentiments of the age by such an appeal, that there was reason to expect that the argument might be deemed conclusive. We are too apt to forget that there never was in Italy a violent transition from paganism to Christianity; that, although the fundamental tenets of polytheism had been exchanged for a purer doctrine, the outward form of worship remained almost unchanged. The temples and statues were re-consecrated, and the ancient ceremonies were not abolished, although they changed their names and underwent some indispensable modifications in form. This closer affinity between the ancient and modern religions, in their outward and sensible rites, had necessarily a considerable influence, in rendering the ideas and the mythology of classical writers less uncongenial to the Italians of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries than to the nations of the west of Europe. Nor can we feel surprised when we consider the fabulous character of the legends of innumerable saints, and the authority attached to their miracles by the Church, that credulity did not stop short and reject all the prodigies related by writers of a former age, whose philosophy and literature were then breaking in, with dazzling brightness, upon the gloom of gothic barbarism.

We may also remark in this treatise the author's partiality for his favourite poet, whom he calls "our divine Virgil," and distinguishes from Lucan, and other Latin bards, as "*noster poeta.*" Even in a political argument he appeals to "*nostra maggior musa*" as the highest authority, and throughout the *Commedia* he reverences him as father, sovereign, instructor, guide, and profound doctor (*padre, signore, maestro, duca, alto dottore*).

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\* In Dante's dedication of the *Paradise* to Can Grande, he refers, in confirmation of the ubiquity of God, to Jeremiah, the Psalms, the Book of Wisdom, and Ecclesiasticus, and also to the *Scripture of the Pagans*, for Lucan says, in his ninth book, "*Jupiter est quodcumque vides, quodcumque moveris.*"

Another feature of this work is the passion for allegory, so evidently characteristic of that age, and the myatic and typical significations then generally assigned to the plainest passages of Scripture. This taste had prevailed among the Christian Fathers, especially St. Augustin, and that it had been deeply imbibed by Dante himself will easily appear from a few extracts drawn from his other prose works. In the *Convito* he has given us a dissertation at great length on a lyrical sonnet of his own; and to enable us to comprehend the full force of the first verse, "*Voi, che 'ntendendo, il terzo ciel movete,*" &c.\* he says of "*Terzo cielo,*" that, by heaven is to be understood science, and by the heavens the sciences—for these mutually resemble each other in three things; in the first place, each moveable heaven revolves round its own immoveable centre, as every science moves round its fixed and immoveable subject-matter;† and, secondly, the heavens illuminate things visible, as do the sciences things intelligible; and, thirdly, both the heavens and sciences superinduce perfection into the disposition of things. Leaving the subtle elucidation of this last point of resemblance, we pass to the poet's declaration, that the seven heavens, namely, those of the Moon, Mercury, Venus, the Sun, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn, correspond to the seven sciences—Grammar, Logic, Rhetoric, Arithmetic, Music, Geometry, and Astrology. We will confine ourselves to his words on the first of these:

"Grammar resembles the heaven of the Moon; for, if we regard the Moon attentively, we see two properties in her not visible in other stars;—the shady part, occasioned by the rarity of her body, which the rays of the sun cannot reach in such a manner as to be reflected back as from the rest; the other property is, the variation of her luminousness, sometimes shining on one side, sometimes on the other, according as the sun looks at her. Now, Grammar possesses both these properties; for, in consequence of its infinite extension, the rays of reason, especially words, cannot arrive at some parts of the art, so that it shines sometimes here and sometimes there, just as certain terms, declensions and idioms, happen to be in vogue at different periods," &c. &c.‡

To this extract we may well apply his own words, "So profound he spake, his high conception soar'd beyond the mark of mortals."

"Al segno de' mortai si soprappose."—*Par.* 15.

But far more important is another discovery of the poet's in the same comment, where he asserts that the fourth, fifth, and sixth books of the *Æneid* are, throughout, emblematic of youth; and that the various incidents are so contrived that temperance, courage, love, loyalty, courtesy, and fortitude—qualities most

\* *Convito*.

† *Ibid.* p. 64.

‡ *Convito*.

commendable in youth—should be figuratively exemplified. Whether Dante really believed that Virgil ever intended these figurative meanings, or whether he adduced this as an exemplification of the manner in which he desired us to understand his own writings; whether he was “of choice or through necessity mysterious,” “*per elezion si nascose o per necessità*,” (*Par.* 15,) may admit of doubt; but it is clear, from what he says on the subject, that he had conceived the possibility of sustaining throughout a considerable part of a poem a continued and systematic train of allegories, so that the action of the narrative, and its literal meaning, should stand perfectly independent, and the former admit of being read with pleasure without necessarily exciting any suspicion of a series of hidden allusions.

We may naturally, therefore, inquire whether, in his own great poem, it was his desire to convey a double meaning. Now, on this subject, he has left us in no doubt; for, in his dedication to *Can Grande Della Scala*, his patron, he says, speaking of the *Commedia* :

“The sense of this work is not simple, but manifold; for, first, there is the literal sense, then the allegorical or moral, which may be thus illustrated.—When Israel went out of Egypt, the house of Jacob from a strange people, Judah was his sanctuary and Israel his dominion.\* If we regard the letter alone, these verses signify the departure of the children of Israel from Egypt in the time of Moses; if the allegorical sense, our redemption obtained by Christ; if the moral, the conversion of the soul from grief, and from the misery of sin to a state of grace; if the anagogical,† the departure of the sacred soul from the bondage of corruption to the eternal liberty of glory; and since these mystic meanings (he continues) are called by various names, the world may be generally deceived, seeing that the allegorical are distinct from the literal or historical meanings.” —*Dedication*, p. 4.

The “*Divina Commedia*,” he continues, is to be understood in a double sense—

“According to the literal acceptation, the subject-matter is simply the state of souls after death; but, according to the allegorical meaning, the poet treats of *that hell where, wandering like travellers, we may have merit or demerit*; it treats of man as a free agent, obnoxious to the rewards and punishments of justice.” —*Ib.*

The “*Commedia*,” then, having been declared by Dante himself to be full of hidden meanings, it has been the endeavour of every commentator to bring these to light. A variety of allegorical interpretations have been suggested even for the two princi-

\* Psalm 114.

† “*Anagogia è un atto che ci si liera volontariamente nell' anima innamorata inverso Iddio.*”—*Vocab. della Crusca*.

pal personages in the drama, Virgil and Beatrice. According to Landino, Virgil is the personification of the moral philosophy of the heathen, which is sufficient for obtaining the knowledge of vice, and for purifying the mind from it, and therefore he is chosen for the guide through hell and purgatory. Beatrice is the personification of Christian theology, and thence is the guide to Paradise. According to Vellutello, Virgil is human natural reason; Beatrice divine supernatural reason, or grace. According to later writers, Virgil represents philosophy. But Signor Rossetti observes, that, had Dante designed a personification of philosophy, it can scarcely be doubted that he would have chosen Aristotle. In the "*Convito*," he states decidedly, that "he is most worthy of trust and obedience."\* In the "*De Monarchia*," he almost always designates him "the Philosopher." Of him he sings in the "*Commedia*"—

"I spied the Master of the sapient throng  
Seated amid the philosophic train."—*Cary, Inf. c. iv. 131.*

Signor Rossetti, therefore, maintains that Virgil is the type of *political* philosophy, and proceeds to show that, if we regard him as personifying the political opinions of the Ghibellines, many obscurities in the part played by him are cleared up in the most satisfactory manner. The improbability of such an association appears at first somewhat startling; but we have already seen, in treating of the "*De Monarchia*," with what confidence a Ghibelline could refer to the *Æneid*, as an important historical document, wherein the origin of Roman greatness was recorded, and where, in the visit of *Æneas* to the infernal regions, the foundation of monarchical power by Julius Cæsar, and its establishment by Augustus, were prophetically indicated. All commentators have agreed that the hungry she-wolf from whom Dante is delivered by Virgil, "still after food more craving than before," was Avarice; and, although they did not hint the possibility of any ulterior allusion, they well knew that popes and cardinals were placed by Dante in the circle of the avaricious; they well knew that the armorial bearing of the court of Rome was the she-wolf of Romulus—that it was a translation of the term Guelph, and that, in the tale of Ugolino, and in many others, Dante introduces wolves as figuratively expressing the Guelphs. Many are the obscure passages which are rendered intelligible by this new explanation of the allegory of Virgil. We may select the following from many examples.

The shade of Cavalcanti, a noble Florentine of the Guelph

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\* *Convito*, p. 77.

party, asks in the "*Inferno*," why his son Guido has not accompanied Dante? The poet answers:—

————— "Not of myself I come;  
By him, who there expects me, through this clime  
Conducted, whom perchance Guido thy son  
Had in contempt."—*Cary, Inf. canto x. 63.*

Why Guido should despise the Mantuan bard was an inexplicable enigma, for Guido's reputation as a poet was deservedly high, and celebrated by Dante himself;\* and he was also an ardent cultivator of philosophy. He must, therefore, have admired Dante's guide, whether he regarded him as the author of the *Æneid*, or as the type of philosophy. But the son of a powerful leader of the Guelph party might naturally have disdained the shade of Virgil, if typical of the doctrines of the Imperialists.

The admission of the political nature of the allegory, concealed under the person of the poet's constant attendant, in the two first parts of the '*Commedia*,' (the '*Inferno*' and '*Purgatorio*,') draws with it a multitude of similar inferences in regard to other characters and incidents. We ought not to feel surprised at this conclusion, after the proofs already considered by us of the strong propensity, prevailing in Dante's age, to indulge in allegory, and his own express avowal of the use he has made of it in the poem in question. Whatever opinion we may entertain of the particular theories presented to us in the two volumes before us, the supposed religious and political tendency of "the mystic meanings" appears, at least, more probable than the notion embraced by a considerable majority of preceding commentators; who would have us believe that, in the significant hints and dark innuendos ("Tacciolo acciocchè tu per te ne cerchi,"†) the Tuscan exile merely intended to convey certain innocuous commonplace precepts of morality and religion.

None can venture to deny that, in an age of ignorance and superstition, when argumentative reasoning would have been thrown away, Dante addressed himself to the imagination of his countrymen, and openly advocated, in the "*Commedia*," the reform of many political and ecclesiastical abuses; nor is it pretended that he did not labour to produce some effect by these enigmatical and mysterious emblems which, in that age, excited intense curiosity, and were admirably calculated for disseminating the bitterest satire in disguise. But our poet, we have been told, forbore to direct so powerful an engine against his political opponents, and exclusively employed it to the recommendation of certain moral truths—which, doubtless, the world was weary of hearing re-

\* *Purg. canto xi*

† *Purg. canto xvii. p. 139.*

iterated in plainer terms from the pulpit or academical chair. The spirit of forbearance and moderation implied in this hypothesis receives, however, very little countenance from the manner in which the distribution of rewards and punishments is conducted, according to the literal interpretation of the poem. We behold, in the celestial Paradise, the throne destined to be filled by the poet's idol, the great Henry,\* and many other emperors and kings are there, but we cannot discover, in all the glorious spheres of the blessed, a single pope or cardinal. St. Peter, on the contrary, pronounces in Heaven an invective against the corruption of his pretended successor, Boniface VIII., remarkable for its bitterness:—

————— “ My place  
He who usurps on earth, my place, ay, mine,  
Which in the presence of the Son of God  
Is void.”—*Cary, Par. xxvii. 22.*

But in the sixth circle of the realms of punishment we encounter Pope Anastasius among the heretics; and in the third gulf of the eighth, destined to simoniacs, a multitude of popes and cardinals, the former fixed with the head downwards, and flames burning on the soles of their feet. One of their number, Nicholas III., predicts the speedy arrival of his successor, Boniface VIII., and after him of Clement V., who next filled the apostolic chair. But although many of the secular, as well as ecclesiastical heads of the Guelphic party, are doomed to severe penalties, there are certainly some distinguished Ghibellines made to share the same fate. This undoubtedly constitutes a difficulty: whether the poet desired to free himself from the imputation of being actuated by mere party feeling, (and we know, from his writings, that he was not blind to the faults of his partisans,†) or whether we are in the dark as to his motives, in consequence of our ignorance of many of the political relations of those stirring times. “The Cardinal,” who is sentenced to the flames with Epicurus and his followers, “who with the body make the spirit die,”‡ is supposed, by all former commentators, to be Ottaviano degli Ubaldini; and Signor Rossetti, we observe, does not contest this point. As he was a rare example of a Ghibelline cardinal, he might certainly have expected more lenient treatment. The same may be said of Frederick II., who is condemned for the same crime, but we must not forget that materialism is the only heresy specifically mentioned in the “*Inferno*,” and we are left in doubt

\* *Par. xxx. 153.*

† “*Si ch'è forte a veder qual più si fallì,*”—*Par. vi. 102.*

‡ “*Suo cimitero da questa parte hanno  
Con epicuro tutti i suoi seguaci,  
Che l'anima col corpo morta fanno.*”—*Inf. x. 13.*

whether any thing short of a disbelief in a future state incurred the penalties of the City of Dis. We are not, therefore, to imagine that they were placed there merely as excommunicated heretics. Frederick had been, throughout the greater part of his life, an enemy of the apostolic see, but he had also been its ally, and a cruel abettor of the persecutions of the Albigenses. Granting, however, to these, and similar objections, all the importance they can challenge, we may confidently ask whether they materially affect the general scope of the satire as principally directed against the Guelphs.

When, in the present age, a writer distinguished for poetical talent and also for his monarchical principles, conceives a "Vision of Judgment," in avowed imitation of the Tuscan bard,\* and transfers to the "celestial city," the "New Jerusalem" of his imagination, the soul of his departed sovereign, together with a host of princes, and many statesmen, prelates, and warriors, of unquestioned loyalty, is it not conceded by all that he intends to convey a political moral? Yet in the midst of this through a republican hero is discovered, one who fought against and prevailed over his legitimate king, and that king the poet's own liege lord. Notwithstanding this undeniable proof of impartiality, the party who have incessantly laboured to restrain the royal prerogative believe the satire to be aimed at them, and when they look in vain for the shades of their partisans in the "blue serene," they are fain to suspect that they may be involved in that sulphurous cloud which is driven back from the mansions of the blest, and through the lurid skirts of which are dimly descried the ghosts of foreign innovators.

In none of his writings has Dante adverted in direct terms to the '*Commedia*,' except in the dedication of the '*Paradise*' already alluded to, and in the epitaph inscribed on his tomb at Ravenna, and composed by himself, as Giovio assures us, a short time before his death. The two first lines alone relate to the "*Commedia*:"—

"Jura Monarchiæ, superos, Phlegetonta, lacusque  
Lustrando cecini, voluerunt fata quousque."†

It cannot be doubted that this refers to that work, which we know to have been the study of a considerable portion of his life, and whence he expected immortality; nor, when he himself declares that he had "*sung* the rights of monarchy," could we desire a

\* "Such as of yore the Florentine saw—Hell's perilous chambers.  
He who trod in his strength, and the arduous mountain of Penance,  
And the regions of Paradise, sphere within sphere inter-circled."

*Southey's Vision of Judgment. 1. The Trance.*

† Rossetti, vol. ii. p. 58.



more distinct avowal, on highest authority, of the general scope of the poem. But we are indebted to Signor Rossetti for calling our attention to a singular circumstance attending some incidents in the "*Inferno*," which might have been urged as most decisive arguments against the monarchical and Ghibelline tendency of the politics of the "*Commedia*." Expressions escape from Dante, on some occasions, when he may be said to assume for a time the character of a Guelph. On each of these occasions the shade of Virgil retires, and never participates in the dialogue. Nothing can be more refined than the management of this allegorical personage, if the exposition now proposed to us be adopted. We are to recollect that, "in the mid-way of his mortal life," the political situation of his country had become the constant theme of the poet's thoughts. The fatal discords of numerous republics, and the miseries consequent on their dissensions, were traced by him to the head of that party, of which he had been at first an hereditary supporter. He saw through the hypocrisy of the church of Rome, its thirst for temporal aggrandisement, and its insidious policy in sowing divisions, under the pretext of favouring the cause of liberty and religion. He beheld the Italian people, who, by the enjoyment of a common language, and the marked character of their territorial boundaries, seemed designed by nature for union and national independence, severed into a multitude of hostile states, incapable of resistance, and the continual prey of foreign invaders. He looked around him in search of some preponderating power to suppress this internal strife, and to unite the factious commonwealths beneath the sway of a single sceptre, and thus the success of the imperial eagle became the object of his hope. His warm imagination clothes in the most vivid colours every object of his desire or apprehension, of his abhorrence or regard. His new philosophy becomes embodied in a permanent form, and assumes a visible and independent existence. It communes with him, and removes his doubts, and at length beckons him away to the land of spirits, and there reveals to him, as in a dream, the world of his former recollections. Here the principal characters, who had figured in the eventful history of his times, pass before him in review. His estimate of their merit is scarcely ever influenced by former party-associations; it takes all its colourings from the new doctrines which have gained an ascendancy over his mind. Amongst other shades, he encounters Farinata, a noble Florentine, and ancient leader of the Ghibelline party; who, raising his head from his burning sepulchre, with a haughty and disdainful air, demands of Dante who were his ancestors. On learning their names, he says, alluding to the victory obtained by himself over the Guelphs at Mont'Aperti—

"Fiercely were they  
Adverse to me, my party, and the blood  
From whence I sprang: twice, therefore, I abroad  
Scattered them."—*Cary, Inf., canto x, 46.*

This scornful taunt immediately awakens in the bosom of Alighieri the pride of his ancient house; "though driven out," he instantly retorts, "they each time returned,"

"an art  
Which your's have shown they are not skill'd to learn."

During this burst of natural feeling, this momentary relapse to his former triumph at the successes of the Guelph party, we naturally inquire, where is the attendant spirit which so lately controuled his inmost soul? It is gone—and stands aloof in silence. "It is offended," as Marcellus exclaimed, when the warlike form of the "majesty of buried Denmark" stalked away on being addressed by Horatio. The presence, at least, of the shade of Virgil is no longer admissible, (*Inf. c. x. 115.*) and when thus explained, the whole scene is in harmony with itself, intelligible in all its parts, and full of dramatic effect. We can only recall two other instances in the whole poem, where there is a temporary separation between Dante and his guide, and both these occur where there is also a temporary suspension of Dante's character as a Ghibelline—we advert to his interviews with Bocca degli Abbati, (*Inf., c. xxxii. 82.*) and with Venedico, (*Inf. c. xviii. 44.*) the former of whom, we may observe, suffers for treason, a crime especially odious to the advocate of Cæsar, and which, as being of greater *political* enormity than any other, is punished in the lowest, or ninth circle of the "Inferno."

On the other hand, Virgil is represented as expressing peculiar satisfaction when Dante utters his bitter invective against the papal see, where, after identifying Rome with the Babylon of the Apocalypse, he concludes with the celebrated verses,

"Ah, Constantine! to how much ill gave birth,  
Not thy conversion, but that plenteous dower,  
Which the first wealthy Father gain'd from thee."—

*Cary, Inf., canto xix. 115.*

Before we take a final leave of allegories, we shall select one example from the novel interpretations now proposed, in order to give the reader some idea of the extent of the supposed figurative meanings, as well as of the commentator's ingenuity and curious research. The imaginary hell of Dante is a hollow inverted cone, whose apex is at the centre of the earth, and its base is covered by a circle of undefined extent, on the centre of which stands Jerusalem. The condemned are placed in nine parallel belts or circles, surrounding the cone, one below the other, like the ranges

of seats in a Roman amphitheatre. Dante places Satan at the bottom of a deep pit, separating the eighth from the ninth circles; he describes the mouth of this pit as a wall of rock, and around this the busts of certain giants appear, mistaken at first by the poet for lofty towers. The circumference of this wall is eleven miles in extent, and a circuit of twenty-two miles is assigned to the circular foss which surrounds it. This is the only occasion in the "*Inferno*" where the dimensions of the subterranean spaces are defined with exactness. The authority of one of Dante's contemporaries is adduced, to prove that the foss surrounding Rome was twenty-two miles in extent; and, by the testimony of a living writer, Nibbi,\* it is established that the circuit of the ancient walls of Rome can still be traced to be between eleven and twelve miles.† This coincidence, it is remarked, cannot be accidental; and in the giants, who stood like towers round the wall of the abyss, an allusion is supposed to be made to the ancient towers of the walls of Rome, of which Pliny counted seven hundred and thirty-four, and three hundred and sixty-five of which were standing two centuries and a half after the death of Dante, as Alberti asserts in his description of Italy. With much ingenuity, the commentator then proceeds to identify Satan with the chief of the Guelphs, and each of the giants with the different Guelphic leaders, who warred against the Emperor Henry from the walls of Rome. Thus, Nimrod, the builder of the tower of Babel, is Guido della Torre, lord of Milan; Ephialtes, Robert, king of Naples; Briareus, Philip, king of France; &c. &c.‡

Equal ingenuity is shown in the explication of the complicated allegory involved in the figure of Satan; "the creature eminent in beauty once,"§ now a triple-headed giant of monstrous deformity, gnashing in one mouth Judas Iscariot, and in the other two Brutus and Cassius; the betrayers of the Saviour and of Caesar. The allusion to the Pope and to the Emperor Henry VII. is, in this instance, argued very powerfully.

Signor Rossetti wishes to prove that the Ghibellines were not only opposed to the temporal power of the apostolic see, but that a great number amongst them, particularly of the higher class and the principal literary characters, desired in some degree to purify the doctrines of the catholic church, as well as to reform the abuses of its administration. But this is not all; he would have us believe that this politico-religious sect communicated with each other by a secret conventional language, and that they not only wrote some short compositions in poetry and prose in

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\* "Le Mura di Roma."

† Rossetti, vol. ii. 284.

‡ Rossetti, vol. ii. 446.

§ *Inf.* *xxiv.* 18.

this "gergo," but that most of the poetical compositions, and many of these in prose, between the years 1200 and 1300, including even the "*Divina Commedia*" itself, were written in the same or in different modifications of the same sectarian phraseology. The keys of this "gergo" he thinks he has discovered by a careful analysis of the great work of Dante, and by comparing it with his prose writings, and with the lyrical compositions of the other early Italian rhymers. But all these sonnets treat only of love; these poets appeared, at least to the majority of their contemporaries, to be sighing "in woeful ballads made to their mistress' eyebrow," and as such they were undoubtedly understood by posterity until the appearance of the comment now before us. It maintains, however, that their sonnets are amatory only in semblance, while in reality they relate to religious or political reform, and all their apparent love is in fact the symbol of Ghibellinism. But lest our readers should conceive that we are desirous of amusing ourselves at the expense of their credulity, we shall endeavour to lay before them as clear an exposition of this part of Signor Rossetti's system, as we can collect from the data at present supplied by its author, at the same time remarking, in justice to him, that the proofs hitherto advanced form confessedly but an inconsiderable part of the whole of his evidence.

The "gergo," we are informed, was principally indebted for its introduction into Italy, to Frederick II., who to assist his political views against the Pope, encouraged the culture of the vernacular language and the general diffusion of knowledge. Before this era Latin was the only written language used in Italy. The idiom was corrupt and somewhat barbarous; but, from the time when the Northern invaders caused a complete revolution in the dialect of the people, the ancient Roman tongue had maintained its pre-eminence, so that the Italians, although farther advanced in civilization than any other people in Europe, were far from being the first to cultivate and perfect their native tongue. Dante informs us, in his "*Vita Nuova*," that the first poet who began to write in the language of the people, adopted it in order to render himself intelligible to a lady, who had some difficulty in comprehending Latin verses.\* This motive for the origin of the modern written tongue is perfectly natural, but if we are to be told that this "*Donna*," as well as others, is not a lady, but some mysterious allegorical personification, the passage will then become sufficiently mysterious.

It appears, from the treatise "*De Vulgari Eloquentia*," that in the thirteenth century the affinity between the language of the people

in southern France, Spain, and Italy, was very great, and when the Italians first began to compose sonnets in their own language, they naturally imitated the Provençal bards, who had already set them an example in composing verses in the vulgar tongue. At that period the Counts of Provence ruled over Languedoc, Provence and Catalonia, and the union under the same government of territories on both sides of the Pyrenees must have favoured greatly the approximation of the French and Spanish dialects, which Dante appears to have considered as modifications of the same tongue with that of Italy. Amongst the first Italian writers, who distinguished themselves in the composition of amatory lyrics, and who were almost all educated at the University of Bologna, were Guido Cavalcanti and Barberino, and these poets, it seems, had lived much in Provence, and particularly in those districts where the progress of sectarian opinions had been greatest. The object of the commentator in calling our attention to these facts, appears to be to identify the views and supposed antipapal tenets of the Provençal and the early Italian bards, and to account for a most anomalous medley that appears in the figurative emblems and their sonnets, as interpreted by him; for he endeavours to point out, in many poems of the thirteenth century, not only in the "*Divina Commedia*," but even in the lyrical rhymes written apparently on love, frequent allusions to those chapters in the Epistles of St. John and the Revelations, that were the favourite texts of the antipapal dissenters. The argument of Signor Rossetti is briefly this:† Dante considers the Pope as the Antichrist, and adopts the symbol employed by St. John; thence the Pope is represented by Satan. The very opposite of Satan is the Deity. The antagonist of the Pope is the emperor; thence the Deity becomes the symbol of the emperor—an allegory which is most offensive to our religious feelings. In the figurative language of St. John, Virtue is Life, Sin is Death. In accordance with the political sentiments of Dante, Ghibellinism is Virtue, Guelfism is Sin—thence they are typified by Life and Death. In St. John, "God is Love," thence in Dante, Love expresses Ghibellinism, of which Virgil is a personification. But although Signor Rossetti should prove that, under the influence of fanatical enthusiasm, the reformers of the twelfth century made even more free and familiar use of the images of sacred scripture than our own Puritans, we should still require more decided proofs than any yet advanced of such a continual profanation of scriptural allegories in amatory ballads. Guido Cavalcanti addressed a poem to the "*Lady of Toulouse*,"† but it is not enough to say that this

\* Ross. vol. ii. *Disamina*, cap. xvi.

† Ross. v. ii. 472.

was the metropolis of the heretics, and that "his mind feared to say who the lady was," to raise a presumption that he was in reality addressing the sectarian church of the Albigenses, instead of some fair damsel whom he may have admired during his residence in the heretical city. But, even admitting that such an allegorical allusion was intended in that sonnet, we conceive this to be perfectly distinct from the signs of a secret conventional "*gergo*." For the latter is said to consist in affixing a new conventional value to certain ordinary terms in common use, as in the instances, *love—death—life*—and so forth. By such means, of course, a sonnet might appear to be written on one subject, and in reality convey to the initiated ideas of the most contrary nature; and the chief address, in the management of this sectarian "*gergo*," would be to make it express, with equal propriety and clearness, the most distinct meanings—the literal and the hidden.

The best proofs hitherto adduced in confirmation of such important conclusions appear, we confess, to our judgment, scanty and of an ambiguous character, nor sufficient to shake the violent presumption against them, arising from the circumstance, that during the whole of the thirteenth century no treacherous partisan, or open enemy, that we know of, allowed the smallest intimation to escape him of his knowledge or suspicion of its existence; and although a large portion of Italian literature must be affected by it, no writer, either foreign or native, had ever breathed the slightest hint concerning the antipapal tendency of this same mysterious language, until the publication of the work before us. But the reader's curiosity may, perhaps, be interested to know by what means the author has contrived to persuade himself into a belief of its reality. Now he informs us, that the sect published grammars, dictionaries, or catechisms, for the explanation of their "*gergo*," a proceeding that may at first appear very inconsistent with the principal object assigned for these conventional signs, viz. secrecy, and security against persecution. To this difficulty, however, there is a short answer—they wrote the keys in the same "*gergo*!" This, it must be confessed, was an admirable device; and well may the enigma have baffled the ingenuity of five centuries; for had Dr. Young, instead of Greek translations of hieroglyphical documents, merely become possessed of Egyptian grammars of the sacred dialect, written solely in hieroglyphics, he would never, we presume, without the assistance of a Signor Rossetti, have deciphered a single syllable. As there are then confessedly no positive extrinsic proofs in favour of the sectarian language, we must examine the presumptive internal evidence contained in works written in the same. Dante says in his "*Convito*," that "the Mosaic tissue of some of his poems is so

harmonized, that it is not transmutable into any other tongue; without its whole sweetness and harmony being destroyed."<sup>\*</sup> This is adduced as the confession of Dante, that his canzoni convey a double meaning in Italian, which is untranslatable into Latin. But really, in our humble opinion, there is nothing remarkable in this passage, except the elegance of the expressions, and nothing whatever mysterious;† for we know how much this great poet studied the rhythm and cadence of his verses, and that there are many untranslatable beauties in his style as in that of other masters of his art. In the "*Inferno*," for instance, our commentator has well remarked; that the sound of one of the verses, like Virgil's "*procumbit humi bos*," is imitative of falling;

"E caddi come corpo morto cade."—*Inf.*, canto v. 142.

In commenting on his canzone "*Donne ch'avete intelletto d'Amore*," in the "*Vita Nuova*," Dante, after explaining different parts of it, declares he will not enter into more minute divisions, for he cares not if such as have not talent enough to comprehend it without a more detailed exposition should lay it aside; "for in truth," he adds, "I fear I have communicated its import to too many by means of the divisions already made."<sup>‡</sup> When we consider how much the taste of that age was gratified by exercising their ingenuity in solving riddles, and their fancy in conjecturing the meanings of far-fetched allegories, we cannot doubt that if an author, by his annotations, had so far removed the mysticism pervading his writings, as to bring them down to the level of an ordinary capacity, he might deem himself guilty of an unpardonable error, and might well be apprehensive, like Dante, that he had carried his condescension too far. But our commentator discovers in this passage an intimation that the poet feared he was betraying the "*gergo*" to too many, and that it would no longer be available as an instrument of secret communication.

Dante wrote a work, before alluded to by us,§ to encourage the cultivation of the genuine Italian language, which is full of very interesting and curious research, on the origin and history of the old Provençal dialects. Some of the introductory chapters, however, are characteristic of the extraordinary and ridiculous notions and style of writing then in vogue. He cannot lay down the position that speech is the exclusive prerogative of man, without immediately anticipating all the objections and cavils that a scholastic disputant would, beyond all question, have advanced.

\* Rossetti, vol. ii. p. 436.

† Rossetti, vol. ii. *Disamina*, esp. xv. A long, curious, and very obscure extract is given from the *Vita Nuova*, which Signor Rossetti has certainly rendered intelligible by applying his interpreting keys.

‡ *Vita Nuova*, p. 30.

§ *De Vulgari Eloquentia*.

against him in every university then flourishing in Europe. He, therefore, proceeds with due caution, and gravely admits, that in the sacred scriptures the serpent which tempted Eve, as also Balaam's ass, are represented to have spoken, but that the devil in the first instance, and an angel in the latter, were the personages who really uttered the words; and as for the magpies in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, (for, in those times, some pagan authority is ever coupled with the sacred,) he says, Ovid merely intended them to speak figuratively.\* He afterwards, in the same strain, enters into a disquisition on a subject which, no doubt, was favourite matter of argumentation in the schools of the thirteenth century, viz. "what was the first language in the world? and whether did Adam or Eve first speak in Paradise?" He grants that Eve's answer to the serpent is the first speech recorded in Genesis, but he argues, nevertheless, that Adam uttered the first word, and this word he says was "El," or "God," and then follow subtle arguments in the scholastic style in corroboration of this hypothesis. Signor Rossetti finds in El the initials of Henry of Luxembourg; and if we should say it signifies nothing more than Eli, (as thought the old commentators,) he might, perhaps, reply, that this was one of those equivocations which Dante and his sect had ever in reserve to explain away their secret meanings.†

When we say we can believe Dante to have been serious, and deliberately to have written the chapters alluded to, without the slightest consciousness of their inherent absurdity, it must not be imagined that we are in any way insensible to the vast superiority of his genius above the standard of his own, or, indeed, of any other age, or that we do not fully appreciate the good sense and matchless eloquence of large portions of his prose works, especially the *Convito*, from which, to support our argument, we have selected passages that are so extravagant.

In a short poem, called Dante's Creed, he declares that he once wrote of love, but afterwards withdrew his hand from this *false love*, and reasoned on God as a *Christian*; and from such obscure and ambiguous expressions as these, we are called upon to admit that, about the time of the Emperor Henry's arrival in Italy, the "gergo" of a secret sect had become too extensively communicated, and that, a remodification being indispensable, Dante was entrusted with the important charge of changing the old symbols of the false amatory "gergo" into others more entirely derived from the sacred writings.‡

We have seen, in a former part of this article, how Dante points

\* De Vulg. Eloq. lib. i. cap. 2.

† Rossetti, vol. ii. 488.

‡ Rossetti, vol. ii. 494. See also Disamina, cap. ix. x. xi. in which the authorities and proofs of the alteration of the "gergo" are given in detail.



out in one of his prose compositions, "*Il Convito*," supposed by Signor Rossetti to be one of the dictionaries of the sect, the metaphorical meanings attached by him, in a sonnet, to the word *heaven*, and how he indulges his imagination in a laboured exposition of the resemblance of each of the seven heavens to some particular science. Now these fanciful and far-fetched resemblances were suited to the taste of that age; and there is reason for supposing that the poet meant to affix, in an arbitrary manner, these precise meanings, in many instances where he uses the term *heaven*, or one of the seven heavens, but not in every instance; still less are we to believe that any contemporary authors would feel themselves bound by the same rules. Besides if, in so explicit a manner, Dante declares that by "*cielo*" he means "*science*," a publicity must thus immediately have been given to the value of the supposed conventional term, quite irreconcilable with any purpose of concealment.

We shall not fatigue our readers with citing examples from other poets who proceeded from the Bolognese University; among whom, Guido Guinicelli, who flourished A. D. 1250, fifteen years before the birth of Dante, and died A. D. 1276, was distinguished, and holds a prominent place among those who first composed verses in the "*gergo*," and hence Dante is conceived to express so much joy and tender emotion when he finds him on the Mount of Purgatory, where he declares that Guido had been "*a father to him*" and to others who had "*used the sweet and pleasant rhymes of love.*"\* Cino da Pistoia, Barberino, and Cavalcanti are others of the same school; and our author has at least been eminently successful in demonstrating this fact—that there are innumerable passages in their love sonnets which, taken literally, are quite unintelligible; and the same, we fear, might be clearly established in regard to the poetical compositions of every age, our own, with all its philosophy, not excepted. Even in criticising the works of contemporary nations, especially those of the German school, we must allow largely for differences of national taste and sentiment, or we shall unjustly condemn an author as absurd for passages admired by a public whose judgment, on the whole, we cannot but respect. But when we are carried back to the age of chivalry and romance, of allegory and metaphysics, of crusaders, astrologers, and miracle-workers, we ought to prepare ourselves to encounter almost any anomaly. Almost all the compositions of that age might, ere this, have sunk into oblivion, had not the astonishing brilliancy of Dante's genius pierced the dark cloud, and shed a lustre and adventitious interest on every thing

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\* *Purg.* canto xxvi. 97.

connected with his times and his immortal poem. He himself soars high above them all, like the eagle to which he has compared Homer,

“Che sopra gli altri com' aquila vola.”

The great poet has complimented the sweet and subtle style of Cino, and has told us there are “mystic meanings” in his own compositions; and we have no doubt that all the writers of that age believed the obscure to be as appropriate an element in an amatory poem, as Burke declared it to be in the sublime. Nor is it improbable that the Professors of poetry and rhetoric, at the Imperial College of Bologna, entertained the same veneration for the mystical as the pedagogue alluded to by Quintilian, who, when he returned a scholar's composition, usually requested him to “darken it,” till at last a disciple drew from him that memorable eulogium—“so much better that I cannot comprehend it myself.”\* Signor Rossetti, however, comprehends and expounds all difficulties by the supposition of “gergo,” and we confess that his ingenuity and success have surprised us in giving a rational colouring to some poems which, considered as amatory, are most glaringly absurd.†

As to the anagrams, Signor Rossetti has expressly declared that he relies not on them for the establishment of any of his positions, and that he is content “that, for the present, they should be considered as the effect of chance, and himself as fanciful. Valga dunque per nulla”‡ We must reluctantly admit, that as Shakespeare indulged himself in a pun in some of his noblest dramas, so could Dante trifle in his “*Commedia*” with such conceits and enigmas, as that in the “*Paradise*” of B and I C E.

“Ma quella riverenza che s' indonna

Di tutto me pur per B e per I C E.”—*Par. canto vii. 13.*

On another occasion he traces a resemblance between the “human face divine” and the letter M,§ and he also makes the spirits in the planet Jupiter, as they whirl and sing, form the mystic letters D, I, L, in characters vocal and consonant five-fold seven:

“Volitando cantavano, e faciensi

Or D, or I, or L, in sue figure

Mostrarsi dunque in cinque volte sette

Vocali e consonanti.”—*Par. canto xviii. 77.*

But we must regret that several pages should have been devoted to establish the frequent occurrence of some one of the following

\* Tanto melior, ut ne ego intellexi.—*Inst. Orator. lib. vii. cap. 2.*

† See numerous examples, vol. ii., *Disamina*.

‡ Rossetti, vol. ii. p. 502.

§ “Chi nel viso degli uomini legge oMo

Ben avria quivi conosciuto l'emme.”—*Purg. canto xxiii. 32.*

names—*Enrico*, *Errico*, *Arrico*, *Arrigo*, or *Arco*—partly in the final, and partly in the penultimate syllables of various verses, and sometimes eked out by singling individual letters from various parts of the line; we must continue in the belief that Signor Rossetti's theory, which constitutes *Enrico Sesto* the pivot whereon the whole machinery of the "*Commedia*" turns, has led him to indulge in many conjectures of a fanciful and extravagant description; and, *inter alia*, we wonder that the least importance should have been attached to the circumstance of the name abovementioned being sometimes followed by "*luce*," a common Italian rhyme; for if this stands for Lucemborghese, and the former for Henry, that anagram is easily discoverable in all Italian writers. The varying combinations and divisions of letters and records in the same line, alluded to by our commentator, were, we have, however, no doubt; among the evasive subterfuges occasionally resorted to in the age of Dante, some striking examples of which are given from Barberino;\* and we consider it as highly probable that the famous and formerly unintelligible first verse of the seventh canto, (Pape Satan, Pape Satan Aleppe,) should be read as is now suggested—"Pap' è Satan, Pap' è Satan, Aleppe"—The Pope is Satan, the Pope is Satan, the chief (of the Guelphs).

We entertain a strong suspicion that our commentator has confounded together two things extremely dissimilar; a system of arbitrary signs, invented by a persecuted party to serve a temporary purpose, communicated only to sworn partisans, and even then frequently re-modified, to prevent detection—and a system of emblematic signs, all equivocal and ambiguous, but deriving their force, not merely from convention, but from some similitude and analogy real or supposed. The object of the former (the "*gergo*" of Signor Rossetti) is secrecy; of the latter, evasion; and for this purpose it is the most effective weapon that can possibly be directed by an oppressed minority against a superior and despotic power. It places the party assailed in the most perplexing dilemma, for the assailant can always plead his unconsciousness of the mischief, and the prosecutor cannot impute malice without appropriating the satire to himself, and acknowledging that the shaft has not missed its aim. Thus, when in the sixteenth century the Court of Rome became alarmed at the multiplication of the "*Divina Commedia*," by means of the art of printing, the papal "*imprimatur*" was not granted without an express stipulation that some of the sixteenth, and all the twenty-second and thirty-third cantos, of "*Purgatory*" should be omitted, as well as that passage in the nineteenth canto of the "*Inferno*," before ad-

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\* Rossetti, vol. ii. p. 389.

verted to, where the head of the church is identified with the harlot of the Revelations.\* But a multitude of satirical allusions still remained, which, as being mysterious and equivocal, the Inquisition and the Church were too wise to recognise, however much they deprecated their circulation. With such systematic and persevering dexterity did the French employ this description of missile against whatever was obnoxious and unpopular in their government during the last century, that by many it was regarded, not in the light of an auxiliary and irregular force, but as constituting part of a regularly organized corrective opposition; so that the political constitution of France could only be defined by calling it "on despotisme tempéré par les bons mots." The taste for allegory had long since passed away; the French, therefore, could not avail themselves latterly of this commodious vehicle for disseminating satire in disguise, but they were as expert as the Italians had ever been in covering up every sally of wit, ridicule and irony in a double-entendre; and we doubt not that Signor Rossetti will prove that this species of opposition was carried much farther against the tyranny and intolerance of the church, in the time of Dante, than later commentators have suspected, or than the earliest deemed it prudent to avow. For the silence of the ancient expositors as to the political nature of the hidden allusions, raises no presumption against the novelty of his allegorical theories as against the existence of the "gergo;" for none ever doubted that there were allegories, whereas none ever dreamt before that there was a "gergo," and we might easily prove that the former were known to contain in them more meaning than it was safe to expose with freedom.† It is by no means improbable that some prose works of Dante were composed expressly, as Signor Rossetti believes, with a view of preparing the public mind for the interpretation of the "Commedia;" and the diffuse dissertations appended to some of his minor poems may have been written with the same design, as were unquestionably the explanations of scriptural allegories in the dedication to *Can Grande*. There is, at least, nothing unreasonable in such an hypothesis, as there would be in imagining that the keys of a

\* Verse 108.

† Landino, after saying that the she-wolf, in the first canto, is Avarice, adds, "who the greyhound may be, that shall destroy her, is ambiguous;" but he then refers, for farther elucidation of the subject, to "Purgatory," canto xxxiii., and there we find that in speaking of the leader who shall destroy the harlot, he declares that "by the harlot, the Church and the Pope are meant." If these two notes be compared together, the exposition will be found sufficiently explicit, and Landino's hint in the first note abundantly significant, "that the reader, if he can find a more suitable meaning, may enlighten those who walk in darkness."

secret sectarian "gergo" had been published to the world by one of its most devoted partizans.

But when we admit that the commentator may prove that these equivocal and allegorical allusions were extensively used in the thirteenth century, we still believe he will find it necessary to assign much narrower limits to their application, both in regard to the number of authors included, and the multiplicity of the symbolic terms, and to the duration of the period during which these emblems retained the same force and value. For nothing can be more incredible than that all the literary men for a whole century, and some of them, like Guido Cavalcanti, professing themselves Guelphs, should use the same mysterious and equivocal language, whether conventional or allegorical, against the papal power and the errors of the established creed. If so much latitude is given to the system, where are we to stop? We discover similar phraseology in the works of Boccaccio; still more in the poems of Petrarch, who was a Ghibelline, and one who satirized in his odes the See of Rome as the "impious Babylon"—"the temple of heresy"—and "the hell of the living;" his sonnets to Laura abound with all the terms and peculiar expressions attributed by Signor Rossetti to the amatory "gergo." And from this poet we cannot separate his numerous imitators in the sixteenth century, when the poetical compositions were almost as exclusively amatory as before the æra of Dante, though in an altered and less equivocal style; and when, by a strange anomaly, the bard were almost all ecclesiastics, in consequence of the influence and patronage of Leo X., who wrote love-songs himself, and whose secretary, Cardinal Bembo, published a whole volume of them, as did Monsignor della Casa, the Reverend Archbishop of Benevento. They preceded the present age of discovery too long to have any suspicion that the classic model, of which they were imitators, had concealed beneath almost every word and expression some treasonable design or antipapal heresy. On the other hand, if we ascend the tide of song, we find ourselves in a no less extraordinary predicament, for we are carried into the camp of the crusaders, and hear the Troubadours singing of *ladies*, and of *love*, of *sighing* and *dying*, and therefore contemplating in reality reforms in church and state. Great would have been the merriment of those joyous bards could they have anticipated the fate of their love-ballads in the after-time, and much wonder would they have expressed, like Molière's Bourgeois Gentilhomme, when he learnt, for the first time, that he had been talking *prose* for more than forty years!

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\* Sonetto 107. Fontana di dolore, albergo d'ira, &c. &c.

But if we must still reject as decidedly untenable some of the original views now proposed, and consider others as requiring farther confirmation, we are far, indeed, from undervaluing the talent and indefatigable spirit of research displayed in every part of these interesting volumes, particularly in that important point, historical illustration;—nor do we question that many propositions, which now appear extravagant, may be established when the whole work is before the public.

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ART. III.—*Reise in Brasilien auf Befehl Sr. Majestät Maximilian Joseph I. Königs von Baiern, in den Jahren 1817 bis 1820, gemacht und beschrieben von Dr. J. B. von Spix und Dr. Carl Friedr. Phil. von Martius. Zweiter Theil.* (Travels in Brazil, in the years 1817-1820, undertaken by command of H. M. the King of Bavaria, by the late Dr. John Bapt. von Spix and Dr. C. F. Phil. von Martius. Vol. ii. Written and edited by the survivor, Dr. C. F. P. von Martius.) Munich, 1828. pp. 469. 4to.

IN the year 1817, the King of Bavaria sent an expedition, consisting of two learned men, to explore the empire of Brazil. Having remained in that country four years, they published in 1823 the first volume of their Travels. This volume was translated into English; and therefore, even if its date was more recent, would not properly fall within the sphere of our jurisdiction. It seems, however, that a like honour is not destined to befall the volume before us, though it appears to be of at least equal merit with its predecessor, and to contain a full and authentic description of the natural productions and population of Brazil, interesting at once to the man of business, the historian, and the scientific philosopher.

Since the publication of the first volume, one of the authors has died; and, in consequence, all the weight has fallen on the shoulders of Dr. Martius, who promises a third volume, in which the description of the Journey from the River of the Amazons to the Western Boundary of the Brazilian Empire will be contained, and besides an Atlas, some dissertations on the Geography, Statistics, and Native Languages of that Country.

Having landed at Rio de Janeiro, and passed some time in exploring the neighbourhood of that city, the travellers first took a south-west direction, and visited the town of St. Paulo. From thence, making some diversions, they journeyed northwards to Villa Rica, and so on to the Diamond District. They then turned to the left, and proceeded up the Valley of the Rio de St. Fran-

cisco, making a slight diversion to the border of the province of Goyaz; and at Malhada they left the course of the river,\* and taking first a south-east and then a north-west direction, passed through the interior of the province of Bahia, and reached its capital city, whence we will trace their farther route hereafter.

The beginning of the second volume finds the expedition at Villa Rica, a small town, about 200 miles to the north of Rio Janeiro, whence they journey onwards to examine the Diamond District. Passing by some gold mines, in which the gold is found in veins of quartz, traversing strata of clay-slate, they afterwards cross a high Alpine country, covered with a rich vegetation.

"In walking through the high grass, we had," says Dr. Martius, "the misfortune to tread upon a round sand-hill, which was thrown up and pierced through in every direction by a swarm of large wasps, whose venomous sting we could only escape by throwing ourselves on the ground, according to the direction of our guides. These insects inhabit holes and cavities in the earth; they are nearly the same size as our hornets, are of a green colour, and their sting causes violent inflammation, swelling, fever, and even madness."—p. 425.

In a small valley near this place they found an iron foundry, erected in 1812, at the expense of the king. The works are on a large scale, and the walls of the furnace are made of sand-stone, imported from Newcastle, the quartz slate of the country not resisting fire. It is on this stratum that the iron ores are found reposing.

The travellers next reached Villa do Principe, a town of some size, lying near the edge of the Diamond District, into which they were admitted by virtue of an order from the king. This tract of country is entirely occupied by the government, for the sake of its mineral treasures. In 1730, diamonds were declared the property of the crown; and this district being particularly abundant in them, has been subjected to a most curious system of exclusion. Lines of demarcation are set around it, guarded as strictly as those of an infected city. No person is permitted to pass these, in either direction, without an order from the intendant of the mines. Every one, on going out, himself, horses, and baggage, is subjected to a most minute examination; and in case of

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\* The River St. Francisco, whose valley is visited in two different parts by our travellers, has not been known to the Brazilians, in its whole length, for more than thirty years. From its direction and size, it would be of great importance to the internal trade of Brazil; but its fall is so great, (it being at its confluence with the Paraopeba, 1777 Paris feet above the sea,) that the navigation is very difficult and dangerous.—(p. 785; compare Denis *Résumé de l'Histoire du Brésil*, p. 6.) Dr. Martius states that he heard nothing in Brazil of the account mentioned by Soutbey, (*History of Brazil*, vol. i. p. 534,) that this river, at a place called Sumidouro, runs for the distance of eleven or twelve leagues, through a subterraneous channel; and that it appears to rest on some erroneous information.

suspicion that a diamond has been swallowed, may be detained for twenty-four hours. The intendant is head judge in all cases, and chief of the police; he may send any inhabitant out of the district, on bare suspicion. Nor is there any appeal from him and his council, the *Junta Diamantina*, except to the mercy of the king. Every member of this board, if he knows of any person having diamonds in his possession, is bound to give notice to the intendant, who immediately issues his search-warrant, though, in cases of emergency, the soldiers are permitted to search without such authority. There are also strict rules with regard to the registration of the inhabitants, the admission of fresh settlers, the erection of new inns or shops, and the hiring of slaves. The members of the expedition being acquainted with the intendant, who, though a native Brazilian, had studied mineralogy under Werner in Germany, were invited to a sitting of the Junta. The order of proceedings was as follows. First: the whole stock of diamonds was laid before the meeting; it amounted to 9,396 carats 2 grains, and was divided into twelve classes (*lotes*), enclosed in bags of red silk. The division was made by means of a brass box, in which there were eleven sieves of different size, so arranged that the smallest diamonds were collected in the lowest, the largest, in the upper sieve. There were eleven stones of more than 6 carats in weight. Some spurious diamonds were rejected by the Junta, and given for the sake of accurate examination to the travellers. These are now preserved at Munich, and were found to be several beautiful varieties of chrysoberyls, (chiefly those called in Brazil green aqua marines, and sapphires,) white and blue topazes, rubies, quartzes, and other stones. After the whole collection of the year had been examined and a list made, they were, in the presence of all the members, packed up in bags, and deposited in a small red morocco box. This was fastened by two locks, of which the intendant and the officer of crown revenue had each a key, and then given in charge, together with the minutes of the proceedings, to a detachment of dragoons, and addressed to the king to be forwarded by the governor of Villa Rica to Rio Janeiro.

The diamond-washing is performed by slaves, who are hired by the government from private proprietors, at a rate of 300 to 600 rees a week. They are under the control of certain inspectors, named *feitores*, of whom there were, in 1818, one hundred. These persons have the more immediate care of the slaves, and receive from them the diamonds. The *feitores*, again, are under the control of ten surveyors, (*administradores*,) who weigh the diamonds, deliver them to the Junta, and have the management of the works, machinery, &c. The government had formerly pro-



hibited the washing for gold in the diamond district: it is, however, now permitted, as a favour, to individuals; but if any precious stones are found, they are given up to the Junta. The most formidable enemy, however, to the government, is the diamond smuggler, or *grimpeiro*. These persons, who are frequently runaway slaves, being well acquainted with the country, are able by night to elude the vigilance of the royal guards. The diamonds thus smuggled are generally procured from the slaves, who are able, in the presence of the inspectors, to secrete them in various manners, between their fingers and toes, in their ears, mouth or hair, or they swallow the stones or throw them over their heads, so that they can find them again by night. When the guards are once past, the smugglers sell the stones to traders, who easily conceal them in balls of cotton and other similar commodities, and send them down to the coast.—(p. 429—445.)

Such is the natural and necessary consequence of the system adopted by the Brazilian government. "It is," as Dr. Martius remarks, "the only instance in which a tract of country has been isolated, and all civil relations made subordinate to a monopoly of the crown." The happiness and convenience of both the inhabitants and neighbours are obviously sacrificed to maintain a mercantile speculation, of which, we should think, the profits cannot be very great. In a case of plague, or violent infectious disease, a government might be justified in declaring a part of its own subjects in a state of blockade; but in the present case the injustice is obvious, while the expediency is more than doubtful.

The intendant, Da Camara, took the travellers to see a gold mine in this district. The quartz slate, which had been in different places worked for gold, was mixed with a considerable quantity of mica, and alternated with beds of green clay slate. The mining had been carried on carelessly and irregularly. In another mine which they visited, the quartz was broken with hammers, and in this comminuted state exposed to the action of falling water. The metal was then extracted by negro slaves, being found in thin plates, and sometimes in large pieces and crystals. It appears that all this work is conducted in the most unskilful and expensive manner, and that people frequently destroy their estates by laying them under water, impoverishing themselves and ruining their successors.—(p. 447.)

The author of this work is very minute and regular in his mineralogical notices, and we observe that gold is generally, if not universally, found either in a quartzose matrix, or in a gravelly loamy *debris*, mixed with quartz pebbles, called by the natives

*cascálho*.\* We imagine that this mixture, from which gold is obtained by washing, is (to use a term now generally adopted) *diluvium*; and that it was formed naturally by a process similar to that which is now executed by art, and is described above by our traveller—viz. that a current of water broke down the quartz strata, reduced them to a gravelly state, and prepared them for the washing of the miner. A large portion of gold, and gold only, being procured in this manner, (for we never remember to have read of silver, platina, &c. washings,) the question arises what is the cause of this singularity? We believe that it can, without difficulty, be accounted for. Quartz is, as our readers know, though a hard, yet a very frail and brittle substance; and in beds it does not lie in large masses, but is traversed by innumerable fissures and veins. Accordingly, if a great current of water passed over such a stratum, it would naturally carry it away, and the rock being in itself hard, though not compact, would in the state of pebble, though not as a continuous bed, resist the action of water. Of this we have a striking instance in our own country. Any person who has walked in Hyde Park, or observed any of the gravel pits in the neighbourhood of London, will have perceived numerous quartz pebbles mixed with the flints and sand. They are also found at Oxford, on the southern coast of England, and in many other places. The course of these stones has been traced by Dr. Buckland, in a very curious paper in the Geological Transactions, to the Lickey Hill in Staffordshire, whence they have been scattered over a large portion of the south of England. Unluckily for us, the quartz of the Lickey Hill had no veins of gold; otherwise, we have no doubt that this country would have exhibited examples of the two methods of procuring gold, viz. by extracting it from the matrix of quartz, and washing for it in diluvium.

In this diamond district the dry season begins in April or May; the rains set in in October, and last through November and December with great violence, but in January there are generally

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\* The term *cascálho* is more commonly applied to the gravel in which diamonds occur; but we conceive that the following general description of the diluvium of Minas includes that in which gold, as well as that in which precious stones are found.

"The quartz and sandstone either come up to the surface of the soil, the highest points being generally denuded, or they are covered to the depth of several feet by a bed of gravel, rubbish, and sand (*gurgúlhao* or *cascálho*.) This rubbish consists of a grey, yellow, red, and sometimes white earth, which is mixed with many fragments of quartz, of very different size, and angular fracture. In other places a red loamy earth, as is the case in a large part of Minas, forms the upper layer, in which there are occasional fragments of a coarse green stone, nearly reduced to clay. In this gravel and sand the diamonds are generally found, especially in the channels of rivers and brooks. The stones are constantly accompanied by numerous well-rounded pebbles of clear transparent quartz, of a very hard iron stone, and a black Lydian stone."—p. 460.

some weeks of fine weather, which is called the *little summer*. The diseases are chiefly inflammatory and rheumatic. The negroes suffer much from elephantiasis, and a disease called *ornithiasis*, i. e. a thickening of the cornea in an arch round the pupil. One of the exciting causes to this malady is, (in Dr. Martius's opinion,) the position of the negro in the gold and diamond washings, where the head is bent down, and the extremities kept in running water, while the body is exposed naked to the heat of the sun.—(p. 465.)

The travellers had the good fortune to be present at some rejoicings for the coronation of the king. The play-house was opened, and processions of the actors and people, accompanied with music and appropriate symbols, passed over the stage. There were also dances, and four harlequins appeared between the acts, who imitated the antics of the American savages. There were also some equestrian games, and Dr. Martius admired a painted scene, sufficiently to consider it as an earnest of the future progress of the Brazilians in the fine arts. The whole was followed by illuminations and balls. The negroes also showed their joy at the celebration of a singular custom which they have—viz. of electing annually a king and court. This king has no political rights over the blacks, but merely enjoys an empty dignity, and therefore the Brazilian government does not interfere.

“On this occasion, King Congo and Queen Kinga, with several princes and princesses, and six lords and ladies of the bed chamber, were chosen, and marched in order to their own church. The procession was led by negroes with standards, others following, who carried statues of St. Francis, St. Salvador, and the Virgin, all painted black. These were followed by a band of music, and then came the black princes and princesses, with their trains carried by pages of both sexes, the king and queen of the former year, still adorned with a sceptre and crown, and the newly-elected king and queen, decked with diamonds, pearls, coins, and valuables of all kinds, which had been borrowed for the purpose—and the whole train was closed by the black people holding in their hands lighted tapers or sticks, covered with silver paper. Having arrived in the negroes' church of the Black Virgin, the king of the preceding year gave up his sceptre and crown to his successor, who now in his new dignity waited on the intendant of the diamond district, with all his court. The intendant, who had already received notice of this ceremony, received his royal guest in his dressing-gown and night-cap. The newly-elected king, a free negro, and by profession a shoemaker, was rather disconcerted at the sight of the intendant, and, when invited to sit upon the sofa, dropped his sceptre to the ground. The affable Da Camara picked it up, and gave it back to the king, who was already tired of reigning, with these words, ‘*Votre Majesté a laissé tomber son sceptre.*’ The procession afterwards passed through the streets, and attended the king and queen back to their bus.”—(p. 469.)

In the beginning of June the expedition left Tejuco and their hospitable friend Da Camara, and proceeded to the east over the district of Minas. At a place called Buriti, they found the house of a Portuguese, who, in this retired spot, had erected three machines for carding and spinning cotton; which could be set in motion by a single wheel moved by hand. Dr. Martius wonders at the misplaced ingenuity of this man, who, in so uncivilized a spot, and having so little communication with the world, occupies the inhabitants in manufactures, while the ground is scarcely cultivated, and all the neighbouring sea-ports are over-stocked with English cottons.—(p. 475.)

In their way to the Villa do Bom Sucesso, the travellers were suddenly met by a troop of naked Indians, who passed by in dead silence. They were of the race of the cannibal Botocudos. In their exterior they showed every mark of the lowest and most revolting brutality, their unseemly and ill-formed features being only less disgusting than the expression which they bore. After having passed the main body, the travellers found a woman, who slowly followed the rest, covered with wounds on her arms, legs, and breast. She had been detected by her husband in *flagranti delicto*, who, with a jealousy common among the Indians, had tied her to a tree, and shot at her with arrows, leaving her to follow her companions as well as she could.—(p. 480.)

At the degraded state of these Indians we may feel pity, but not surprise, when we hear that some of them were, at the beginning of this century, by a royal decree, declared outlaws and enemies of the state, hunted down like wild beasts by the king's soldiers, and either compelled to ten years' slavery, or persecuted with unexampled barbarity.—(p. 482. 806.) Nor does the condition of those whom the government has attempted to reclaim from their savage habits, appear to be much superior. In many parts of their journey the travellers met with the small villages, or *aldeas*, (as they are called,) of the Indians; but the numbers of the original settlers seem always to have diminished. Some are destroyed by the small-pox and other diseases, some return to their native woods. At one settlement in particular, in the province of Piauhv, the travellers were struck with the squalid and downcast appearance of the Indians, and lament the rare exceptions to the failure of these attempts—the more so that the establishment of them is always attended with bloodshed. The method of subjugating a native tribe is described as follows. A troop of regular soldiers and volunteers is raised, and furnished with ammunition and arms by the government. When the expedition is long, it is necessary to carry provisions for some months. They endeavour rather to surprise the Indians in their houses

than run the risk of an open battle; but, by whatever means reduced, the natives are then collected to a village of mud huts, at a distance from any Brazilian town, and taught husbandry under a civil, and religion under an ecclesiastical officer.—(p. 804.) The effects of this violent system may be easily guessed. A kindness, done in a harsh manner, is no kindness at all. The Indians, ordered to unlearn all their habits and all their opinions, as well civil as religious, naturally resist such mistaken benevolence. Some return to their native wilds, while others, who have lost their strength and activity without fitting themselves for a better mode of life, sink into the lowest sensuality. Of the feelings which exist between the Indians and Portuguese we may form some idea from the almost incredible fact mentioned in this work, that in one district many of their Christian brethren gave the natives clothes charged with the poison of the small-pox, which in consequence raged among them with such fury, that they were at last compelled to destroy the infected with arrows.—(p. 883.) There is no page in the history of mankind so black as that which records the intercourse of civilized and barbarous nations.

Dr. Martius mentions an experiment which was tried with success near the sources of the river Piahy, viz. of apportioning the Indians out singly to different settlers, whereby they more readily assimilate themselves to the habits of the conquerors, and learn to imitate their improvements.—(p. 805.) This plan seems to afford a better chance of success than any of which we are aware; and though it would utterly destroy the Indians as a distinct nation, any change would probably be a change for the better. At present their condition is anomalous, being neither masters nor slaves; neither subject to the laws of others, nor their own; so that we can hardly say with Dr. Martius, that they form a *state* within a state.—(p. 616.)

The cotton tree is much cultivated in this district, as well as in the more northern province of Maranhao, which was subsequently visited by our travellers. Dr. Martius justly observes, that there are few plants which flourish over so large a portion of the earth, as the cotton tree, which will grow in any latitude between Sicily and Naples in the north, and parts of New Holland in the south. As it is of importance to so great a number of mankind directly, and to all indirectly, our readers may not be displeased to hear an account of the method in which it is cultivated. In Maranhao the soil is a black clay, mixed with fine quartz sand, and the plantations are chiefly made in the wet low grounds. Nevertheless, the clear dry climate of Minas is found very advantageous to its growth.—(p. 814; compare p. 485.) The soil is first cleared by burning; then, in the months of January and

February, when the earth is moist with the late rains, five, six, and sometimes twelve seeds are planted in small holes, at a distance of from two to six feet asunder, and covered lightly with earth. In wet soils it is necessary to keep the seeds near the surface. Beans, maize, and even mandioca, are sometimes planted in the intervals. In the province of Minas the harvest does not fall before the second year, in the months of September and October; but in Maranhao the plant appears above the soil in less than fourteen days, and grows with incredible rapidity, so that the first fruit is gathered in the October and November following. In Pernambuco the first crop (for there are two in a year) begins in July, and indeed some cotton is collected even in May. The first year's cotton is considered the best. The cotton plants of Maranhao and Pernambuco seem to be different varieties, the former having black seeds, and the ratio of the kernel to the wool being different. In the Pernambuco tree it is as four to one, in the other the weights are equal. Care is necessary to prevent the plantations becoming foul with weeds, and the trees reaching too great a height; for which purpose the leading shoots are cut off, and fresh vigour is given to the side branches which bear the fruit. In the northern provinces the plants are cut down every two or three years, and fresh shoots obtained; but in Minas the same land is not serviceable for more than two or three years, the cotton tree being very exhausting to the soil. The farmers in that province complain of the great inferiority of the land to that of Europe, inasmuch as there the earth is warm and the air cold, while in Brazil the earth is cold and the air warm (*terra fria y ar quente*).—p. 486. The cotton is separated from the seed by a very simple machine of two rollers, and is packed by a press into bags of ox hide or coarse cotton. The author states that an acute Portuguese economist has estimated the cost of production of cotton at 3,300 rees, (p. 818.) He does not, however, state the quantity of cotton which can be produced at that price; but the omission is of no importance, as it is evidently impossible to state a general definite cost for any commodity of this description. The chief part of the cotton of Minas Novas is carried to Rio, and it is considered the best in Brazil next to that of Pernambuco.\* The exporting country is, however, very poor, and is frequently visited by French and English traders, who buy in large quantities for their houses at Rio and Bahia, hoping to purchase on advantageous terms, "and this perhaps (says Dr. Mar-

\* There is a slight contradiction between two statements on this point in different parts of this work: in one place the author tells us that the cotton of Maranhao—in another that that of Minas is second-best in Brazil."—pp. 487. 813.

time) is the safest speculation which an European or Brazilian house can undertake in the interior of Brazil." (p. 487.)

In the province of Minas Novas there are about 30,000 inhabitants. Their means of education are, one Latin school, with a professor paid by the state, and nine private schools. There are also eight ecclesiastical corporations (*irmandades*), four of the white population, one of the coloured, and three of the black. The sect of Sebastianists is also numerous, who believe that King Sebastian, of Portugal, will some time rise again from the dead and revisit the earth. (p. 490—506.)

The Travellers, in their progress, having lost their way, were entertained in the cottage of a negro, who was an expert hunter, and under his direction they killed a tiger-cat and a mutum (*crax alector*). "This beautiful bird," says Dr. Martius, "is not uncommon in the woods between this place and Bahia. The Indians value its flesh, which in taste resembles that of a grouse, no less than its bright black feathers, which are used for different ornaments. The mutum is often found tame in the dwellings of the Indians, and it appears that in the warmer countries, even of Europe, it may be as easily domesticated as our common barn-door fowl."—p. 495. We recommend this statement to the notice of the Zoological Society, for, although the author restricts his observation to the warmer countries of Europe, it appears that animals have a power of adapting themselves to the climate. At least it seems certain that our common fowl is a native of India, and that it was introduced through Persia, into Asia Minor, and thence obtained by the Greeks, by whom it was called the *Persian bird*.\*

The Travellers next turned their steps towards the Rio de St. Francisco, a river of some size, which falls into the sea to the north of Bahia. The country through which they had hitherto passed was chiefly of primitive formation, viz., either of granite, mica slate, or quartz: they now arrived at calcareous strata, containing salt-petre, zinc and lead.† As usual the limestone abounds in caverns, one of which called *Lapa Grande*, was reported to

\* It was certainly not known to the authors of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and is first mentioned in the *Batrachomyomachia*, a poem of late date (v. 191.) The cock, however, occurs as a symbol on Greek coins, at least as early as the sixth century before Christ, "*αγρυνκός* λέγεται" (says Mr. Knight, *Proleg. Hom.* p. 2) *à Græciæ appellabatur* (Aristoph. *Aves* 485,) *quod à Persia forte in Græciam primum venerat*. There is an analogous nomenclature of another article;—for what we call Indian corn, the French call *blé de Turquie*.

† Hence we consider that this is transition limestone,—a fact which Dr. Martius infers from its not containing any fossils; though this seems rather a *non sequitur*, for transition limestone frequently contains impressions of shells.

the Travellers to contain remains of antediluvian animals. This they found, after climbing a steep hill of massive limestone.

"Through the lofty entrance of the cave, we passed into a vault thirty or forty feet in width, and about the same in height, the floor being covered with stalagmite and sinking gradually downwards. After we had walked a hundred steps, we found the cavity divided into several natural chambers. We followed one of these ways, which immediately winds upwards and compels the explorer to grope upon his knees, while at the same time the walls, split into the most various and grotesque forms, approach one another on both sides. It then suddenly winds and ends in a spacious grotto, the walls of which are covered in many places with red stalactite or with white calcareous spar, crystallized in long flat six-sided prisms. At the back of this grotto we mounted eighteen almost regular steps covered with stalagmite, spread out like a cascade. It was here, on one of the upper steps, that one of our guides had seven years before, found a rib six feet in length, and other bones of some antediluvian animal. We dug in the fine loamy earth, with which this part of the cavern is covered to a depth of from four to eight inches, and succeeded in finding, not indeed large bones, but fragments sufficient to convince us that they were the remains of a megalonyx. These were chiefly vertebrae, metacarpal bones, and the extreme phalanges. The bones were not imbedded in the limestone itself, but lay more or less covered and irregularly in the earth. Near the mouth of the cavern we found on our return scattered bones of a tapir, coates and ounces, which had been recently introduced, and appeared to be the remains of prey which had been there devoured."—p. 515.

It seems to us probable that the loamy earth in which the bones are described as having been found was diluvial, and that the bones were imbedded in it under some of the circumstances so clearly and accurately detailed by Dr. Buckland in his work on caves. From the fact, however, that the earth within the cavern exactly resembled that without, and that the walls at the turns of the passages are polished smooth, and at different heights covered with a marly deposit, Dr. Martius infers that at some former period a running stream had passed through the cavern, which perhaps buried the fossil remains in these rocky cavities.—(p. 516.)

A high calcareous tract of country between the Rio de St. Francisco and the Rio Verde Grande, is covered with thick woods, and contains many animals which afford sport to the hunter. The manner of killing the tapir is described. Several hunters station themselves in the low parts of the woods through which the tapirs pass to the neighbouring marshes. Each stands against a strong tree, so as to withdraw behind it, when the tapir, pursued by the hounds, rushes by through the thicket. So great is the violence and noise that the experienced sportsman is glad to avail himself of his safeguard, while he takes his aim at the



neck or breast of the frightened animal. Some hunters, however, have sufficient coolness to thrust a knife in the tapir's breast as he runs by.—(p. 520.)

The vegetable and animal productions appear to be very numerous and valuable. Accordingly the population has increased very rapidly; the district of Contendas, which forty years ago was stated to have contained only three women, now numbering 4000 inhabitants; a woman in Contendas, of about fifty, had 204 living descendants; another, who at seventy had married a husband of equal age, produced him three children at a birth, which all lived. It is common to see a mother of eight or ten children of not more than twenty years of age. These facts (though pleasing to read of) make us rejoice that we are not inhabitants of Contendas.

The women, children, serpents, lizards and ounces of the river St. Francisco, in its course through the province of Minas, have a singular and most economical propensity of eating earth. It seems that the soil contains a small portion of salt-petre, which is agreeable to the palate. Boys and girls, however, are less select in their tastes, and sometimes eat the whitewash off the walls, and occasionally wood, charcoal or cloth.—(p. 527:)

In descending to the low country, the Travellers passed over a wet fertile district, in which were several pools of standing water. In one of these they found a most varied assemblage of plants, insects, birds and beasts.

"Nothing was heard," says Dr. Martius, "but the endless chattering, screaming and chirping of the infinite varieties of birds, and the longer we contemplated this strange scene, the less could we prevail on ourselves to disturb the peace of the wilderness by a hostile shot. We saw more than 10,000 animals together, while, each in his own manner, pursued its natural instinct of self-preservation. The picture of the Creation appeared as it were renewed before our eyes: and this striking spectacle would have had a more pleasing effect, if the result of our contemplations had not been the thought that war, and eternal war, is the lot and condition of animal existence. The innumerable kinds of water fowl: which live undisturbed at the presence of each other, each pursue their prey in insects, frogs and fishes, as each again is pursued by some other enemy. The large storks, which consider themselves the kings of this watery region, are the prey of the great eagles and ounces; ducks and spoonbills of the otters, gluttons, tiger-cats and vultures, the powerful neighbours of the smaller water-fowl. The dominion, however, of the distant waters is contended with all these birds by the caymans, the gigantic serpents, and the piranha, a fish of terrible voracity."—p. 531.

"While the shrill cries of the sociable inhabitants of the air still resounded in our ears, we were, as if by magic, transplanted into a land of death. In this pool, which was only a few minutes walk from the

other, no birds were seen, nature seemed as it were dead, and even the sultry air which rested on the face of the dark water, moved not a branch or leaf. Turning in wonder to our guide, we were informed that this was only the abode of innumerable caymans and the voracious piranha. While we compared this dismal place with the lake in Dante's Hell, several of these scaly monsters, snorting and spouting, lifted their jaws from the water, reminding us of the words of the poet,

‘Che sotto l’acqua ha gente che sospira,  
E fanno pullular quest’acqua al summo.’

We counted more than forty of these caymans, some of which lay on the shore, while others, disturbed probably by our arrival, gradually came to the top of the water, where they either motionless supported themselves like logs of wood, or swam in various directions with their heads above the surface. The largest of these animals are eight or nine feet long, have greenish scales and a flat snout. There is no animal to which nature has given so horrible an appearance as this beast. They increase with amazing rapidity; each female annually lays sixty or eighty eggs, of the size of hen's eggs, on the sand, and several females build these with alternate layers of mud into pyramids six or eight feet high, and then leave the hatching to the effects of the sun and fermentation. Pliny remarks that the crocodiles of Egypt always lay their eggs at the edge of the inundation; and it is therefore worthy of mention, that in Brazil also the heaps of the cayman's eggs are taken as marks of the extent of the floods. A female generally watches close to this precious charge, and many *Sertanejos* who have approached too near, have paid for their imprudence by the loss of a foot. At the approach of an enemy the lazy guardian quickly starts up, her nostrils open, her small glowing eyes roll, her red jaws are distended, and with a darting motion she reaches her prey, which she never quits before she has bitten off a limb.”—p. 532.

The piranha appears to be a fish of extraordinary voracity; they attack any animal that ventures into the water in large shoals or swarms, like a nest of water hornets. Hence horses and cattle do not venture to drink of the water below the surface lest their snout should be bitten off—an accident which, however, sometimes befalls them. “The cayman himself is forced to fly before this terrible enemy, and turns his unprotected belly towards the top of the water; the otter alone, whose hairy skin deadens the force of the bite, is proof against their attacks.”—p. 533.

The Rio do St. Francisco is subject to violent inundations for several months in the year. It rises so rapidly that the inhabitants are often compelled to leave their houses by night, and fly to the highlands.

“The most dangerous office is that of the *fazendeiro* who has the care of cattle. He must hurry to the help of his beasts, which are exposed to hunger and the attacks of ounces and caymans on the islands formed by the stream. With difficulty he steers his frail bark through brooks and streams, often, for miles into the river, always in danger

either of being thrown on projecting rocks or branches, or of being swamped by floating trees. If he succeeds in conquering the dangers of the element, he has often to fight with wild beasts, who seek with violence to escape the force of the water. Gigantic serpents and caymans surround and climb his boat to relieve themselves from the continued effort of swimming. If he passes under a tree, thick balls of ants which had there taken refuge, let themselves down into his boat, and while he is still occupied with these numerous enemies, a tiger or a rattle-snake, leaping into his canoe, fill him with still greater terror. If he can only avoid these monsters by throwing himself into the water, he is in danger of being in a moment torn into a thousand pieces by the shoals of piranhas which have left their calm bays and swim about in search of prey. But if he should at last reach his helpless beasts, he finds them often enfeebled by hunger, wounded in the feet by the piranhas or crocodiles, and unable to swim to the shore, or attacked by hungry ounces and wolves, against which the horses attempt to defend themselves by standing in a circle with their heads turned inwards. Hundreds of horses and cattle thus perish by the annual inundations.—p. 537.

Our Travellers intending to penetrate to some distance in the interior, were prevented by the heat from attempting to reach beyond the river Paranám. On their way, as they were visiting the commandant of the district, they heard a cry of lamentation from a distant hut, where they found the whole family and numerous black slaves howling over a corpse, which was sewn up in cotton, exactly like an Egyptian mummy. This was the body of a female slave, to whom the Africans thus paid their last duty. To this ceremony, which is an ancient national custom, they attach so much importance, that the Fazendeiros consider it politic to suffer their slaves to perform it without interruption.—(p. 578.) So similar are the customs of the barbarous in all quarters of the globe.

The expedition, which was now about 300 miles inland to the west of Bahia, began to turn their steps to the sea, for the purpose of visiting that city. Their way lay first over limestone, and then over a barren track of red granite, sometimes bare of vegetation, and sometimes covered with thick rows of cactus. The third formation which they reached is described under the ambiguous name of *rothe todtliegende*. It consists of greyish quartz pebbles, mixed with pieces of a reddish quartzose sandstone and coarse red slate, and is frequently combined with mica. This stratum contains certain nodules of argillaceous iron-stone, which are hollow in the middle, and enclose a fine red dust consisting of oxide of iron, clay, sand, and some lime and magnesia, and it is used by the natives as a tonic.—(p. 604.)

“Of greater interest to the naturalist are the remains of antediluvian animals, which are found in the neighbourhood of the *Villa do Rio de*

Contas in several places, lying either on the surface of the earth, or buried in the sand. It is said that there have been found there a tooth of eight pounds in weight, and a bone five feet long, which is used for the trough of a pump. The shoemakers polish their leather with these bones, which, when freed from the sand attached to them, swim like pumice stones down the river St. Antonio. Unluckily we were not able to obtain any of these in good preservation, but the dimensions of the fragments, measuring without the outward shell (which was almost entirely rubbed off, leaving only the cellular substance), from six to eight inches, prove the gigantic size of the animal to which they belonged. In the course of our journey through the northern part of the province, we had an opportunity of observing remains of bones which belonged to a mastodon; but the account of the above large tooth leaves it doubtful whether the other antediluvian remains belong to a mammoth or a mastodon.\*—p. 605.

In descending the last ridge of hills, towards the plains which reach down to Bahia and the sea coast, the Travellers had to pene-

\* "These bones probably lie in the superficial soil, and are detached by the action of the river upon the banks. It is known that bones which have lain long in the earth become porous, like a honey-comb, and so entirely lose their unctuous parts that they will stick to the tongue. Remains of the mastodon are also found in the interior of the province of Bahia, to the north-east of the capital, in a granite district. "The stone," says Dr. Martius, "is generally bare; occasionally, however, in low and damp ground there is a layer of reddish loam three or four feet in thickness, which the Sertanejos excavate to the depth of a few feet for tanks (*caldeiros, tanques*) to hold the rain water, and in which numerous bones of antediluvian animals are found, generally in a very mutilated state, and so scattered that there is hardly any chance of finding a complete skeleton. The bones which we were able to collect in a tolerably perfect state were the lower jaw, a vertebra, and a part of the patella of a mastodon; other parts also, especially ribs and thigh-bones, are often found by the Sertanejos. We ourselves, however, were not so fortunate, as all the fragments which came to our hands were in a very mutilated state. In the neighbouring Fazenda of Barriga Molle similar bones are, as we were informed by the inhabitants, dug out of the tanks, and they sometimes occur in great quantities."—p. 732. The next day the travellers had a *tanque* sunk in the ground, and found a gigantic patella of 7" 3" in diameter.—(p. 733.) The author afterwards enumerates the many fossil bones that have been found in Brazil, and remarks, that "if we consider the occurrence of all these animals over so wide a district, (from 17° to 10° lat.) in vallies and low grounds filled with beds of mud and loam, it is impossible not to suppose that they perished in the same way as the hairy elephant and rhinoceros of the North of Asia. For while in Asia a sudden irruption of cold suddenly overwhelmed the hot country, and buried its inhabitants in polar ice and frozen earth, the gigantic animals of Brazil appear to have been destroyed by the gradual drying of the marshes which they inhabited."—p. 749. But if the marshes had been dried up, and left the animals without their accustomed food, their bones would have lain together in a heap, and not been found single and scattered in the way described by Dr. Martius. Nor would this hypothesis account for the extinction of the *megalonx*, whose bones the Travellers found in a cave, (see above, p. 456.); for reasoning from analogy, (a mode of argument which has particular force in comparative anatomy,) it is improbable that the *megalonx*, being a sloth, should have been an amphibious animal. Dr. Martius, indeed, does not appear to us to be very happy in his geological speculations; for in another place, because salt-petre and fossil bones are found in the same district, he conjectures that there must be some connection between them. (p. 853.) As well might he argue that because the ink of his book lies upon the paper, there is some connection between them in the nature of things.

trate through a tract of eatingas wood twenty leagues in width, containing neither water nor forage. The guide whom they had brought from Villa do Rio de Contas, took occasion to leave them during the night, and in his absence some of the mules became unmanageable. Their stock of maize was exhausted, without hopes of replenishing it, or of finding water. In this situation they determined to throw away all their collections, and think only of saving their lives; but a lucky chance extricated them from their danger. On a sudden they heard the bells of a carrier mule, and a troop of more than forty mules, belonging to a planter from Caytate, passed by. This good Samaritan furnished them with maize, took up their packages, and landed them safely at the coast. During the whole of this journey they suffered severely from the heat and want of water, which was found in small muddy puddles, and so bitter that they were forced to add sugar to make it palatable.—(pp. 610. 613.)

At the Villa do Pedra Branca, the government has established a settlement of native Indians, under a Judge and a Notary (*Juiz* and *Escrivão*). Before their collection into one place, they dwelt about in the woods; and even now, though they attend mass at their village church, their habits are little changed. Though of two different tribes, and speaking different languages, they are united in a common hatred of the Europeans, "whose faults," says Dr. Martius, "rather than whose virtues, they are inclined to imitate."—p. 615. Agriculture does not suit well with their roving and unsettled habits, their chief occupations being hunting, shooting, and stealing.

The city of Cachoeira, which lies nearly in the extremity of the bay on which Bahia is situated, is of great importance to that city, as an *entrepôt* for communicating with the interior. It is one of the largest and most flourishing towns in Brazil, containing about 1000 houses and 10,000 inhabitants, and exhibiting all the activity of an European sea-port. The chief source of its wealth has been the cultivation of tobacco, which is sent to Europe, particularly to Gibraltar, Lisbon, Oporto, Marseilles, Hamburgh, and Liverpool, in large packages of 30 to 100lbs. in weight, and to the Coast of Guinea in small parcels of 10 or 15lbs.

"This (says Dr. Martius) was formerly the principal article which the Brazilian Guinea merchants exchanged for slaves; but since the slave trade has to the North of the Equator, legally ceased, or at least, thanks to the vigilance of the English sea stations, been much diminished, the demand has fallen off, and indeed the trade in tobacco generally has decreased."—p. 618.

From this town the Travellers crossed in a boat to the island of Itaparica, close to Bahia; a place which from its buildings and

the occupations of its inhabitants reminded them of the small villages on the Illyrian and Italian coasts. It contains numerous shops, in which our Travellers were delighted to find English porter, Cheshire cheeses, excellent sausages and hams from Alemtejo, which form a considerable item in the Portuguese imports. There is a whale fishery in the bay, but not as in the North Sea conducted on a large scale; the boats in which the fish are pursued being generally manned only with a harpooner and a few rowers, and being frequently lost when they are either thrown on the shore or upset by the wounded animal before the crew can cut the harpoon line. The process of extracting the oil is exceedingly unskilful, and conducted by ignorant negroes and mulattos. Not being separated from the impurities which are mingled with it during the manufacture, it is of a dark-brown colour, and is very inferior to the oil of the Northern fisheries.—(p. 622.)

A few hours' sail brought the expedition to the city of St. Salvador, or (as it is commonly called) Bahia. They landed on a steep coast, and reached the outskirts of this commercial town, in which the open shops were full of English cloths, hats, metal goods, French ornaments, German linens, Nuremberg wares and coarse Portuguese cottons. The few apothecaries shops are stored with English quack medicines, and the two booksellers stalls contain not a single Brazilian author. On their way the Travellers fell in with a tawny sacristan, dressed in a red cloak, who invited them to a festival in the Church of Nossa Senhora da Conceicao. Thither they followed him, and to their great surprise found the walls of the vestibule hung with rows of French and English copper plates, put there in order to attract visitors to the Church. The royal docks are commodious and well-appointed, though not extensive; accordingly there are not many vessels on the stocks at once; but the building and materials are the best in Brazil. Merchant ships are built at a short distance to the N. E. of the city. The chief buildings in the upper part of the town are the Jesuit college and its Church. The latter, now used as a cathedral, is the finest sacred edifice in Brazil, and is decorated with pictures of the Spanish masters; besides which the bronze ornaments of the choir, the gilding of the altars and an organ were brought from Europe, and the wainscoting of the sacristy from the East Indies. The library of the college contains more than 12,000 volumes, which the late governor collected by the profits of lotteries, thinking (we suppose), like his predecessors the Jesuits, that the end justifies the means. In the convents and other large buildings of this part of the town, there is nothing remarkable, the chief beauty being the numerous and flourishing gardens. The mouth of the bay is about four miles broad, the

eastern part of which alone is safe for large vessels. The number of ships anchoring in the different creeks is very great, more than 2000 large vessels sailing yearly from the harbour of Bahia, a number which has been tripled since 1806. The Portuguese ships are most numerous. This active trade naturally produces wealth, and therefore population. Accordingly the city and its neighbourhood are computed by Dr. Martius to contain 200,000 souls. Of this population a large portion is not (according to our Traveller) attached to their progenitors, and the government of Portugal; but led astray by liberal writings, over-estimate the powers and civilization of the several provinces which they wish to consider as only federal states. This party attach the opprobrious name of *Leaden feet* (*Pes de chumbo*) to the immigrant Portuguese, and propagated their political opinions by certain associations called Freemasons' Lodges, which are far from having the social and harmless character of their European namesakes, but serve to spread the love of innovation, and excite extravagant hopes and wishes for an improved state of things.—(p. 641.)

The theatrical performances and performers are mean; the latter being chiefly mulattos, the former translations of French or Spanish farces. The establishments for education seem to be on a small scale, and are entirely in the hands of the clergy. In 1818 the military force of the province of Bahia amounted to 23,070 men, and being well organised is able in some measure to supply the defects of the police. Nevertheless there is no town in Brazil in which murders are so common. If detected, the assassin generally escapes execution, but is sentenced to transportation to Angola or hard labour in the galleys. The imports of Bahia are valued at £1,160,000, the exports at £1,610,000 “which sum (says Dr. Martius) compared with the former is a proof and measure of the wealth of Bahia.”—p. 648. The learned naturalist therefore still adheres to the very consoling, but (*pace tantorum virorum*) rather Irish doctrine, that if a man gives more than he gets in return, he pockets the difference. Our author indeed seems not to be quite at home when he leaves the exact sciences, for in another place, describing the neighbourhood of Joazeiro, a town on the river St. Francisco to the N. W. of Bahia, he states that—

“the domestic productions are cattle and horses, to which the land is favourable, skins, tallow, salt meat, some tobacco and particularly salt which is found near the banks of the river. All these articles, however, (he remarks,) are not sufficient to cover the expenses of the imports, and the country is compelled to pay coin to the industrious province of Minas. For this reason an incredible poverty prevails among the larger part of the population.”—p. 756.

The slave-market of Bahia was, when the author visited it, well stocked. The supply from the rivers Congo and Zaira having been diminished by the competition of the Spanish, Portuguese, and North American slave merchants, many slaves are now brought from Cabinda S. Felisse de Benguela, and particularly from Mosambique.\* Dr. Martius remarks, and it is a most singular fact, that the lords and workmen of America should be Europeans and Africans, the natives scarcely enjoying the privileges of slaves, but being cast from society, like an useless or diseased limb. The slaves of Bahia appear to have considerable enjoyments and liberty; and an imperfect but increasing regard for morality and religion, looking back with the pious horror of a child on their native idolatry. Some, however, who are compelled by their masters to produce them a certain sum (about 240 rees) by their own contrivance each day, pass a life of great suffering, and sometimes when old and helpless they are manumitted by those who had enjoyed the fruits of their youth and strength.—(p. 653.) This last practice seems a terrible abuse of the right of property in human beings, and we hope for the credit of human nature that its rarity is the only reason why it is not absolutely prohibited.

From Bahia, the Travellers made a short excursion by sea to the Rio dos Ilheos, at the mouth of which they landed, and explored some of the wild forests which cover that part of the province. Dr. Spix was here able to ascertain to his own satisfaction that the light of the fire-fly proceeds from a phosphoric substance contained in a small bag in the thorax, which is filled with an unctuous matter like melted phosphorus, and over which the branches of the trachea are spread. It is probably by means of the trachea, *i. e.* by increasing or diminishing the current of air, that these insects are able to increase or diminish the brightness of their fire.—(p. 680.)

At a small village in the woods they found a settlement of about 60 or 70 Indians, made by the efforts of a Catholic missionary, who had sacrificed himself to the vain hope of reclaiming the savages of the woods to civilization and Christianity. His success may be inferred from the following facts which he related to the Travellers. A few weeks before their arrival, a woman in the rage of jealousy had killed her own child; another had dug up the remains of a favourite child which had been dead some months, separated the bones from the flesh, and having boiled them toge-

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\* In another part of this work, the author states that before the treaty with England, slaves were imported into Maranhao from Africa directly by sea, now half the number comes over-land from Bahia. The number has nevertheless greatly increased, for in 1783, 1608 negroes were imported; now (*i. e.* in 1821) the annual importation is about 45,000.—(p. 844.)



ther, then drank the broth; after which she wrapped up the bones in palm-leaves and returned them to the ground: "an excess of feeling (says Dr. Martius) which almost exceeds the boundaries of human nature."—p. 692.

The expedition having completed their stay at Bahia, now began to proceed in a N.W. direction, so as at length to arrive at St. Luiz, the sea-port and capital of the province of Maranhao, whence they would take ship for the mouth of the Amazon river. Their first point was Joazeiro, a town on the Rio de St. Francisco, to which they had to make their way through a country almost destitute of water. Having passed some days in a state of burning thirst, they were assured that at last their troubles were over, and a plentiful fountain was at hand. On reaching the wished-for spot they found a man standing in the cleft of a rock catching in a vessel the water that fell drop by drop: more than thirty persons were assembled, and were to go in their proper order to the scanty stream under the superintendence of a civil officer, the men being armed with guns to assert their rights, if necessary, with force. There was therefore no hope of a sufficient supply for the mules; and one of the Travellers begging a draught of water for themselves, "Here there is only water for us, and not for wandering Englishmen," was the reply. They succeeded, however, in purchasing a few pints of water. Amidst these difficulties and privations the health of the Travellers naturally sank, and even the guides and muleteers were attacked with fever. One person alone, a Frenchman, whom they had hired as a servant at Bahia, resisted the effects of fatigue and unwholesome fare. A drove of 300 oxen which they met farther on, and which was destined for Bahia, seemed also to enjoy equal health. Their chief means of support was the cactus, which singular and leafless plant has a peculiar property of attracting the atmospheric moisture. The cattle wound the bark with their teeth or horns, and suck out the sap which, even in the driest seasons, is always contained in these vegetable fountains. But the cactus being armed with sharp spikes, the animals often wound their noses, which inflame, and occasionally even mortify, and accordingly their attendants sometimes split the stem or wound it with a hatchet.—(p. 728.) The great scarcity of water in all this district is owing to the absence of clay or other retentive stratum, to the numerous fissures in the rocks through which the moisture is filtered; and the division of the country into small narrow valleys, with beds of rivers having a rapid fall.—(p. 724.)

One evening after dark the Travellers being threatened with a storm, were securing their packages under a thicket, when they observed a singular phenomenon; one of these bushes was a

leafless shrubby euphorbia, which being accidentally rubbed and torn, gave out a white milk, which shone at the moment of its falling. The thermometer was at 20° Reaum. The electrometer showed no trace of electricity in the air. An hour afterwards, when the thermometer had fallen to 16°, no light could be obtained, and Dr. Martius had frequent opportunities of repeating the experiment on other individuals of the same species, but always without success.—(p. 727.)

We shall not follow the Travellers in an expedition which they make to visit a huge mass of meteoric iron, at which they hammer for some days without being able to detach a piece of the metal; referring our readers, if they are curious on the subject, to a paper by Mr. Mornay, in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1816.

From Joazeiro, where our Travellers next arrived, they made an excursion to the Rio do Salitre, a small tributary of the river St. Francisco. They soon left the granite, and came upon a whitish yellow dolomite, resting on a micaceous slate, mixed with quartz pebbles. This is, we have no doubt, the new red sandstone formation, having its usual accompaniments of salt and gypsum. The salt is contained in a fine yellowish earth, mixed with pebbles and vegetable remains, which lie on the solid rock. When this loose part has been completely soaked with water in consequence of rains or floods, and the moisture been evaporated by the heat of the sun, the salt appears on and near the surface in small crusts. The earth is then scraped off with palm-leaves to the depth of about an inch and dissolved in water. This brine is either exposed to the sun in wooden troughs, or put into an ox-hide stretched out on four posts, with a hole in the middle, through which the brine escapes drop by drop into another hide similarly suspended or into a trough. The manufacture is chiefly carried on in the dry months, but in some places for the whole year round. A considerable concourse of people takes place at certain times, and an active trade exists, which is carried on by means of the salt, which passes current as money. The judges and priests, who seldom appear in these remote solitudes, also come to these markets, and receive their fees in salt. A plate of salt is worth from 20 to 30 rees, (about a penny); a sack from 300 to 400, (1s. 6d. to 2s.)—(p. 761.) We suppose that large payments are not very common in this district, as there would be considerable inconvenience in hiring a hundred porters to pay a few pounds.

Dr. Martius and his companion then took the road which leads from Joazeiro in a N.W. direction over the Serra dos dous Irmaos to Oeiras, the capital of Piahy. They passed through a pastoral country which reminded them of Switzerland, between the river St. Francisco and the above ridge which divides the valley of that

stream from that of the Parnahyba. Having crossed this barrier, which is of inconsiderable height, they bivouacked on the farther side, under a thick joa tree, there being no room in the neighbouring inn, and the evening being fine and clear.

"But we had just (says Dr. Martius) resigned ourselves to sleep when we were awoken by the roaring of distant thunder. With astonishment we found, instead of the splendour of the starry firmament which had lighted us to rest, the blackest darkness poured all around. The frequent lightnings illuminating, from time to time the edges of the flying clouds, enabled us to see a violent commotion in the sky, and at once a most violent hurricane fell upon the surrounding wood. It seemed, while the storm roared through the forest, as if the thick branches and canopy of the ancient trees would in a moment be torn to pieces. The earth seemed to shake beneath us. The trees rooted up, and split by the wind resounded on all sides, while the hollow roaring, of the tempest through the leaves, the groans and screams of the monkeys and birds, the rustling of the rain which fell on the ground in torrents, filled us all with amazement.

"A violent burst of wind tore off the roof of the neighbouring house and threw it on a low shed, which was used as a kitchen, and still contained fire. In a moment the flames burst out and lighted up the dreadful scene. We had not forgotten our baggage, but in the confusion of a sudden a disturbance of the elements nothing could be done. This time, however, chance protected us better than our own exertions; for the joa tree under which the packages were placed had been blown down, and had covered them so effectually with its thick leaves, that we were able to proceed in the morning almost uninjured."—p. 773.

No farther adventure befel the Travellers before their arrival at Oeiras, except the loss of one of the guides by a bite in the toe from a poisonous serpent. They found him in the morning lying half-senseless under a tree, the toe was not much swollen, but the pulse was full and quick, the voice weak and tremulous, and the man complained of pain in different parts of the body. Antidotes were administered internally, the wound was scarified and burnt with gunpowder, and seared with a hot wire, but all to no purpose, for the man, who was of enormous size and muscular strength, died the same day.—(p. 774.)

Oeiras, the capital of the province of Piahy, lying near the river Caninde, is a small town containing 14,074 inhabitants. Its distance from the coast prevents it from being the commercial mart of the province, and the place presents nothing worthy of attention.—(p. 782.)

The journey from Oeiras to Cachias (formerly *Aldeas altas*) was full of difficulties and fatigue. Two nights after they had crossed the Parnahyba, while the rain was pouring in streams through the leaf covering of a hut, Dr. Martius was roused at

midnight from his dripping bed by the French servant, with the alarm that Dr. Spix was dying. On examination he found that his brother traveller had been poisoned by the immoderate use of a bad ointment, applied for the relief of boils occasioned by the journey. By the immediate application of several remedies, they succeeded, however, in restoring him to life. The next morning Dr. Martius went on alone to Cachias, and having nearly lost his way in the woods, went for assistance to the house of the chief officer of the place. But in presenting him his letters of recommendation (so great had been his exertions on the last days) he fell before him senseless on the ground.

On recovering his consciousness he found himself in a well-furnished chamber, attended by a man who addressed him in English. This was a Portuguese physician, who had studied at Edinburgh, and had taken the virtuous resolution of settling at Cachias; which is (it should be said,) a flourishing town, containing about 30,000 inhabitants, and deriving great benefits from the active cultivation of cotton, (p. 811—813.)

The Travellers witnessed at this place some strange wild dances of native Indians, with whom the Brazilians keep up a sort of amity by making them presents of meal, brandy, tobacco, coloured cotton, &c. Some very detailed accounts and lists of uncooth names of Indian tribes, dwelling chiefly to the west in the interior of Para and Maranhao, are given by Dr. Martius. Though of different races, they are said to agree in their habits and mode of life. They are not cannibals,\* but live chiefly by hunting and fishing, and sometimes by agriculture. They collect wild honey and wax, which last article they offer for sale to their civilized neighbours. They wear no clothes, and are fond of war, often making attacks on the next mud villages, in which expedition the strongest and bravest man is general, and while the war lasts has power of life and death. They are acquainted with the use of poisoned arrows, but their usual weapon is a club. The prisoners are not killed and eaten, but made slaves. Theft and murder are forbidden, the thief being punished in proportion to the amount stolen, but the relations of the deceased are left to punish the murderer. The chastity of their daughters they watch with jealousy, but are indifferent about their wives. They reckon time from the change of the moon; and, accordingly, during the rainy season, when the moon is covered with clouds, their periods are often lengthened much beyond twenty-eight days, without their having any means of correction. The succession of wet and dry, of day

\* This, by the way, is not quite accurately stated by Dr. Martius. There is no reason why cannibals should not live by hunting and fishing. A cannibal is not a man who feeds exclusively on human flesh, but who now and then regales himself upon it.

and night, they consider as a mechanical necessity, and they have no notion of an Author of Nature. Their only idea of super-human agency is a belief in the magical powers of certain individuals.—(p. 825.) But a large nation dwelling more in the interior, between the rivers Araguaya and Tocantins, is described as consisting entirely of cannibals, and they are even reported to kill and eat their relations when they have become so old as to be a burden to their families. Another tribe in the same region is stated to have a notion of the immortality of the soul, but to be unacquainted with the worship of any superior being.—(p. 575.)

Cachias is connected with St. Luiz, the capital of the province, by the river Itapicuru, the road over-land being impassable to beasts of burden. Down this stream the Travellers sailed in canoes, and, notwithstanding the relief which this mode of conveyance afforded them, arrived in weak health at the capital of Maranhao, and much in need of a hospitable friend.

—“Some good genius” (says Dr. Martius) “caused us immediately to visit the British Consul, to whom we brought letters of introduction. What joy was it for us when in Robert Hesketh, Esq. we found a man who, in the purest love for science and with the noblest and most elevated motives, felt himself called upon to receive us sick travellers, and to tend us with the kindest hospitality. To his truly brotherly care we owed our return to health and life; and when I here express my feelings of gratitude, even at the risk of offending his modesty, to the reader at least I shall seem only to have done my duty.”—p. 834.

St. Luiz, the capital of Maranhao, is not more than a fourth-rate city in Brazil. The houses are built of stone, and are two or three stories high. Several churches have been erected lately at the expense of private individuals. The want of fortifications is, in some degree, supplied by the dangerous reefs and sand-banks which guard the entrance of the harbour. Most of the places of power and profit were, at the time when our Travellers visited Maranhao, filled by native Portuguese. These, having seen more of the world and received a better education in their country than falls to the lot of the native Brazilians, who are generally brought up among the domestic slaves, seemed to possess a natural as well as legal ground of preference. But the exclusion of the latter from offices of trust naturally produced a separation of feelings and interests between the two classes, and any slight accident was sufficient to stir into a flame the smouldering embers of discord.—(p. 843.)

The Travellers made several excursions in the neighbourhood of St. Luiz, but found nothing particularly worthy of remark, except some natural hanging meadows which occur in this wet district. At the borders of fresh-water pools, the grasses have

sufficient power of vegetation to cover the surface of the water with a green carpet, a sort of vegetable bridge, which the foreigner walks on, delighted with its freshness and verdure, and is surprised to feel the herbage tremble beneath his feet, and perhaps to see a cayman's jaws rise through the grass. This part of the coast of Brazil being little inhabited, and indeed scarcely rescued from its original state of wildness, the Travellers were glad to accept the offer of a birth in a Portuguese man-of-war, which was about to sail for Para. Accordingly, on the 20th of July they left St. Luiz, and arrived without accident at the mouth of the great river of the Amazons, the end of their long book and journey. The subsequent events and discoveries of their travels are reserved for another volume.

We have now, at the risk of fatiguing our readers with desultory and unconnected accounts, extracted from the work before us much interesting information on the natural productions as well as the recent political state of Brazil. We might, perhaps, say the actual state; for although that country has, since the visit of our Travellers, been erected into an independent monarchy, and as such been recognised by the most powerful nations of Europe, we suspect that this change (great as it is) has merely ruffled the surface of the water, without affecting the ground-stream and under-current of society, in whose unseen but irresistible workings the great revolutions of mankind are produced. The book before us, and even the extracts which we have made, furnish ample evidence of the unamalgamated state of the population, of the want of union between the different provinces, of the imperfect condition of the land and water communication, as well as of justice, education, and agriculture. Taking all these things into consideration, we cannot, with Dr. Martius,\* look forward to the rapid improvement of Brazil, or venture to predict, with a modern French historian,† that "the towns situated between the Orinoco and the Amazon River will one day be the most flourishing in the universe." We forget when we hear of fertile soil, of vast rivers, of inexhaustible reservoirs of metal, of rapid vegetation, of perfect climate, that these things alone do not constitute wealth. It is not enough that there should be forests and marble, that the interior should be intersected with streams, that the coast should be indented with bays. Other things are needed to make cities, harbours, and commerce. In our love of improvement and happi-

\* Preface to Vol. II. *Eine Aufgabe deren historische Bedeutung um so früher erscheint je rascher Brasilien in seiner Entwicklung voranschreitet. Also der statistische Zustand des aufblühenden Reiches, ibid.*

† Denis, *Resumé de l'Histoire du Brésil*, p. 5. *Les villes situées entre l'Orénoque et l'Amazone seront peut-être un jour les plus florissantes de l'univers.*

ness, we are apt to overlook the slow progress of the taming hand of man. Where nature, as under the tropics, luxuriates in her powers, she oppresses rather than assists the enterprising husbandman. The efforts of the last year are overwhelmed by the unsparing vegetation of the next, and while he is clearing a road through forests, and encroaching on the untouched domain of nature, it seems as if he were only taking water from a stream, and that the slight opening made will presently be filled up from all sides.\* These are some of the difficulties which prevent the rapid advance of improvement, and make the reality follow the imagination with very unequal steps. Before we amuse ourselves with visions of natural wealth and spontaneous civilization, let it be remembered that while the fertile, the powerful Egypt has for ages lost its splendour; while Asia Minor and its islands, once studded with cities, are now scarcely tilled by a few slaves and barbarians; while Sicily, the granary of Rome, is a waste; the bleak and barren regions of the North, with no great rivers or stores of precious metal, have become the home of every art and science, and very far exceed in power and wealth all the nations which enjoy the assistance of a tropical vegetation.

"Pater ipse colendi

Haud facilem esse viam voluit, primusque per artem:

Movit agros, curis acuens mortalia corda,

Nec torpere gravi passus sua regna veterno."

This is the secret of the superior civilization of the European nations and their colonies. In hot countries few clothes and very imperfect dwellings suffice, while the short duration of the winter and the productiveness of the soil enable man to subsist with little labour. This was not the case in Europe, and the first step of civilization being once made, the others were more easily gained.

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\* It is not uninteresting to read the following detailed account of the obstacles with which a new settler has to contend in the fertile wildernesses of Brazil.

"Great and manifold," says Dr. Martius, "are the grievances to which the bold planter in these deserts, cut off from the rest of mankind, is exposed. For (not to speak of the labour of clearing thickly grown forests, where many trees of ten or twelve feet in diameter, employ two axes for several days, if the burning only partially succeeds, while the plants substituted for them being foreign to the soil, are attacked by worms, slugs, ants, and birds,) the adventurer and his slaves are exposed to many complaints, especially to cold fevers and cutaneous diseases; he suffers from the mosquitoes, which flying for shade, oblige him to keep his hat carefully closed during the day; frequently he is in want of his accustomed wholesome food, as all his meat, butter, &c. must be fetched from a distance; and lastly, his slaves are a constant source of anxiety, since at the least dissatisfaction they find a ready opportunity of escaping into the boundless forests in the neighbourhood, or take refuge with some distant *Fazendeiro*. The laws, indeed, impose severe penalties on any Brazilian who harbours another man's slaves; it is however, frequently done, and the planter, part of whose capital then remains unemployed, feels the want of labourers at the very outset of his exertions."—p. 682.

On this principle we can account for the singular phenomenon, (for singular it certainly is,) that while one portion of mankind has explored every recess of nature, and made all her powers subservient to his wants, another is still in a state scarcely superior to that of the lower animals. As to the native tribes of Brazil, the accounts given in the present work certainly afford little hope that any amelioration of their lot is near at hand; either by their own efforts, or the assistance of their neighbours. The vast size of South America precludes the possibility of their being cooped up between peaceable nations and forced to abandon their wandering and unsettled habits. Enough perhaps has been already given in this volume to enable us to form an opinion with considerable certainty. We look forward, however, with much curiosity, for further accounts on this subject to the later part of our Travellers' discoveries along the course of the river of the Amazons.

ART. IV.—*Memorie di Bianca Cappello, Gran Duchessa di Toscana, raccolte da Ticozzi.* (Memoirs of Bianca Cappello, Grand Duchess of Tuscany, collected by Ticozzi.) Firenze. 1827. 8vo.

It is impossible, we think, to discover in the whole range of history, a family whose qualities and merits have been more overrated than that of the Medici, both in its first and second dynasties. The circumstance affords a melancholy example of the proneness of mankind to be dazzled by showy appearances, and to estimate the human character rather by the ornaments that grace the head, than by those qualities that adorn and humanize the heart. If we consider the Medici as citizens, we observe them assiduously employed in base and treacherous machinations against the liberties of their own country; if we examine them as princes, we do not discover a single individual, who, divested of the artificial splendour of a throne, and of the exaggerated and deceptive eulogies of servile writers, retains anything to command our admiration; and if we enter their palaces, our eyes are shocked by witnessing the perpetration of the most odious and detestable crimes. Yet they have been held up almost to public idolatry by men of letters and artists; and the mass of mankind, seduced by the charms of the pen and of the pencil, have suffered their taste to triumph over their judgment, and have elevated these Florentine princes to a rank, which the greatest patriots might have in vain aspired to. We are sensible that a reverence for the Medici is still very prevalent in this country, impressed no doubt by the labours of the talented and venerable biographer of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and Pope



Leo X., and are not unmindful of the reproach to which we expose ourselves by opposing an opinion sanctioned by such authority, but we think we are doing a public service by discouraging to the extent of our humble means, the sickly feeling of admiration for titled worthlessness, and stripping vice of the ermined robe that conceals its deformity.

The cause of truth and humanity would be essentially served by the labours of an historian, who would undertake the disgusting task of diving into the abyss of profligacy and atrocity which the annals of the house of Medici present, for the purpose of exhibiting to the world the true character of that race, and the policy of their court. It would be a work of deep and melancholy utility, to weigh in the balance of justice the claims of this much extolled family to the grateful recollections of Italy; to place in one scale the delights of the eye and ear, and imagination, and in the other the corruption, the servility, and the terror which dissolved or broke the public spirit of their unhappy country, and prepared her to fall a ready prey to foreign invaders. We are satisfied that the result would prove that the house of Medici had exerted a more fatal influence on the liberties and on the character of Italy, than the hostile incursions of France, or Spain, or Austria. Conquest by alien and open force always generates the seeds of hatred and vengeance, which spring up and bear fruit under the first gleam of favourable opportunity, or the first glow of popular excitement. Not so with domestic misgovernment: by artfully diverting the attention of the people from their permanent interests to their present pleasures; from objects of severe and patient thought to those of light and superficial attainment; from frugality and simplicity, constancy and bravery, to ease, magnificence and effeminate indulgence; it falls in with the natural bent of human infirmity, and by slow and gentle degrees bows down the high soul of man to irrevocable prostration and slavery.

The Italians have, however, at last found out, it seems, that they have been burning incense to idols whom they had more reason to abominate; and that princes should be judged by the real benefits they confer on their people at large, rather than by their literary accomplishments, or by the panegyrics of blind or interested flatterers. We are led to this conclusion by some recent Italian publications; and the present Memoirs, among others, go far to confirm it. We are aware that the adventures of the celebrated heroine of this narrative must be familiar to the student of Italian history, but for the sake of the general reader, to whom they may be new, we shall give a short sketch of her eventful life.

Bianca Cappello was the daughter of a patrician of Venice.

and born about 1544. Her mother died when she was only eight years old, leaving her, as a security against her father's extravagance, and his gross partiality for her brother Vittorio, a fortune of 6000 ducats, and jewels to the value of about 3000 more. This fortune was the first cause of her unhappiness. Her father, who knew that the payment of such a sum would disclose to the world his improvidence and his consequent poverty, began to look upon her as the cause of his troubles, and relieved himself of her presence by handing her over to the charge and absolute control of an old governante. The beautiful Bianca, thus deserted, soon attracted the attention of Pietro Bonaventuri, a handsome young Florentine, who was employed in the banking-house of Salviati, opposite the Palazzo Cappello. Bianca could not long withstand the solicitations of a graceful lover, enforced by the artful suggestions of her governante, whom Pietro had taken care to bribe. An interview took place, which naturally led to many more, till at last the two lovers made each other a solemn promise of marriage, and met regularly almost every night. In the meantime, the father of Bianca was occupied in a negotiation of the same kind for himself, which ended in his marriage with Elena Grimani, the sister of the Patriarch of Aquileia; a lady not in the first bloom of youth, and so proud of the greatness of her family as to look on that of Cappello with some contempt. The first use she made of her influence over her husband was to induce him to propose to Bianca to take the veil, or to marry an old man, who solicited her hand through the intervention of her relative the Patriarch; but Bianca, who was equally averse to both propositions, and who feared that her intercourse with Pietro could not much longer remain secret, resolved to escape with her lover, and soon carried her design into execution. Her relations showed the most violent indignation when they heard of her elopement; and pretending that the Florentine plebeian and his fair companion had thus insulted the whole body of the Venetian aristocracy, they prevailed upon the Council of Ten to employ the most vigorous measures against the fugitives. An active search was immediately commenced of such houses as were suspected of concealing Bianca and her lover, and even the sanctity of the cloister was invaded; but these measures failing of success, Bianca's governante, with some of the servants, and an uncle of Pietro, were plunged into a dungeon, where shortly afterwards the latter died, and a sentence of outlawry was besides pronounced on the seducer, with a reward of two thousand ducats for his apprehension. Amidst these transactions, the lovers escaped from the territory of the republic, stayed a few days at Ferrara to celebrate their marriage, and ar-

rived at Florence in safety, after a journey fraught with danger and intense interest. Here they soon learnt that a despatch had been just received from the Ducal agent at Venice, the contents of which were well calculated to renew their anxieties. The triumphant Council of Ten resolved that the insult offered to the Venetian nobility by the fugitives should be avenged at Florence, as the murder of Duke Alessandro by Lorenzo de Medici had been awfully avenged at Venice by the emissaries of Cosmo; despatched two assassins to Florence, with the promise of a great pecuniary reward, and of obtaining the liberation of a prisoner of their own choice. This dismal intelligence induced Pietro and his friends to pour with much solicitude the protection of Francesco de Medici, to whom the cares of government had been entrusted by his father Cosmo, then living in the country, entirely abandoned to his sensual gratifications. On this occasion the two eminent historians, Vasari and Adriani, together with Pichena and Serguidi, and other distinguished characters of the time, are ready to intercede for Pietro and Bianca. The prince promised to befriend the lovers, and in consequence directed all foreigners who arrived in the city to be scrupulously watched, while he provided for the private tranquillity of Florence by every possible precaution. Francesco was then only in his twenty-fifth year and unmarried; the fame of Bianca's beauty, and the political ferment that her elopement had occasioned, were well adapted to excite his curiosity. He accordingly longed to see the young Venetian lady; and pretending that it was impossible to reply to the Ducal agent, until the fugitives in person had detailed the particulars of their escape; he fixed the hour when they should be admitted to an audience. They obeyed the prince's command, and the interview more than realized the ideas he had formed of Bianca's attractions. Moved by her misfortunes, and fascinated by her beauty, Francesco felt all the symptoms of a nascent passion; and as far as his embarrassment allowed, he addressed both her and Pietro in language at once calculated to silence their alarm of Venetian revenge, and to awaken their hope of his own protection. The next morning, as if to prove to Bianca his watchfulness for her safety, he sent Pichena to inform her that two Venetians just arrived at Florence had been imprisoned, and would immediately undergo a most rigorous examination. By means of a Signora Mondragone, the wife of a Spaniard who was the prince's tutor, Bianca's acquaintance with the prince soon ripened into a guilty intimacy.

This intrigue was, however, kept for some time very secret, as the prince was about to marry Giovanna, Archduchess of Austria; but after that marriage was concluded, thinking it no longer ne-

cessary to conceal his inclinations, Francesco established Bianca in the house before mentioned, and gave Pietro a high office at court with a liberal income. This undeserved and unexpected good fortune produced a great change in Pietro's character and conduct; instead of the suppliant for protection, he became the haughty and overbearing favourite, and at length grew utterly insupportable to the court, to the prince, and even to Bianca herself. But Pietro was soon disposed of; for one night he was surrounded in the street by a dozen bravos, and instantly dispatched. The prince's visits to Bianca now became more frequent and more open; and she evidently exercised the greatest influence over him. Political favours were only obtained through her interposition; and those who were ambitious of court distinction neglected the archduchess to gain the goodwill of the prince's mistress. The spirit of the haughty Austrian princess could ill brook this marked neglect; she complained to her husband, to the emperor her father, to Cosmo, to every one. Cosmo recommended to his son more cautious conduct, and indeed urged it as much as his own habitual gallantries entitled him to do; the Cardinal Ferdinand interfered with more energy—he loaded his brother with reproaches, and even threatened him; and the people, oppressed with their own wrongs, and eagerly sympathising with the unfortunate Giovanni, rose in rebellion; but all was in vain. Francesco, whose character was even more gloomy and severe than that of his father, feeling no relief to his spirits in the cold and sullen demeanour of his imperial consort, fled for consolation to the society of Bianca, who charmed him with her beauty and her sprightly conversation. The rebellion was suppressed; the cardinal retired to Rome; Cosmo died; and the archduchess, after enduring the bitterest sorrows, died suddenly. This, for a time, seemed to arouse a feeling of remorse in the bosom of Francesco. As if to break with Bianca, he even quitted Florence; but the wary Venetian now resorted to all the artifices her ingenuity and ambition could devise, and even the prince's confessor was induced to second her efforts; so that at last she succeeded in raising herself to the grand-ducal throne, only a few months after the death of her ill-fated rival.

This union, however, was not immediately made public. Decency and policy required that the court should go into mourning for a stated time for the Archduchess, and the prince's hasty alliance with Bianca was not to be divulged until that time had expired. The marriage was then publicly solemnized with the greatest magnificence, and although Tuscany was at that period suffering from famine and an accumulation of calamities, no less

than three hundred thousand ducats were wantonly lavished on this disgraceful pageant.

Having succeeded in her designs, Bianca was now desirous of reconciling all who had before opposed her ambition. Among these Cardinal Ferdinand was conspicuous, and at her request Francesco invited his Eminence to pay a visit to himself and Bianca at Cajano, where they then resided. The Cardinal left Rome accordingly, and arrived at his brother's, who with Bianca, received him with great affection. He seemed sensible of their attentions, and affected a warm attachment to his new relative, when all of a sudden the Grand Duke and Bianca were together violently attacked by the same disease, and in a few hours expired, leaving the Cardinal, to whom their death is generally attributed, heir to the throne.

This story, as may easily be conceived, affords ample scope for the display of the talents of a book-maker, and accordingly the life of this celebrated lady is a subject which has employed the pens of writers in various languages; in the last century also, a German made her the subject of a romance, which was translated into French. But Signor Ticozzi now comes forward, pretending that Bianca Cappello had been her own biographer, and that the Memoirs before us were lately found, with other ancient writings, in repairing an inner wall of the house No. 192, Via Maggio, in Florence, once inhabited by Bianca, and now in the possession of the publisher, Vincenzo Batelli. The editor wishes it to be inferred that Bianca wrote this narrative at the request of Lucrezia d'Este, Duchess of Urbino, in the year 1580; and as she only died in 1587, he says, he has supplied the deficiency by adding an historical account of her latter years, which are, indeed, the most important part of her eventful life. Thus, a story which may be classed with the endless discoveries of manuscripts with which the world has of late been surprized and delighted, is ingeniously contrived to prove "the fidelity of the copy presented to the public." But we must confess we are rather sceptical on the subject. The grounds of our incredulity can perhaps be appreciated only by those who will take the trouble to read the whole volume; for the marks of spuriousness are chiefly to be detected in the arrangement of the matter, and in the style; a circumstance sufficiently suspicious is the industrious care with which every person of eminence, who could be introduced with any decent shadow of probability, is dragged on the stage,—often, indeed, only to cross it, and vanish. Notwithstanding this, the book is really full of interest: it is compiled with much historical accuracy, and gives us a considerable insight

into the public and private events by which the latter years of Cosmo I. and the whole reign of Francia I. were agitated. We shall make a few extracts, which may not prove unacceptable to the reader.

The description of the female companions, with whom the brutal Cosmo past the last years of his life is curious. At the opening of Bianca's Memoirs we find him absorbed in Eleonora Albizai, whom he suddenly quitted.

“ As a great deal has been said of this sudden resolution of the Duke, I will not omit mentioning the true causes of it. Eleonora Albizai was of a most lively disposition and merry humour, which very soon led her to abuse the familiarity she enjoyed with so great a Lord; she was constantly playing him one trick or another, till one day as Cosmo was going to sit down, she drew away the chair, and he fell backwards; not choosing to expose himself to a repetition of similar accidents, he thought it most advisable to dispose of her in a suitable manner. He therefore married her to his godson Panciatichi, heaping honours and favours upon both of them, and granting to his son Don Giovanni, (whom he had by Eleonora,) a patrimony of about 20,000 ducats annually. To Eleonora succeeded Camilla Martelli. Salvati, who was a witty and agreeable narrator, one evening told us by what extraordinary circumstances Cosmo had fallen in love with this lady in the year 1567, and why he had married her. At that time, as your excellency cannot be ignorant, a corridor was to be made from the Palazzo Pitti to the Palazzo di Piazza. It was necessary to pull down several houses, in order to clear a way, and particularly the one contiguous to the corridor and over the office of the proconsul. This belonged to Antonio Martelli, a poor gentleman who had two daughters, the one named Maria, who was married to one Ghinetti, a sailor, the other Camilla. His excellency having seen Camilla, who was then a girl of tall stature, fair and delicate, about twenty years of age, fell in love with her and took her to his countryhouse, with the consent of her father. In the month of February last Cosmo went to Rome, summoned thither by Pius V. to receive from his hands the grand-ducal crown, and on this occasion he confessed to the Pope himself, who exhorted him to marry Camilla, and gave him a dispensation for not making it public. In consequence, the very day of his return to Florence, in the presence of a parish priest, the girl's father, and two or three relations, he privately married her, without the thing being suspected by any of his court. The father, thanking His Most Serene Highness for the honour he had done his daughter, added, ‘ Does your Highness wish that it should be known?’ To which Cosmo replied, ‘ that he did, and that Martelli might tell it to whom he pleased.’ Antonio, who, as I have said, was a poor gentleman, having dressed himself very smartly and fancying himself as important a personage as in truth he was, walked about in the New Market slowly, and longer than he was accustomed to do. Wherefore Alessandro de' Pazzi, his brother-in-law, went up to him, saying, ‘ Balencio,’ (for that was his other name,) ‘ you are very fine to-day—what is there

new in the wind?' Balencio replied, 'Don't you know?' 'Not I, indeed,' said Alamanno. Then Balencio added, 'I have married my daughter Camilla.' 'To whom?' 'What! don't you know?' 'Not I.' 'To the Grand Duke Cosmo!' Then Pazzi said, 'Much good may it do you, Antonio, I am heartily glad of it.' And going to the Palace, he asked an audience, and was introduced to the Duke, whom he congratulated, rejoicing that His Highness had married his niece. 'Alamanno,' replied the Grand Duke, 'we have no other relations than emperors, kings, and dukes.'

"He afterwards made Martelli a Knight of San Stefano, with a pension of 600 scudi a year, and other appointments, more suitable to the grandeur of the donor than to the merits of Martelli.

"By this marriage Cosmo legitimated a daughter he had had by Camilla in the end of May, 1567. She was called Virginia, and is the same princess, whom, while I am writing these Memoirs, the Grand Duke my husband has just given in marriage to Don Cesare d' Este."

"Those who have read the *Monaca di Monza* cannot have forgotten the painful emotions excited in their minds by the melancholy tale of Eleonora di Toledo. In the present Memoirs (which appeared previously) we meet with another account of the tragical catastrophe of that unfortunate princess, which is very nearly the same. Her murder was closely followed by that of her sister-in-law Isabella de Medici, sister of Francesco, and wife of Paolo Orsino.

"Nearly about the same time, Troilo Orsino being in love with his sister-in-law Donna Isabella, and suspecting that Lelio di Torello da Fermo, the Duke's Moorish page, a youth of beautiful countenance, and of gentle manners, had gained Isabella's affections, caused him to be murdered. On the night of the 11th of July, Don Pietro, being then at Cafaggiolo, with his own hands put to death his wife Eleonora di Toledo; of which Signor Paolo, who was recently come from Rome to Florence, having had notice, and desiring equally to avenge his own injuries, invited Donna Isabella to Cerreto Guidi, who accordingly went thither, accompanied by Madonna Lucrezia Frescobaldi, her matron, and by two of her ladies. After they had supped, Signor Paolo withdrew into his apartment, and sent to ask whether she would come and pass the night with him; but she no sooner entered than he threw a noose round her neck, and strangled her. The bodies of these unhappy ladies were sent to Florence, where their funerals took place in a manner suitable to their rank; and it was given out that Eleonora had died of a sudden attack of palpitation of the heart, and that Isabella, while washing her head, had been seized by some illness, fallen into the lap of one of her ladies, and died before any succour could be obtained."

Besides these and other domestic tragedies, of which Cosmo was a spectator, there are also some, and not less appalling, in which he was himself an actor. That of his daughter Maria, whom he poisoned, only because at the early age of fourteen she

was surprised leaning her arm on the neck of one of his pages, is peculiarly affecting; but we will not torture the feelings of our readers by touching further on such atrocities. We leave the Court of Tuscany and its crimes, and proceed to consider the part which the noble countrymen of Bianca acted in her curious drama.

The cruelty and injustice of the vengeance of the Venetian nobles was equal to its meanness. Even after the attachment of Francesco for Bianca had induced them to desist from their attempts on her life and that of her husband, the sole criminals—if criminals they were—they did not relax from their inhuman treatment of Pietro's innocent relative.

"The prince told me," says she, "that the Ducal agent had indeed obtained a promise from the Inquisition of State that no further proceedings should be taken against me and my husband, but not the liberation of Pietro's uncle Giovan Batista, or of the other supposed accomplices of my flight; that the endeavours of the papal legate to appease the patriarch, my uncle, had been quite fruitless, and every attempt to find an advocate willing to plead my cause for the recovery of the portion I inherited from my mother totally vain."

The conduct of the reverend patriarch at a later period of her history affords an illustrative instance of priestly courtesy and pliancy,—inexorable to a venial frailty in the weak—cringing and obsequious to the most shameless profligacy in the powerful. As soon as Francesco's year of mourning for his unfortunate wife, Giovanna of Austria, was expired, he resolved to proclaim his marriage with Bianca. Having obtained the full consent and approbation of Philip of Spain, he sent a magnificent embassy to Venice to signify to the Serenissimo Doge, that being desirous of drawing still closer the bands of the ancient alliance between his family and the Most Serene Republic, he had come to a determination to marry Bianca Cappello, regarding that gentlewoman as a daughter of the republic, through whose means he might become its son. The republic, on this occasion, exceeded its usual magnificence, and breaking through its ancient usages, strove to give the Grand Duke the most convincing proofs of its satisfaction and friendly dispositions. After many obliging and courteous expressions from the Doge and the senators present, the ambassador was accompanied to the lodging provided for him in the Casa Cappello, where he was received at the door by the Patriarch of Aquilea (Bianca's uncle) in his patriarchal habit. All the members of the Cappello family flocked around him to do him honour, and he was conducted to a formal audience of the Doge and the Signory by forty senators, followed by Bianca's relations, and by all the Florentines then resident in Venice. The



Signory did not abate of its accustomed prudence on this occasion, and thought by a solemn act to cancel every remembrance of Bianca's past frailties, declaring her (on the 16th of June), "*the true and especial daughter of the republic, in consideration of those most excellent and rare qualities which render her most worthy of the highest fortune, and as a return for the esteem the Grand Duke has shown us in this his most prudent resolution.*" The senate appointed two ambassadors to the Grand Duke, who were to put Bianca in possession of all the prerogatives belonging to her as a daughter of St. Mark, and to be present at her nuptials. Tiepolo and Michaeli were chosen for this office, and their train was adorned by a suite of ninety noblemen. Bianca's father, the Patriarch of Aquileia, and almost all her relations, went to Florence, and it is a remarkable fact that this solemn embassy was received five miles from the city by Don Pietro and Don Giovanni de Medici, accompanied by the guards, and by the principal courtiers. The senators represented to the Grand Duke, that they were desirous that the ceremony of betrothing should be renewed in public, that they might place on the head of the Grand Duchess the royal crown; so that she might be in no degree inferior to the other daughters of St. Mark, married to the Kings of Hungary and of Cyprus; and this was done with extraordinary magnificence.

The name of Cappello was already favourably associated with Florentine history. Carlo Cappello, ambassador from the republic of Venice, in 1530, had gallantly assisted in the defence of Florence. A statue was erected to a horse which was killed under him during the siege, and the inscription still remains uninjured near the Piazza de' Castellani. It is engraved on a slab of statuary marble, about two yards long and one wide, inserted in the wall overlooking the Arno.

OSSA EQUI CAROLI CAPPELLI

LEGATI VENETI

NON IGNARUS HERUS SONIPES

MEMORANDE SEPULCRUM

HOC TIBI PRO MERITIS HÆC

MONUMENTA DEDIT

MD XXX. III ID. MART.

We regret that the materials contained in these Memoirs have not fallen into more powerful hands. The iron, relentless tyranny of the oligarchy of Venice, the escape of the young Bianca and her husband from its tremendous grasp; their perilous journey to Florence; the portraits of the many remarkable men then living, particularly the artful, dissolute, and cruel Cosmo, and his gloomy and feeble-minded son; the dark adventures and

tragic fate of the Princesses Isabella and Eleonora; the sudden elevation and as sudden fall of the low women by whom in turn Cosmo was subjugated; the servility of courtiers, the prostitute condescension of ecclesiastics, the pride and magnificence with which the Venetian nobility took pains to render more striking and more scandalous their recognition of the persecuted Bianca as a "daughter of St. Mark," when she had ascended through shame and dishonour to the grand-ducal throne;—finally, the close of her eventful life, the termination of all her glories in darkness and mystery, not without suspicion of poison;—these outlines of national and individual character, relieved with all the beauty of Italian scenery, the splendour of Italian decoration, the charm of Italian art, the mystery and the magic of Venetian life, and the literary character and polish of Florentine society; the fragments and glimpses of Spanish, French, and German manners and costume that flit across the stage;—all these elements, in the hands of Manzoni or of Scott, might have been worked up into a picture of immense power and brilliancy. In very inferior hands, in those of many of our second-rate novel writers, or French memoir manufacturers, they would at least have assumed animation and passion; in the hands of Signor Ticozzi (for we regard these *Memoirs* as his) they want life, vigour, and picturesqueness. Indeed this narrative appears to be little more than an abstract from chronicles and histories, put into the first person, and related chronologically and coherently. We see none of the workings of the heroine's heart, nor do any of the personages live and move and speak. The book, however, has the merit of being clear and simple, of avoiding all that can offend or revolt the reader, and of being drawn from the most authentic sources.

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ART. V.—*Nouvelles Lettres Edifiantes des Missions de la Chine et des Indes Orientales.* 8 vol. 12mo. Paris. 1818—1823.

THE history of the labours, the sufferings, and the self-devotion of the missionaries of Christianity, who have spent their lives in endeavouring to spread a knowledge of the Gospel among the heathen, exhibits a fine moral spectacle, which every friend of humanity must contemplate with satisfaction. It is no doubt greatly to be lamented, that the result of these exertions has not always been commensurate with the means employed; whether the comparative failure is to be attributed to some defect in the system of operations, or to the force of the resistance offered by the prejudices and obstinacy of the Pagans, it would be difficult to say. Among the missionaries who have distinguished themselves in this work of charity, the Jesuits, and the other Roman

Catholic priests who have attempted the conversion of the Chinese, should perhaps be regarded as the most meritorious, judicious, and successful. The courage and ability they have generally displayed, are beyond all praise; and though on some occasions they may have too highly estimated the effect of their labours, or appeared too solicitous to make known their sufferings, it must be acknowledged that they purchased the privilege of boasting at a price which few would be inclined to pay for it. Our Protestant missionaries, who have distinguished themselves in other parts of the world by their zealous and enterprising spirit, have hitherto effected but little in China, where their efforts have been almost entirely confined to the disseminating of copies of the Scripture, and other religious works, from the printing presses of Canton and Malacca. We trust, however, that they will soon be enabled to adopt a more energetic and effectual system of operations. The example of the Roman Catholics is before them, who, relying firmly upon Providence, and having a powerful faith in the efficacy of their own exertions, have set at defiance the most appalling difficulties and dangers, carried the Gospel into the heart of the country, and preached it in the very teeth of the idols. Perhaps, however, the Roman Catholic monk, cut off from the ordinary sympathies of mankind, and driven to take refuge in that more hidden and general sympathy which unites him with his species, may be better fitted than the Protestant preacher, accompanied by his wife and family, for carrying on the great work of conversion in a country like China, where the national superstition is protected by so tremendous an outwork of pains and penalties, as is there thrown around it by the laws. In countries like India, however, where he is protected by the government, it is scarcely to be doubted that the labours of the Protestant missionary are essentially aided by the co-operation of his helpmate, and the influence she is sure to acquire over the natives of her own sex.

It must be confessed, however, that the Jesuits have been suspected of greatly exaggerating the effects of their preaching, and the number of their converts, in order to enhance their own merit; and, although there be more worldly-mindedness than charity in it, the suspicion may not be altogether unfounded. But at all events it is an undoubted fact, that at the imminent peril of their lives they have entered the Chinese empire—that they have made some proselytes—and that many of them have suffered persecution, imprisonment, and martyrdom; and, until Protestant missionaries shall have examined into the real state of the case upon the spot, it will perhaps be the most charitable and Christian-like course to conclude, that they who have the courage to

risk their lives in the cause of what they believe to be the truth, are not the most likely persons in the world to propagate a lie. ...

II. Although a considerable portion of the volumes before us, as well as of the work of which they are a continuation, relates to other countries, we confine ourselves in the present article to the history of the introduction of Christianity into China, for two reasons;—first, because the events which have attended the preaching of the Gospel in that country are more extraordinary than any which have elsewhere occurred to the missionaries; and secondly, because we found that to extend our views farther, would be to transgress the limits which are necessarily prescribed to articles of this kind.

Before we proceed to the historical view of our subject, it may perhaps be proper to make one or more remarks upon the old collection of "*Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses*," the work to which Europeans are most indebted for the knowledge they possess of China, as well as of the labours of the missionaries in that country. The publication of these celebrated Letters was commenced at Paris in 1702, by Legobien, who edited the first eight volumes. After his death, the editorship devolved upon Duhalde, the well-known author of the popular History of China, who carried on and completed the collection, of which the last volume appeared a short time after his death. Though Duhalde, who was well fitted to be the editor of such a work, performed his task with great taste and skill, it was soon found that in a new edition a much better arrangement might be adopted; and accordingly when the whole series was reprinted in 1781, Querebau, the editor, greatly improved it, by throwing together all those letters which related to the same subject. Other improvements have been effected, and many additions made to the collection since that period, particularly in the octavo edition of 1810. In a work of so miscellaneous a description, it is not to be supposed that every part could be either valuable or interesting. Many of the letters contain, in reality, matter which is neither "curious" nor "edifying;" for example, long accounts of the spiritual experience, and fancied miracles of the missionaries: but the fatigue of wading through these minutiae is amply repaid by the profound researches of Bouchet on the Philosophy of the Hindoos; the curious details respecting the manufacture of porcelain given by d'Entrecastelles; the lively and picturesque narratives of Premare and Gaubil; and the valuable communications of Contancin and Parrenin.

To proceed, however, to the more immediate subject of our article:—to enable the reader to contrast the superstitions which now prevail in China with Christianity; and thus to compr-

head the whole extent of the benefits which the missionaries have laboured to confer upon that country, we shall briefly describe the three religious sects into which the vast population of this empire is divided. These are the sect of Confucius, the sect of Lao-tseu, and the sect of Buddhas; the last of which, extending its empire over the innumerable islands of the Indian Archipelago, Siam, Tonquin, Tibet, Tartary, China, and Japan, is the prevailing faith of nearly one-third of the whole human race.

We begin with the sect of Confucius. The opinions of this sect respecting the existence and nature of the Deity are involved in great obscurity.\* Sometimes they appear to recognise distinctly the being and attributes of that God, whom, under different names, the wise and good of all nations adore. Dubalde, a great authority on this subject, observes, that in one of their canonical books, the *Tien*,† or First Being, the object of public worship, is described as the principle of all things, the father of the people, absolutely independent, omniscient, and almighty; in short, just as the Deity is described in the theological works of all nations. The belief in a ruling Providence, likewise, which is propitiated by prayer and submission, and offended by guilt, is inculcated; and instances are related of princes, who, by their impiety, brought woeful calamities, not upon themselves, but upon the people. We also discover evident traces of the belief, that gloom and mortification are more acceptable to the Divinity than cheerfulness and enjoyment.

Dubalde was not able to discover whether the Confucians were or were not believers in the doctrine of future punishment, although he supposed them to teach that the souls of virtuous men remove after death to the dwelling of *Chang-ti*, ("the Supreme Emperor,") sometimes returning to the earth, and appearing in visions to the living. With respect to the creation of the world, the opinions of the Confucians are not known; but whether they believe in absolute creation or not, they assert nothing to the con-

\* M. Grosier, author of the article "Confucius" in the *Biographie Universelle*, t. ix. p. 410—418, says, "jamais il n'a eu la pensée de rien innover dans la religion de son pays." And again—"Jamais la raison humaine, privée des lumières de la révélation, ne s'est montrée avec autant de force et d'éclat." Yet human reason discovered in the West the existence of God and the immortality of the soul; and introduced these two dogmas, as far as possible, to the knowledge of the people. The remark of this writer, that the morality of Socrates did not alter the manners of a single village of Attica, is absurd; it had an influence upon the whole civilized world, and it has still.

† "The word *Tien*," says Milne, "might be rendered 'Superior Powers,' 'the Gods,' &c. Indeed this rendering would agree perfectly well with the creed of the Chinese. They more generally join heaven, earth, and man together, and consider these three as sharing the supreme power among them. And though they very often use the word *Tien*, yet they either refer to the visible heavens, or to the *teen-ling*, i.e. *anima celi*, or soul of the visible heavens, which, they suppose, animates the superior parts of nature, as the human soul does the body."—*Sacred Edict*, p. 23, note.

trary, which M. Duhalde considers to be an important fact. Such is the picture of this sect drawn by the Jesuits, whose testimony on this particular subject should be allowed to have great weight. Subsequent inquiries, however, appear to prove that the doctrine of Confucius, like that of Spinoza, is a kind of philosophical pantheism,\* from which all religion, properly speaking, is necessarily excluded.

The second religious sect among the Chinese is that of *Tao-Szee*, the founder of which—whose works still remain, though greatly altered—is supposed, by his followers, to have been contemporary with Confucius. The real name of this philosopher, whose doctrines Duhalde appears to have misunderstood, was *Lao-Tseu*, or “the old child,” an appellation bestowed upon him because he was born grey-headed. He was, according to a very judicious writer, a man of profound original genius, who invented or revived a system of philosophy which greatly resembles that of Pythagoras, and in some respects that of Plato. He is said, indeed, to have travelled into the west, where he is supposed by M. Abel-Rémusat to have learned many parts of his philosophy either from the Phœnicians or from the Greeks themselves. His disciples, departing altogether from the purity of his doctrines, have degenerated into a sect of jugglers, magicians, and astrologers, who spend their whole lives in searching for the philosopher’s stone, the elixir of life, and the means of scaling the heavens; while the system contained in his works is that of a genuine philosopher, a judicious moralist, a learned theologian, and a subtle metaphysician. The morality of *Lao-Tseu* was of the ascetic kind, dignified but unnatural; and therefore, though congruous enough with the calm pursuits and abstract meditations of a philosopher, altogether repugnant to the taste of the vulgar.

The morality of this sect, which has long lost all similitude to that of its founder, is now a kind of epicureanism, which inculcates the avoiding of all vehement passions and desires; happiness, according to them, consisting in perfect exemption from that solicitude and uneasiness which invariably attend upon the business of this life. They act upon the shrewd maxim, that it is foolish to do anything for posterity, because posterity has done nothing for us; and observing that Death is the principal disturber of their felicity, employ their philosophical leisure in the invention of various means to escape from his power. To effect so desirable an object, they addict themselves to the study of magic and chemistry, and by the aid of certain demons, whose names the care-

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\* Abel-Rémusat, *Coup d’Œil sur la Chine*, &c. p. 36.

fully kept concealed, they concoct an elixir capable of conferring immortality upon those who drink it; and it is said that several emperors, conscious of being ill prepared for another life, and relying implicitly upon the assurances of these sages, have swallowed this inestimable beverage, and thus probably hastened an event by no means disagreeable to their heirs.

But even jugglers and magicians, yielding to that irresistible impulse which forces all men to adopt a creed of some kind or other, must also have a religion. The sorcerers of China, in spite of their faith in the elixir of immortality, are led, by apprehensions of the future, to pay a species of worship to invisible powers, and in order at the same time to derive some earthly advantage from their faith, they manufacture little earthly representations of their gods, which they sell at a high price to the pious possessors of superfluous money. The teachers of this sect are honoured with the name of *Tien-Sze*, or the "heavenly doctors," and their chiefs, who reside in a town in the province of *Kiang-si*, where they have a magnificent palace, are always complimented with the dignity of principal mandarin, and visited by vast numbers of people, some of whom consult them as physicians, and others as fortune-tellers or conjurors.

It must be from this sect that the Jesuit missionaries have experienced most opposition, for they denominate them an "abominable sect," who, by flattering the passions of the princes and grandees of the country, and by impressing the minds of the people with wonder and terror, have acquired the most formidable power. They, moreover, accuse them of forming compacts with demons; of deluding the multitude by the astonishing effects of their magical arts; of healing the sick; and of scaring away the devils from persons possessed. The rites by which these "heavenly doctors" gratify their own superstitious propensities, or impose upon the credulity of the vulgar, resemble some of the practices of the ancient pagans of the west. They sacrifice to the spirit of darkness three kinds of victims, a hog, a fish, and a bird; and for the completion of some species of charm, the purpose of which is not described or conjectured by the missionaries, drive a stake into the earth, while they trace upon paper a singular sort of figure, accompanying every stroke of the pencil with frightful grimaces and horrible cries.

The above two sects bear evident marks of their Chinese origin, in the quaint pedantry of their dogmas, the barrenness of the mymological and cosmogonical accompaniments, and the base and unspiritual nature of their hopes and fears.

The third system, that of Buddha, though no less absurd,

perhaps, than the former, two, is persuaded by a more vivifying imagination, and, in spite of the pretended materialism or positivism of its dogmas, fills the mind with more ennobling images and higher anticipations. According to M. Abel-Rémusat, upon whose authority in a matter of this kind we should place great reliance, Buddhism was introduced into China about two hundred years before Christ. Duhalde, however, places this event sixty-five years, and Dr. Milne eighty-one years, *after* the Christian era. This question we shall not now pause to discuss. At whatever period this singular system was made known to the Chinese, it must unquestionably have infused a considerable portion of poetical and moral energy into their character, with its sacred language, startling symbols, and profound metaphysical doctrines. The history of its introduction is given, as might be expected, in a legendary form. An emperor, whose name according to the Jesuits was *Ming-ti*, had a dream or vision, the exact nature of which is not known; but, among other things, the following sentence frequently repeated by Confucius was strongly impressed upon his mind: "The Most Holy One is to be found in the West." This legend will no doubt recall to the mind of the reader the dream of King Ptolemy, and the consequent expedition to Sinope in search of the god Serapis. Confucius, whom the splendid mythology and subtle doctrine of the Brahmans had stricken with admiration, probably alluded to some deity of Hindostan, if not to Buddha himself; at all events the emperor thus interpreted his meaning, for immediately after the dream ambassadors were despatched beyond the Ganges in search of the Most Holy One. Arriving in India, and making inquiry into the character of the gods of that country, as people inquire into that of a domestic, they at length supposed they had discovered the object of their mission in Buddha, and returning to their own country, transported the god of the cerulean locks and heavenly-beaming countenance to a new field of triumph.

The legends which Duhalde, M. Guigniaut, M. Klaproth, and others relate of Buddha, we shall entirely pass over, persuaded that if there be any meaning in them it has not yet been discovered. It is said, however, by the Jesuits, that when this mortal god felt the approach of death, he called together his principal disciples, and, contrary to the practices of other impious personages, who, whatever blasphemies they may have uttered during their lives, usually betray some sense of religion at that moment, revealed to them his real opinions, which were, that all things had proceeded from nothing, and would return to nothing, and that that was the end of all their hopes. This doctrine, however, was not divulged to the world, or generally



received even by the Buddhists themselves; but it thenceforth became the secret or esoteric doctrine of the principal personages of the sect; who had therefore two systems of faith, one for show and the other for use. Whence the Jesuits derived this story, which bears all the marks of a modern fabrication, we have not been able to discover. If it be of Asiatic origin; it must be traced to the malignity of the Brahmins, who delight to brand the Buddhists with the name of Atheists; but we are inclined to attribute to the reverend fathers themselves the honour of the invention.

The doctrines of Buddhism are scarcely better known than its history. It appears to recognise the existence of One Supreme God, but surrounds this fundamental dogma with an obscurity so dense, that though we appear to discover this truth in the midst of a thousand unsteady forms of error, our conviction is by no means firm and unmitigated. This Supreme Being, operating in an incomprehensible way, has from all eternity produced a material universe, which is in a perpetual state of destruction and renovation—now perishing by the agency of one element, and now by another. At each regeneration of the world, the earth and its inhabitants issue forth perfect from the womb of Chaos, and a golden age, traces of which remain upon the imagination of inspired poets, prevails. The fields are covered spontaneously by rich harvests and delicious fruits; undying spring sheds its perfume and its tranquillity around; no storms agitate the air, no passions disturb the breast; in short, earth is perfectly beautiful, and man calm and happy. As time, however, proceeds, it produces changes. Everything deteriorates by degrees. The earth becomes subject to convulsions, man to vice; and when the universe touches upon a certain point in the great circle of eternity, the springs of destruction are put in motion, and the whole material system is hurled back into its primitive confusion. The Buddhists, however, believe with Pythagoras, that

“ All things are but altered, nothing dies,  
But here and there th’ unbodied spirit flies,  
And lodges where it lights in man or beast.”

Even the Godhead they imagine to be under the necessity of clothing itself periodically in material forms, and of passing eternally through new modes of existence. The souls of men they suppose to be divine particles, separated forcibly from the great fountain of intelligence, and soiled by their passage through life. Hence the necessity of transmigration and purgatory, for the purifying of the soul, which, notwithstanding its connection with matter, gravitates, if we may so speak, continually toward the

great centre of being, where it is to be finally absorbed in ineffable beatitude.\*

This, so far as we can discover it, is the philosophical system of the Buddhists: the religion propagated among the people, by the ignorant bonzes, is a mass of mere fables and absurdities, unworthy of attention. Even in the midst of these extravagances, however, there are discoverable traces of a more warm and imaginative creed, than could have been created by the cold fancy of a Chinese. Their elysium, according to an ingenious but prejudiced writer, consists of fortified palaces, groves of trees producing gems instead of fruit, lakes of pure and fragrant water with immense lotus-flowers floating upon their bosom, showers of sweet odours falling upon a land of which the very dust is shining gold, myriads of birds of the most exquisite plumage, singing on trees of gold, with the most harmonious and ravishing notes, of a hundred thousand kinds. The same author discovers the oriental contempt for women, in the circumstance that female souls, deserving of heaven are transformed into males before admission. But the Buddhists might by this mean merely to signify that beatified spirits have no sex—a doctrine, the germ of which is discoverable in the Holy Scriptures.

Such are the religious systems which diffuse their influence over this vast empire, and which, with truly apostolical zeal, the missionaries of Christianity have endeavoured to subvert, to make room for the Gospel. The history of these pious attempts, which upon the whole may be said to have been crowned with very eminent success, and to have laid the foundation of incalculable advantages to the Chinese, we shall now enter into at some length.

It has been supposed by many writers, but without sufficient authority, that Christianity was first introduced into China by St. Thomas. The canon of the patriarch Theodosius speaks of the metropolitan of China, a title which, when the Portuguese first landed on the coast of Malabar, was assumed by the Christian patriarch of Cochin. Arnobius reckons the Seres or Chinese among the nations that had embraced Christianity in his time; and could we believe, with Deguignes, that the Chinese confound Christ with Fo, and the Indian ascetics with the priests of Syria, we might trace the history of Christianity in China as far back as

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\* For a more complete account of the Buddhist system, see Colebrooke "On the Philosophy of the Hindoos," Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society, vol. I. p. 558:—379. Guignaut, Religions de l'Antiquité, t. i. p. 285—308; and p. 653—661. P. A. Buhlen, De Buddhismi Origine et Etate, &c. p. 40. And the History of Buddhism, by Mr. Upham, recently published.

the middle of the first century of our era.\* But the earliest event connected with the history of the Gospel in this country upon which the slightest degree of reliance can be placed, is the arrival of the Nestorian Olopen at Si-an-fou, in the year 635, during the reign of Thai-tsoung, the founder of the Thang dynasty. Olopen, who appears to have been a man of eminent virtue and abilities, was hospitably received and entertained by the Emperor himself, who granted him permission to erect a church, and publish his opinions. Some writers imagine that Thai-tsoung became a convert to Christianity; but, as M. Rémusat observes, the language of the decree which he issued on the occasion is rather that of a Chinese philosopher than of a Christian. The inscription of Si-an-fou, which purports to have been engraven in the year 781, contains a history of the church founded by Olopen up to the date of the inscription itself.

From the date of this inscription, the authenticity of which has been a subject of great discussion,† no event connected with the history of Christianity in China occurred, until the year 877, when, according to Abou-Seid-el-Hassan, one of the Mohammedan travellers, whose relations have been translated by Retzsch,‡ several Christians were killed at the taking of the city of Candahar in that country. This circumstance, however, which certainly proves that our religion has been preached with some success in China previously to that period, is only a solitary ray flashing across the darkness which wraps round the feeble beginnings of Christianity in the "farther East." Rubrquis, who, in 1253, was sent by St. Louis on a kind of embassy to Mangou, Great Khan of Tartary and Northern China, found several Nestorian Christians at the court of this prince, at Karakorom. The Khan entertained the western missionaries during two months with princely hospitality, and by the aid of an interpreter conversed with them familiarly upon the manners, riches, and religion of the Franks; but when he proceeded to require that they should dispute in his presence with the Nestorians, the want of a competent interpreter nearly frustrated his designs.

The next missionary who penetrated into China was Johannes a Montecorvino. Dr. Milne, misled by Moench and his authorities, describes the mission of this friar as an Embassy of

\* Nouv. Mel. Asiat. t. ii. p. 189.

† Voltaire pronounced it to be a pious fraud, and Lacroze and Dr. Milne seem to have viewed it in the same light; M. Abel Rémusat, on the contrary, has vindicated its genuineness with much ingenuity and some bitterness. His arguments have failed to convince us, and we should doubt much that they had convinced himself.

‡ *Anciennes Relations des Indes et de la Chine*, p. 51.

§ M. Weiss, in *Biograph. Universelle*, t. xxix. p. 297.

**Ecclesiastics from Pope Nicolas IV. to Kublai Khan.\*** Montecorvine appears to have left Europe alone, with apostolical simplicity, bearing letters from the Pope to several Eastern potentates, intended to convert them to Christianity. He travelled through Persia and India, and after sojourning long, and baptizing many converts in the latter country, advanced eastward, as far as Cathay, or Northern China, and took up his residence at Cambalu, or Peking. He also found Nestorians both in China and Tartary. After remaining in the country for eleven years, deprived of all communication with Europe, he wrote an account of his labours to the Pope, informing him that he had erected several churches, and converted upwards of six thousand persons to Christianity. Clement V. who had now succeeded Nicolas in the papal chair, was so well satisfied with the conduct of the missionary that he created him archbishop of Cambalu, where he died about the year 1350.†

The labours of these early missionaries produced little or no result. The churches they erected fell to decay; their converts died, leaving no successors. An apostle was wanted, who, to the fervour of religious zeal, should unite knowledge and captivity; and such an apostle did the Church find in the Jesuit Matthew Ricci. This able and zealous missionary was born at Macerata, in 1552. He was educated, and inspired with the desire of converting the heathen, by that distinguished preacher of the Gospel, Father Valignan, whom a king of Portugal denominated "the Apostle of the East." Disdaining to rely upon an interpreter, or to be repelled by difficulties, however great, Father Ricci, and his companions, Fathers Roger and Pasio, undertook to penetrate the clumsy mysteries of the Chinese language; and the success, of Ricci, at least, was so complete, that it is probable no Mandarin in the empire understood his mother-tongue half so critically. Up to this period the missionaries had been accustomed to wear the dress of the bonzes, with whom they were generally confounded; but Father Ricci, on obtaining permission to visit the capital, threw off the habit altogether, and appeared in the character of a learned man of the country, and thus greatly recommended himself to a people who pique themselves upon their respect for the sciences. Still farther to flatter the vanity of the Chinese, the learned missionary constructed a map of the world, as we construct a toy for children, in which he placed their country, where they themselves suppose it to be, in the centre, with all the other regions of the earth surrounding it;

\* *Retrospect*, &c. p. 9. Mosheim, *Ecclesiast. Hist.* vol. iii. p. 132.

† *Nouv. Mel. Asiat.* t. ii. p. 193—198.

like satellites round a planet. This able and virtuous man died, at the age of fifty-eight, in the year 1610; and so great was the respect in which he was held by the learned and scientific men of the capital, that the principal persons among them attended his funeral procession, in which the crucifix was borne aloft in sight of the Pagan multitude.

Father Ricci was succeeded by Father Adam Schall, a German Jesuit, who arrived in China in 1622. This missionary, equally indefatigable in the study of the severer sciences, and in the discharge of his apostolical duties, inspired the Chinese with so profound a veneration for his character that, when he undertook the erection of a church at Si'an-fou, where he usually resided, even the Heathen themselves contributed to defray the expense. Schall's reputation quickly diffusing itself over the whole empire, he was at length invited to court, where he was employed, at first in conjunction with Father Rho, and afterwards alone, in the compilation of the Imperial Calendar. During the reigns of three emperors, the first of the Ming dynasty, and the second and third of the Manchou, he filled this office with distinction; and by degrees rose to the rank of President of the Mathematical Tribunal, or, as the Chinese term it, "Master of Abstruse Learning." It is, moreover, related, that the first emperor of the reigning dynasty entertained so strong an affection for Father Schall, that he made it a rule to visit him at least four times in the year, on which occasions he would sit down familiarly on the missionary's bed, and chat with him, or walk about admiring the church, or eating the fruit of the garden of the monastery. The Jesuit, meanwhile, was not forgetful of the interests of religion. He obtained an imperial decree authorizing the preaching of the Gospel; and the Chinese, who think and believe, as well as act, by authority, now began to make it a point of honour to be converted, and flocked so rapidly within the pale of the Church, that in fourteen years, viz. from 1650 to 1664, upwards of one hundred thousand persons were baptized. In the midst, however, of this glorious train of success, the Emperor Chun-chi, the patron of Father Schall, died, and with him the hopes of the Christians. Khang-hi, Chun-chi's successor, was an infant, and the Mandarins who governed the empire during his minority, being inimical to Christianity, commenced a violent persecution against its professors. Of this persecution Father Schall was among the first victims. He was accused, and probably was guilty, of having attempted the conversion of the late emperor; and for this heinous offence, was condemned, after having been for some time in irons, to be strangled, and cut into *ten thousand pieces*, neither more nor less. From putting this sentence, no less absurd than

unjust, into execution, the rulers of China were prevented by a concurrence of extraordinary events—the appearance of a comet, an earthquake, and a conflagration by which four hundred apartments of the palace were consumed. These occurrences being regarded as the testimony of Heaven in favour of the prisoners, they were set at liberty; but as the comet disappeared from the sky, and no new earthquake or conflagration occurred, the Mandarins again took courage, re-captured their victim, and by various ingenious contrivances put an end to his existence in 1669.

The characters who have hitherto figured on the scene have been Italians or Germans. But from this date forward French missionaries take the lead in the affairs of Christianity in China. M. de Rhodes, returning from the East in 1650, suggested to the court of Rome the importance of creating a native clergy, under the direction of Europeans, in all those countries where missions were established. The idea, it seems, had already occurred to the Pope, (Innocent X.) who consequently approved of the suggestion of Rhodes, and intimated a disposition to create him Bishop of Tonquin. The pious missionary, little ambitious of worldly honour, firmly rejected the proffered dignity, but zealously undertook to forward by the most strenuous exertions the religious designs of his Holiness. To accomplish his beneficent intentions, the co-operation of numerous individuals was necessary, and therefore the first step was to procure associates. Arriving in search of these at Paris, he there discovered twelve young men, some of whom were ecclesiastics, others secular students, who, under the direction of Father Bagot, a Jesuit, were training themselves up in the practice of the most rigid virtues, with the view of fitting themselves for undertaking the conversion of the Heathen. When these enthusiastic youths learned the nature of the enterprise in which Father Rhodes was engaged, and understood that it was sanctioned by the Pope, they ardently offered themselves as instruments for effecting the good work, to be employed how and where his Holiness might think proper. Notwithstanding this, the crusade, as it may very properly be termed, against the idols of Paganism was not commenced until 1658. The see of St. Peter was at that time under the government of Alexander VII., who, learning the eminent merit of M. Lamotte-Lambert, councillor of the Parliament of Rouen, and of M. Pallu, canon of Tours, created the former Bishop *in partibus* of Berytus, and Apostolical Vicar of Cochin China; and the latter, Bishop *in partibus* of Heliopolis, and Apostolical Vicar of Tonquin. The Bishop of Berytus departed from Europe, accompanied by several missionaries, in 1660; and, in 1662, was followed by the Bishop of Heliopolis, who in like manner had several in-

ferior missionaries in his train. Before these adventurous and pious men left Paris for the distant and dangerous field of their labours, a number of their brethren, anxious to promote their designs, and to create them able and worthy successors and coadjutors, united together, and formed themselves into an association denominated the Seminary of Foreign Missions, which was entrusted with the management of the business of the Society for converting the Heathen.

This seminary, however, was not completely organized before the year 1663; at which period M. de Ste. Therese, titular Bishop of Babylon, happening to be at Paris, where he possessed several houses, bestowed them upon the seminary. Louis XIV. now formally authorized the formation of the society, and the acquisition of houses; and to the funds left by the Bishops of Berytus and Heliopolis, added the sum of fifteen thousand livres per annum. The seminary obtained at the same time the approbation of Cardinal Chigi, the Pope's legate in France, and of the Archbishop of Paris; but these great dignitaries of the church do not appear to have contributed any thing to its funds.

This pious association, which is still in being, consists of a superior and several directors, who are charged with the instruction and maintenance of such ecclesiastics as are intended to preach the gospel in the East. Its revenues are derived from the royal bounty and the extensive charity of private individuals; and in general suffice for the maintenance of the pupils; the ordinary expenses of the establishment, and the outfit of the missionaries. The society likewise supplies its agents with such things as are necessary for the proper celebration of the Catholic worship; as vases, linen for the altars, ornaments, objects and works of piety, liturgical, theological and classical books; and in addition to all these, bestows upon every newly-elected bishop about one thousand francs, for the purchase of church plate. It, moreover, sends annually to each bishop, about one thousand francs, and about five hundred to every missionary. One thousand francs are also forwarded, annually, to every separate missionary establishment, to provide against unforeseen expenses.

Each mission possesses a bishop *in partibus*, an apostolical vicar, and in most instances an assistant bishop. To these are generally added several European and native priests, catechists, and students; of whom some study in the schools and colleges, while others, personally attached to the missionaries or the native priests, accompany them in their journeyings, assist them in their duties, and receive from them, or from some catechist, such instruction as may fit them in the course of time to become catechists or priests themselves.

There are two species of catechists in these missions: one fixed, the other ambulatory. Of these, the former consists for the most part of married men or widowers, selected for their virtues and their knowledge of Christianity. The principal duties of these men are, to preside on Sundays and other occasions in the assemblies of their brethren; to read, to exhort, to explain to their congregations the festivals, fasts, and other observances prescribed by the Church. They are also entrusted with the power of baptizing new-born children, whether of Christian or Pagan parents, and adults in peril of death. These catechists also visit the sick; and it is their duty to see that, at Christian funerals, nothing is permitted contrary to the laws and ceremonies of the Catholic Church. The travelling catechists live in celibacy as long as they perform this duty, which consists in aiding the missionaries in the instruction of neophytes, catechumens and infidels. Sometimes they accompany the missionaries in their journeys, and at others visit in their stead distant missions, catechising, instructing, exhorting and consoling the afflicted. In several eastern missions there are convents of nuns, who, without being cloistered, live the usual life of their order, and practise the greatest austerity. Many of them, indeed, are thought in this respect to equal their European sisters. There are thirty of these convents in Tonquin, each containing from twelve to forty nuns; but the rigour of the laws of China has hitherto prevented the missionaries from erecting convents in that country. Still there is a considerable number of nuns, who, like the holy women of the first ages of the church, live in a state of virginity in the midst of their families, exercising such duties of piety and benevolence as become their sex. Some of these ladies have instituted schools for the instruction of girls in their religious duties.

Notwithstanding the labours and resources of the seminary, the French missionaries did not immediately obtain the ascendancy in China. The person who succeeded Father Schall in his astronomical and religious duties, was Ferdinand Verbiest, a native of Bruges, who arrived in the empire in 1659. He was entrusted, like his predecessors, with the compilation of the Imperial Calendar; and, in addition to this, had the honour of initiating the emperor Kang-hi in the mysteries of the mathematics. This prince, who did not disdain to acquire knowledge from an European foreigner, was so highly pleased with Verbiest's method of teaching, that, to render unnecessary the intervention of an interpreter, he caused the missionary to study the Tartar language, the only one apparently in which the imperial pupil had made any proficiency. From day to day the duties of the missionary diverged more widely from their religious character,



until, in 1681, they included the superintendence of a cannon-foundry. Notwithstanding the little congruity of such an occupation with his sacred calling, and the ignorance and malice of the workmen, who were desirous of defeating all his views, Verbiest succeeded in his extraordinary task, and had at length the satisfaction of presenting to the emperor a park of artillery, consisting of three hundred pieces. At this new proof of ingenuity, Kang-hi could not repress his delight. He took off a robe of costly furs from his shoulders, and presented it, together with his under-robe, to the missionary, as a mark of his imperial favour, and shortly after conferred upon him a title of honour. The last advantage which Father Verbiest procured for the cause of Christianity, was obtaining from Kang-hi an order for the admission of Lecomte and his companions into China. Shortly after this, and before his brethren arrived in the capital, he died, deeply regretted by the emperor, who caused him to be interred with extraordinary pomp and magnificence.

In the year 1685, Lecomte, Visdelou, Gerbillon, Tachard, Fonteney, and Bouvet, left France for the east. After remaining for some time at Siam, where Tachard took up his permanent residence, and laid the foundation of his fame, they proceeded to China, where they arrived in two years and a half from the time of their quitting France. Being now favoured by the emperor, and consequently respected by the people, the missionaries dispersed themselves over the empire, and vigorously prosecuted the work of conversion. Gerbillon and Bouvet remained at Peking; Lecomte resided at Chen-si; Fonteney at Nanking. Each of these men became celebrated for his literary productions, and has left a reputation behind him which time will not speedily obliterate. To give, however, any account of their works, though the task might be agreeable and not altogether unprofitable, would require more space than could at present be spared; they were moreover succeeded by many other missionaries,—Couplet, Parenniu, Premare, Gaubil, Amiot, Cibot,—possessing equal, and in some instances, superior claims to consideration; and their number, and the very extent and importance of their labours, must be our apology for appearing to pass them over with neglect.

The labours of these illustrious preachers, many of them distinguished, according to a testimony above all suspicion,\* for their personal virtues, ardent zeal, steadfastness, and fortitude, greatly advanced the cause of Christianity, which, from being professed, as it was at first, by a few uneducated peasants, gra-

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\* Dr. Milne,—"Retrospect, &c." p. 12, 13.

dually found its way among the Mandarins, and began at length to shed its benignant influence even in the palaces of royalty itself. When, however, the Jesuits, by judiciously yielding to circumstances, and accommodating themselves to the character of the people, were proceeding rapidly and surely to lay the foundations of a Christian church in China, other religious orders, and particularly the Dominicans, envying their success, and the glory they had acquired, hastened to the scene of action, and by the intrigues, bickerings, and divisions which they created, did more to prejudice the cause of religion than all the opposition and persecutions of the heathen. Instead of uniting together to diffuse around them the blessings of divine truth, and those pure moral habits, and benevolent feelings which are the invariable fruits of it, the missionaries now began to contend among themselves, first, about a term proper to be applied to the Deity, then about the rites of sacrifice annually performed by the Chinese at the tombs of their ancestors, &c. To terminate these disputes, the Church of Rome, apparently sensible of the error it had committed in allowing other monastic orders to interfere with what should have been left to the Jesuits, now sent out legates commissioned to launch the thunders of the Vatican against the refractory and disobedient. Dissension, however, had spread too widely to be eradicated by such means. Some eluded, others defied, the authority of the church; and the result was fatal to the mission. The Pagans, witnessing the indecent conduct of the missionaries, imbibed a strong prejudice, mingled with contempt, against the religion they professed, and eagerly took occasion upon the slightest pretexts to persecute and destroy them. It now became a matter of the greatest difficulty to obtain permission to enter the country; and, by degrees, this difficulty amounted to impossibility. It then became necessary to elude the laws, to creep into the empire by stealth; or, committing a slight crime in order to effect much good, to bribe the officers of police, and thus purchase permission to pass the frontiers.

At this period, when Christianity was under the ban of the law, and when its professors were confounded with the despicable ascetics of Hindoostan, or with the rebel native sect of the "White Lily," the mission into the province of Setchuen, the history of which is minutely detailed in the *Nouvelles Lettres Edifiantes*, now before us, was undertaken. The history of the previous attempts to propagate the doctrines of Christianity in this province may be soon told. The Gospel was first preached in Setchuen about the beginning of the seventeenth century: but during the wars and commotions attending the conquest of the empire by the Tartars, which raged with peculiar violence in this

province, where, for many years, the lands lay uncultivated, and the cities were deserted, the inconsiderable number of converts that had been made were either dispersed, or entirely destroyed. M. Artus, of Lyons, consecrated at Canton in 1699, was the first apostolical vicar of Setchuen; but this missionary, being compelled to return to Europe before he had visited the intended field of his labours, sent in his stead Messrs. Basset, Balluere, Appiani, and Mullener, who may therefore be regarded as the apostles of this province. On the arrival of these priests, in 1702, they found that a faint ray of Gospel light had already penetrated through the Pagan atmosphere of Setchuen; a few Christians, baptized by the Jesuits in the province of Hou-quang, having settled with their families in this part of the country. Their first campaign, as it may truly be called, was not of long duration; for, no sooner had they effected the conversion of a few of the idolaters, and begun, in spite of the innumerable hardships they endured, to entertain the hope that their labours would not be fruitless, than they were all, with the exception of M. Appiani, who was retained in irons, driven out of the province by an order of the emperor, in 1707. M. Mullener, afterwards bishop of Myriopolis, returned to Setchuen in 1712, having also under his spiritual jurisdiction the province of Hou-quang. With the aid of a small number of missionaries, and a few native priests, he effected a considerable number of conversions, and died in the year 1743. The missionary by whom he was succeeded died in the course of a year; and M. Martillat, who next had the spiritual government of the province confided to him, was quickly driven out of the country by ill health. In 1746, a violent persecution against the Christians was commenced, and missionary after missionary was either elevated to the rank of a martyr, or driven beyond the frontiers of the empire by the political tempest.

In the year 1769, M. Pottier was ordained Bishop of Agathopolis, and Apostolical Vicar of Setchuen; and from that moment may be dated the commencement of the flourishing period of the mission, and the triumph of the Gospel in this province. On his arrival, the number of Christians did not exceed four thousand, who were instructed and confirmed in the faith by four native priests. He had very soon the satisfaction, however, to observe the efficacy of his ministry; for, in the space of a single year, their number already amounted to ten or twelve thousand; and before the death of this excellent prelate, which took place in 1792, the number of Christians in his diocese had increased to upwards of twenty-five thousand.

We have already alluded to the stealthy manner in which the missionaries are constrained to insinuate themselves into China;

and have more than once spoken in general terms of the persecution to which they are exposed in that country from the stupid fears, and more than barbarian cruelty, of the government. We shall now descend to particulars; and for the purpose of at once throwing light upon the character of the Chinese, and the position of those devoted men who labour to enlighten them, shall give a condensed narrative of the adventures of a single missionary, and of that extraordinary rebellion, which, in 1790, had nearly involved the Christians of China in utter destruction. The letters from which we extract the following account, though they contain much that is valuable, are far from being generally interesting; as they are, for the greater part, filled with perpetual repetitions, digressions of tedious and disproportionate length, and details altogether trivial. We confine ourselves to what appears to be interesting.

The missionary whose adventures we are about to describe, arrived on the coast of China in 1767. Before him lay that vast and mysterious country, stretching like a dark cloud along the edge of the horizon, which, for more than a thousand years, had been closed against the approach of strangers;\* where the bones of martyrs lay whitening at the feet of idols; where monstrous systems of error chained down the mind, and kept it grovelling in the dust; and where, perhaps, the fires were then burning, in which his own body was to be consumed. Above this vale of bitterness, however, heaven opened its golden portals to him view; and, in the secret recesses of his conscience, a still small voice, not to be silenced by earthly terrors, urged him on like destiny to meet the unknown form of fate which might await him on the shore.

The Cerberuses which guard the entrance to this region of intellectual night, are found, in the shape of custom-house officers, at every port and frontier town in the empire. Those at Macao, with true European negligence, were easily eluded; but when the missionary approached the custom-house of Canton, situated at Fou-xan, about twenty-one miles farther inland than that city, he experienced considerable difficulty. On entering the empire he had placed himself under the protection of several native Christians, who now accompanied him on his journey, and participated in his dangers. Of these persons some, moving in advance of the missionary, had already arrived at the town, in company with a native priest, in order to provide a barge for him and his companions,—travelling in China being chiefly performed by water,—and to secure the effects of the mission. The master of

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\* The Missionaries were not at any time permitted by law to enter China.

the vessel in which they had arrived, who knew the nature of their enterprise, and the extent of the dangers to which they were exposed, left them on the river, while he went to inform their friends in the town of their arrival. During his absence, which was of considerable duration, their apprehensions of being discovered increased every minute; and to add still more to their terrors, a boat filled with soldiers at length made up to them, to examine what they had on board. Both the missionary and his native Christian companions lay concealed under mats; and, in searching the boat, one of the soldiers, lifting up the mats, saw the European face to face. He must necessarily have differed but little from the Chinese in complexion, for the sight of him appears to have excited no particular suspicion in the soldier, who, dropping the mat again upon him, continued to rummage about the barge, as if rather in search of contraband goods than missionaries. The Christians, however, who considered themselves to be discovered, now began to fear that their fate was sealed; but, in fact, the soldiers had come upon them too suddenly even to allow them time to be disconcerted. They inquired who the strangers were; and the master of the barge's son told them some falsehood, with which they were satisfied. Had these soldiers examined the matter rigorously, their ruin would have been inevitable; for, besides that an old Chinese Christian, at the other end of the boat, trembled like a leaf, and thus betrayed his fears, the air of concealment and secresy in which the whole party were wrapped, was of itself sufficient to excite suspicion. After keeping them, however, for some time in apprehension and uncertainty, the soldiers departed. Still the river was covered with a number of small vessels, the crews of which, as they sailed up and down the stream, closely scrutinized their barge, and every moment renewed their terrors. The master of the barge, being informed upon his return of what had happened, again hastened back to the city, to consult with their friends. The situation of their affairs appearing to be nearly desperate, it was determined, as a last resource, to hazard a bold step; and, accordingly, one of the Christians of the city coming down to the river, caused them to land, and leading them away towards the fields, to deceive those who had seen them disembark, conducted them through narrow ways thronged with people, where they were every moment in danger of being detected, at length brought them back to the river, and put them into another vessel, and thence into their former place of concealment.

By this means they contrived to escape the first danger; after which, sailing up the river for twelve days, in continual peril and alarm, they arrived at the city of Chao-cheou. Here, to increase

their apprehensions, they learned that, a few days before, a Jesuit, who was also making his way into the empire, had been discovered and arrested; and had only been suffered to escape by paying to the soldiers and custom-house officers a bribe of four thousand piastres. This circumstance, which disclosed to the Chinese the fact that Europeans could afford to distribute bribes, only rendered the guardians of the empire more vigilant, that they might turn their treachery to better account—for the supreme God of this nation is money. In order the more effectually to escape from the fangs of these Hesperian dragons, the missionary and his companions were advised to fast, which they did with the greatest success; hungry persons, like the possessors of Gygea's ring, being naturally invisible. To aid, however, the effect of their fasting, bribery was next resorted to; and the omnipotence of money, like the Venus of Virgil, spread a cloud around our modern "pius Æneas" and his companions, which enabled them to pass unseen, or unmolested, into the *adyta* of the celestial empire. Still it was judged prudent that they should descend from their bark, and stroll about the country, while the custom-house harpies of Chao-cheou were paying it their formal visit. In the evening they returned, reembarked, and continued their voyage up the stream, the scene changing suddenly from a warm to a cold country:—

"We now," says the missionary, "left our old vessel, and getting on board another, entered the gorges of the mountains, where the cold was so intense that, for four days and nights, the boatmen were unable properly to perform their duty. The vessel being open on all sides, the hail and snow poured in upon us, and made us feel all the rigours of winter. At the end of the four days, however, the cold began to abate, and we reached a part of the way where it was necessary to leave the barge and travel on foot. The road over which we travelled was formed of rough blocks of marble, thrown together at random; and these being much worn, were now rendered doubly slippery by the thaw."

This road lying over a mountain, and not being more than three feet wide, at the same time that it was rough, slippery, and thronged with people, was inconceivably fatiguing to the travellers, already exhausted by their previous toils, vigils, and anxiety. To add to their misery, one of their guides, unmindful or careless of the danger they incurred, led the whole party into a small inn, crowded with people, every one of whom was an enemy, and gifted with more than American curiosity and impertinence. By a hasty but cautious retreat they escaped this peril, and, after similar dangers and deliverances, arrived in the course of a few weeks at the province of Setchuen, whither they were journeying. Upon reaching the spot, on which they were to plant the standard,

of their religion, or wreath their brows with the crown of martyrdom, they had the gratification to be met and welcomed by one of their own countrymen; but this worthy man had been so long absent from France, that he had forgotten its language, and as often as he attempted to speak, mingled scraps of Latin and Chinese with his mother-tongue. For four or five days after their arrival they gave themselves up to secular pleasures, and rejoiced in the company of their friends; but as missionaries do not travel in search of earthly delights, the pious fathers very quickly separated, the old to their labours of conversion, and the young to the places where they might most rapidly acquire that language which was to serve as their principal instrument. For this purpose, each missionary, on his arrival in the empire, is placed in a Chinese family, where the language of the country only is spoken.

It will be remembered that a Christian missionary in China, being introduced into the country contrary to the laws, which prohibit the ingress of all strangers, is generally in danger of being apprehended, and imprisoned, banished, or put to death. It is therefore necessary that he should live in concealment, more or less complete, in proportion as the laws are more or less rigorously administered. When a province happens, for example, to be governed by a mandarin of mild character, the missionaries come forth from their hiding places, visit their flocks, preach, baptize, and carry on controversies with the pagans with little or no apprehension. On the arrival of a new governor of a different stamp, the landscape darkens, the tempest of persecution sweeps over the country, and the showers with which it moistens the earth are showers of blood. To avoid detection, the missionaries suddenly disappear from society, and bury themselves in the caverns of the mountains, in wells excavated beneath the houses of their proselytes, or in the solitary depths of forests. On some occasions, pits are sunk in the floors of the houses, and the entrance being carefully covered over, fires are lighted upon them. In these damp, dreary, subterraneous abodes, the reverend fathers read their prayers and eat their food by the light of a lamp. On one occasion a Jesuit remained almost hermetically sealed in a hole, in an obscure part of the house, for a whole month, "unable," as he quaintly observes, "to cough or spit," lest he should be overheard by the pagan portion of the family, who were going in and out all day. M. de Saint Martin, bishop of Caradra, was once compelled to take refuge at midnight in a forest filled with tigers; where he contrived, however, to strike a light, and thus saved himself from being devoured. On another occasion a missionary concealed himself all day in a deep stream, filled with large stones.

To explain the reason why Christianity is thus persecuted in China,\* it is necessary to remark that it is there confounded with a singular heresy which has long prevailed in the empire; the professors of which, uniting the love of freedom, or, at least, of national independence, with motives of religion, are desirous of expelling their Tartar conquerors, and of restoring the throne to the old Chinese royal family. This sect, denominated *Pe-lien-kiao*, or, "the white water-lily," has in fact existed for many centuries in China, and appears to be an offshoot from the great Buddhist trunk.† It is difficult to decide whether its followers differ in their religious opinions from the other Buddhists, and, if they do, in what their differences consist, the accounts of the missionaries being evidently founded upon the odious reports of their enemies, who seem to think nothing too execrable to be imputed to them. As far as we can discover, they appear to expect the advent of a political Messiah, who, expelling out the brutal Tartars, and restoring the crown to a native prince, may confer peace and happiness upon the empire. It is also said that they anxiously look forward to another *avatar*, or incarnation of *Fo* (Buddha), whose appearance is to be accompanied by the return of the golden age. Like all other secret societies, they are accused of believing and practising the most horrible and contradictory things: they are said to abstain from all intemperance, and yet to be at the same time guilty of those abominations which intemperance and sensuality alone produce; their creed and their rites are affirmed to be unknown; yet their secret meetings are described as occasions of committing those ineffable impurities, which are thought to have polluted the worship of Priapus, Mithra, and Isis.

It is with this ancient and patriotic, however impure, sect, which, from the period of the conquest of China by the Mongols to the present moment, has never ceased to aim, at least, at the expulsion of foreigners and tyrants from their country, that the Christians are confounded; and in the rebellion which broke out in Setchuen, in 1790, and was attended with very extraordinary circumstances, several converts to Christianity were undoubtedly implicated. Of this rebellion, one of the most important that has arisen in the Chinese empire for many centuries, little beyond vague rumour has hitherto been circulated in Europe; the work

\* From a Chinese proclamation issued at Macao, in 1785, we discover another reason why the Missionaries and their converts were persecuted: it appears that each Chinese Christian priest received from the Propaganda a pension of four hundred and fifty livres per annum; and that this circumstance coming to the knowledge of the government, caused it to consider all these priests as spies in the pay of the court of Rome.—*Nouvelles Lettres Édifiantes*, &c. tom. ii. p. 106—145.

† See the old *Lettres Édifiantes et curieuses*, tom. xxiv. p. 145. ed. 1741.



before us, however, supplies materials for a curious history of this popular movement, of which, as they at once throw light upon the spirit and character of the Chinese government and people, and the position of the missionaries in that distant country, we shall here avail ourselves.

About the latter end of the year 1790, two bonzes of the Fudsee sect formed the bold design of cutting off the reigning emperor, assassinating the Tartars, and seizing on the government. A young man, represented as of low birth and dissolute manners, was chosen to be placed upon the throne; and an astrologer, who gained his livelihood by fortune-telling, having cast his nativity, and found that, according to the aspect of the stars, he was born to empire, and would quickly rise to the lofty eminence marked out for him by destiny, the two bonzes laid aside all doubt and hesitation, and actively employed themselves in sowing the seeds of rebellion. By their advice the future emperor assumed the name of Chou, together with a surname indicating his descent from an emperor of the Ming dynasty, the race of princes which immediately preceded that now reigning. The daring and important project was now disclosed to a number of rich and superstitious men in office, who, dazzled by the magnificent promises of the bonzes, and secretly discontented with their foreign rulers, not only entered zealously into the conspiracy, and supplied funds for conducting it, but also by their weight and influence led many others to follow their example. The enthusiasm of the conspirators increased with their numbers and wealth. The infection spread on all sides. As was the case in the time of our own civil wars, men sold their estates, their furniture, their houses, or mortgaged them for inconsiderable sums, and were but too happy when the bonzes condescended to accept their money. In return, however, the bonzes bestowed titles and offices on the most generous; exempted others from the fines and exactions which would inevitably ensue upon the success of the impending revolution; and, in addition, imparted to all certain signs, designed to protect them from the violence and slaughter to which those who had not contributed were to be exposed. Still more to inspire and elevate the conspirators, a rumour was politically and extensively circulated, that seven provinces would raise the standard of independence at the same moment; and that according to the most positive and well-founded calculations, the revolution would be completed, the Tartars subdued and expelled, and the new emperor fully established in his authority, in the space of three years. By these means the number of the conspirators quickly became formidable, and several Christians, deluded, like the rest of their countrymen, by the brilliant promises

of the bonzes, threw off their allegiance to their sovereign, and united with the rebels. The bishop of Caradra, in narrating the events of this rebellion, is anxious to have it believed that, although many of his flock were evidently implicated in the guilt of the bonzes, they were by no means actuated, like their pagan neighbours, by the desire of distinction or wealth, but in their conferences with the chiefs of the insurgents merely stipulated for the free exercise of their religion. But this interpretation of the matter is not supported by the general tenour of his own relation. The first Christian that entered the ranks of the rebels was, he informs us, an unsuccessful gambler, who, having lost the whole of his property, without at the same time acquiring a philosophical contempt for wealth, was impelled by his cupidity and ambition to try the event of a revolution. This individual belonged to a very rich and distinguished family, most of the members of which had been previously deluded by the chief of the bonzes, who usually resided in their house; and, by their example and arguments, he was also induced to become the host of the bonze, who rewarded him for his hospitality with the promise of a rich mandarinship. Being himself indigent, he applied to his Christian friends, and by the aid of his brother, who had been ten years a Christian, he not only raised the sums of which he stood in need, but moreover contrived to bring about an interview between his co-religionists and the bonze, in which the parties appear to have come to a perfect understanding. When, however, the Christians proceeded to attempt the conversion of the bonze, the wily or dissolute pagan professed the greatest indifference respecting religious matters, the regulation of which he appeared extremely willing to relinquish to them, acknowledging frankly that he was a priest only in dress and appearance, and for the purpose of humouring the prejudices of the people. With this bold hypocrite the Christians nevertheless united, after expressing a desire to consult the missionaries upon the subject, which was over-ruled by the gambler. As we are not in possession of the Chinese account of this transaction, we cannot determine whether in reality the missionaries were privy or not to the designs of the bonzes: M. de Saint Martin, of course, denies all participation and knowledge of them; but, considering the terms upon which he lived with his Chinese converts, and the influence he possessed over their minds, his testimony is scarcely credible.

However, arms were fabricated, soldiers enlisted, standards made, and officers to command the troops selected. The generalissimo, a magistrate of some eminence, who had formerly been a butcher, was closely connected with the Christians, perhaps a convert. At least two of his daughters, and more than half of

his family, professed the Catholic faith. New-year's eve, when the Chinese usually indulge in all manner of debauchery, was fixed upon for the execution of the plot—on that night, the Tartars, and the chief mandarins of the capital, were to be massacred. Already a great number of ruffians, who were to perpetrate this preliminary crime, had been introduced into the city, where they were now prowling about, mixing with the crowd, elbowing their victims, making themselves acquainted with the features they were to mutilate, and with the heads they were to scatter about in the dust. To avoid all possibility of discovery, these assassins wore no arms for the present. Their weapons were concealed in coffins, and buried in different parts of the environs of the city. To make all the members of this vast conspiracy, which amounted to not less than fifty thousand men, acquainted with the designs of the leaders, a place of general rendezvous was appointed in a lofty and solitary range of mountains, distant about a day and a half's journey from the capital. Thither, at stated periods, the assassins repaired from their various haunts in the province; and it is said that a body of twenty thousand men continually remained united, and in arms, upon the spot.

As the numbers and confidence of the conspirators increased, their prudence diminished, and they no longer concealed their designs. In the bazaars, and other public places, nothing was spoken of but the approaching revolution; and the soldiers, being themselves initiated in the mysteries of rebellion, suffered the people freely to express their feelings and opinions. The government, ignorant of the working of the popular mind, remained tranquil on the mouth, as it were, of the opening volcano. And until within five days of the moment fixed upon for the execution of the plot, M. de Saint Martin also remained, he says, unacquainted with the designs of the rebels, and the movements of his converts. At that time two Christians from a neighbouring district, where the agitation of the public mind was still greater than in his own vicinity, came to disclose to their bishop the fact that a revolt was to take place, but without confessing that they themselves were to take an active part in it. It afterwards appeared, however, that their chief motive for visiting the place was to collect contributions from their brethren, they themselves having already contributed. The bishop, it seems, suspecting that they were guilty, sharply rebuked them; but they denied the fact, and shifted off the accusation upon the gambler already mentioned, and his brother. The bishop was nevertheless convinced of their being implicated in the plot, and, enlarging on the wickedness and enormity of rebellion, counselled them to atone for one crime by committing one still greater, viz. betraying their associates by

discovering the conspiracy to the government. His advice came too late; they had been anticipated by the pagans, who had already disclosed the fatal secret to the government, and in all probability accused them of being among the guilty.

The plot was first discovered to the government by a tailor, who had been employed to make the imperial garments. Other pagans, terrified by preparations for a human sacrifice, which, it was rumoured, the conspirators were about to offer up to their colours, also denounced the rebels, indicated their place of rendezvous, and procured soldiers to be sent to verify their accusation. Arms, standards, and thirty of the conspirators were taken; and these, being put to the torture, discovered the names of their accomplices. The intended emperor, who was next day arrested, had moreover a list of the principal conspirators about his person. It is curious to observe the effect which the mere anticipation of sovereign power, and the transitory homage of a rebel camp, produced upon the character of this man: when conducted into the presence of the mandarins, before whom it is customary for accused persons to kneel, this incipient king disdainfully refused to submit to the degrading practice; and observed, in a fierce, intimidating tone—"An emperor bends not his knees before his subjects: in a few days I will teach you to respect me!" This boldness, whether genuine or feigned for the purpose, had the desired effect. The dwarf-minded Mandarins, accustomed to tremble before the very shadow of royalty, were awed by this menace, and without inflicting the usual torture, dismissed the rebel to his prison.

In the meanwhile, troops were despatched in all directions, in search of the fugitive conspirators; and a rumour was widely and industriously circulated, that the Christians had revolted. Amidst the terror and uncertainty of such moments, the most improbable reports gain credit; but through the benevolent interference of the chief Mandarin of the province, it was determined that, although the Christians might be examined secretly respecting the revolt, they should not be molested on account of their religion. The missionaries, however, accustomed to be persecuted on the slightest pretext, and ignorant of the merciful disposition of the government, were thrown into a state of the greatest alarm; and the aspect of things around them perfectly justified their fears. The multitude, at once timid and cruel, were now excited by indefinite apprehensions to a state of frenzy, and discovering murder and rebellion in the mere entertaining of heterodox opinions, roamed about, like a troop of hungry and howling jackals, cursing the Christians, tearing down the symbols of their worship, and replacing them by the objects of their own stupid superstition.

To these outrages the greater number submitted with patience; but some, irritated by the insults of the pagans, and burning to evince their religious zeal, resisted their enemies, and even proceeded so far as to cast down the emblems of idolatry, and set up those of Christianity in their stead. Being ignorant that many of their brethren were in reality among the conspirators, they reproached the Pagans with rebellion; at the same time defying them to point out a single Christian among the prisoners; while the number of the bonzes apprehended and in chains was so great that their very convents were deserted. Their confidence, however, soon vanished. The camp of the rebels was attacked and carried; and the Mandarin who commanded on the occasion, from the same motive which induced Pompey to destroy unread the papers of Sertorius, delivered up the camp, the provisions, the arms, and papers of the conspirators to the flames. The government, in fact, dreaded to discover the names and number of the guilty. It was satisfied with apprehending and cutting off the leaders.

Among the persons arrested, it was quickly discovered that a great number were Christians; and from this circumstance it was clearly foreseen by both parties that the church was about to be assailed by a new tempest. One of the prisoners, expecting to be executed, and anxious to receive baptism before his death, had entreated and gained permission to visit the bishop, confess his crime, and obtain the consolations of religion. He entered the house. The bishop baptized and comforted him. He then departed. When the poor man was gone, the missionary fully aware of the danger into which he had been precipitated, naturally felt a desire to escape from the place; but it was midnight, the streets and roads were covered with soldiers rendered vigilant and active by rage against the Christians, and the hope of reward. Besides, the inmates of the house were persuaded that there was no danger. They were quickly undeceived; for day had no sooner dawned than the house was surrounded by soldiers, with orders to apprehend and put in irons all those found within, excepting the women and old men, under which latter denomination the bishop was spared. All the other Christians of the family were led off in chains to the tribunal.

The barbarous methods by which the laws of China attempt to arrive at the truth, were now resorted to, with abundant success, to criminate the Christians. As, wherever torture is employed, men's lives depend upon the power of a certain individual to endure physical pain, the number of the accused is exactly proportioned to the fortitude or pusillanimity of the tortured person. On the present occasion pain produced its usual results. Accu-

actions, apprehensions, imprisonments rapidly succeeded each other. Terror and anxiety augmented. Without knowing whither to fly, or where to hide themselves, the native Christians were actuated by a vague desire to escape from death. The hopes and fears, which looked for their accomplishment in the shadowy regions beyond the grave yielding to the dread of immediate suffering, many began to regard the missionaries as impostors, who, under the pretext of religion, had deluded them into rebellion. The same instinct which impels the flock to shun the stricken deer, inspires in men the desire to escape from such as are infected by the touch of misfortune, and a feeling of anger against them for having once excited their compassion, or crept illicitly into their favour. The missionaries, who but a little while before, had been regarded as messengers from heaven, sent to snatch the ignorant and sinful from everlasting perdition, were now transformed by fear into suspicious characters, whom it was dangerous to befriend, or conceal from the fangs of justice. Some lingering remains of humanity prevented their converts from denouncing them before the tribunals; but we can discover from the obscure and reluctant testimony of the good fathers themselves, that the neophytes did, all but accuse them, turning them out of their houses, and exposing them at noon-day to be apprehended and dragged away to execution by the soldiery.\*

The interrogatories which took place at the tribunals when a Christian was brought up for examination, as reported in the work before us, are singularly characteristic of Chinese manners, and disclose the light in which foreigners are contemplated in that semi-barbarous country. One of the numerous specimens of this kind of dialogue, given in the volume before us, we shall condense, and place before the reader as an apt conclusion to the above relation. M. de Saint-Martin, Bishop of Caradra, having been apprehended as a vagabond who had insinuated himself unlawfully into the empire, was brought before the tribunal of Yacheou, consisting of seven Mandarins, the chief of whom, acting as president of the tribunal, was a little pedantic person, whose proper office was that of Intendant-General of Salt and Tea. The first questions which these sage persons thought proper to put to the bishop respected his country, and his motives for visiting China. M. de Saint-Martin acknowledged himself to be an European, and said that his motive for visiting their coun-

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\* The history of this rebellion is given in a letter from M. de Saint-Martin, tom. iii. pp. 2—29. Another rebellion, still more important, but briefly and drily described, by M. Dufresse, tom. iii. p. 290—299, broke out in 1796, and was very nearly crowned with success. The "White-water-lily" sect seems destined to be some day fatal to the Tartars.

try was to propagate his own religion, and save their souls. He added that both himself and his converts were faithful and obedient subjects of the emperor and the law.

"*Mandarin.* Thou liest, thou liest! The emperor prohibits the preaching of thy religion; yet thou dost preach in defiance of his orders. How then canst thou dare to describe thyself as an obedient subject?"

*Bishop.* [With some terror and agitation,] God is still greater than the emperor; he is the King of Kings; the emperor is but a man; therefore when I speak of my obedience to the emperor, I allude to those points in which his laws agree with the laws of God; when they differ it is to the laws of God that I yield obedience.

*Mandarin.* Was it God who commanded thee to come to China? Hast thou seen him? Hast thou heard him speak?

*Bishop.* By his law God has commanded me to love him before all things, and to love my neighbour as myself: I perform his will in coming hither to make known his greatness and his mercy, and to discover to you the road to salvation.

*Mandarin.* Art thou not rather sent hither by thy king?

*Bishop.* Certainly not; my king is content with governing his own dominions, without meddling with those of other monarchs.

*Mandarin.* But does he not at least know that thou art here?

*Bishop.* [Equivocating.] My king does not know me.

*Mandarin.* Thou hast therefore left thy country without his permission. Thou art criminal.

*Bishop.* That does not follow. I obtained permission to depart from the Mandarin entrusted with this portion of public business; but neither he nor I knew whither I was to go.

*Mandarin.* But wherefore come to China rather than anywhere else?

*Bishop.* There are missionaries sent to every part of the world. I was induced to prefer this country by a partiality for its language.

*Mandarin.* [Apparently flattered by the preference.] Well! but wherefore select the province of Setchuen?

*Bishop.* Two reasons determined me; the cheapness of provisions, and the docile, unprejudiced character of its inhabitants.

*Mandarin.* Who conducted you into the province?

*Bishop.* Strangers, for a sum of money.

*Mandarin.* How did you acquire our language?

*Bishop.* Through books.

*Mandarin.* But books cannot teach sounds: these must have been learned from a master."

The reply of M. de Saint-Martin to this remark consisted of a dissertation on musical notation, &c., which, as he observes with much simplicity, was equally unintelligible to himself as to his hearers. The Mandarin, accordingly, interrupting him, said somewhat hastily—

"You need not proceed: the answer is plain: you have been taught by our countrymen, who, having travelled into your country, and imbibed your opinions, return hither to convert us.

*Bishop.* That is not the case. Your fellow-citizens cannot pass the frontiers of the empire, and European ships would fear to receive them. But the European merchants of Canton understand your language.

*Mandarin.* How do you live here?

*Bishop.* At my own expense. I brought about 500 taëls\* into the country, of which about ten are now left, and they are in your hands.

*Mandarin.* Had you not been arrested, how would you have lived when your money was gone?

*Bishop.* Christians care not for the morrow; besides, I supposed that those for whom I had sacrificed everything would not allow me to starve."

Other interrogations and replies followed. At length the bishop, being pressed to name his pupils, replied—

"I came hither not to save myself at the expense of others, but to save others at my own proper peril.

*Mandarin.* You are a fool, and do not know how to reason. Since the Christian religion is good, how could you injure its professors by naming them?"

The conclusion of the dialogue is of the same character, except that, by way of diversion, several native Christians were introduced, examined, and made to accuse themselves. In the end the bishop was remanded to prison, and put in very heavy irons.†

The result of the Roman Catholic mission in China has been more important than could have been anticipated, considering the difficulties with which the missionaries have had to contend. In the year 1801 the number of converts in the province of Setchuen alone amounted to upwards of 40,000, which had increased to 52,000 in 1809. Until 1814, when the last persecution against the Christians broke out, the number continued to increase; and so eminent has been the success of the Gospel in the country, that notwithstanding the disastrous events of that period, the number of Christians in the whole empire is still supposed to be about 200,000.‡

The history of the Protestant mission in China may be soon told. The Missionary Society, formed in London in 1795, for the purpose of spreading a knowledge of the Gospel among the Heathens, sent out Mr. (now Dr.) Morrison to Canton, in 1807. He reached his point of destination the same year, and on his arrival is said to have had to contend against the opposition of the Catholic clergy, as well as against that of the natives. His object, however, was not so much to preach as to translate into Chinese, and distribute among the people, copies of the Holy

\* Un taël vaut sept livres dix sous de notre monnaie.—*Nouvelles Lett. Edif.* t. iii. p. 273.

† Tom. ii. p. 210—217.

‡ *Nouv. Lett. Edif.* tom. i. Introduction; and Abel-Rémusat, *Mélanges Asiatiques*, tom. i. p. 53.



Scriptures and other religious works, of which 140,849 copies had been circulated in 1818, when Dr. Milne's *Retrospect*, &c. was written. It being in China a crime against the state to listen to instruction from a foreigner, Dr. Morrison and the other Protestant missionaries have seldom attempted to preach, except to an individual or two, with fear and trembling, in an inner apartment.\* The result of this system of operations is not yet known; but we suspect that in order to produce the effect desired, the distribution of books must be accompanied by preaching.

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- ART. VI.—1. *L'Enfant de ma Femme.* 2 vols. 12mo.  
 2. *Georgette, ou la Nièce du Tabellion.* 4 vols. 12mo.  
 3. *Gustave, ou le Mauvais Sâjet.* 3 vols. 12mo.  
 4. *Frère Jacques.* 4 vols. 12mo;  
 5. *Mon Voisin Raymond.* 4 vols. 12mo.  
 6. *M. Dupont, ou la Jeune Fille et la Bonne.* 4 vols. 12mo.  
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 8. *Contes en Vers.* 12mo.  
 9. *André le Savoyard.* 5 vols. 12mo.  
 10. *Petits Tableaux de Maurs.* 2 vols. 12mo.  
 11. *Le Barbier de Paris.* 4 vols. 12mo.  
 12. *La Laitière de Mont-fermeil.* 5 vols. 12mo.  
 13. *Jean.* 4 vols. 12mo.  
 14. *La Maison Blanche.* 5 vols. 12mo.  
 15. *La Bulle de Savon, ou Recueil de Chansons.* 12mo.  
 16. *La Femme, le Mari et l'Amant.* 4 vols. 12mo.

Par Ch. Paul de Koch. Paris. 1895—1899.

THE name of Paul de Koch is probably known to very few of our readers, and yet he is a highly popular author, within two days' journey of our capital. During a year or two past he has been the prolific parent of almost innumerable volumes, which have received a warm reception from his countrymen, and are every day being multiplied in new editions. It is worth while to inquire what this is which pleases our neighbours so much. We wish we could communicate to our readers a tithe of the amusement which that inquiry has afforded to us.

Paul de Koch is an author of humour, and humour in France is allowed a wider range than the manners of the present age permit among English authors, so that it is impossible for us to recommend the indiscriminate perusal of his works. It would, indeed, be difficult to select above two or three of his novels which would bear translation. So far is the latitude of morals

\* *Retrospect*, &c. p. 271.

from coinciding with the latitude of geography. Time, however, and no long time either, produces as great changes as small distances: the novels of Smollett and Fielding, the classical models of this species of literature, are no longer thought books fit to be placed in the hands of decent people; where, however, Peregrine Pickle is tolerated—if he be anywhere admitted—Paul de Koch will be received; where Peregrine Pickle is a welcome guest, the society of Paul de Koch will be enjoyed. The amusement derivable from each is not very dissimilar, and the means of producing it, also, far from being unlike.

Humour (which has been thought confined within the limits of our tongue) is not the only characteristic of our author; he has another virtue,—the truth of his pictures of life and society,—the absolute nature of his pieces of conversation and character. In the representation of his humorous scenes he may be charged with exaggeration, the sin of his predecessor and early model, Pigault le Brun; but when he comes to the quiet development of character, by means of social and familiar scenes taken from common life, he is only to be equalled by one charming writer of our own country, whose merit has been but tardily recognised by the dispensers of fame. In fact, the resemblance between the novels of Paul de Koch and those of Miss Austin, is as strong as can exist between the productions of a Parisian author and an English lady. The humorous scenes of the foreigner undoubtedly turn upon incidents, and are supported with an extravagance, unknown to our countrywoman; but when they come to the nice distinctions of character, to the play of domestic life, to the detection of the small springs on which society hangs, and to the accurate representation and copying of nature, whether it be the nature of a back shop or a drawing-room, a village or a city, they are then alike, and they are then unrivalled.

Paul de Koch is a writer *from* the people and *of* the people, and we should not be surprised to find that the “Exclusives” of the French capital vote him *vulgar*, and condemn him to milliners and apprentices. Luckily, however, the power of this awful epithet is less imposing on the other side of the water than with us. Each class in France reads that which suits it, and does not receive, as lady’s maids do cast clothes, the faded finery of its superiors; it is the *bulk* of the population among our neighbours which gives and takes away reputation; they have done so long without their Corinthian capital, that they scarcely take it for an ornament. We, on the contrary, perpetually gaze upwards; the word *low* signifies base, vulgar, disgusting, common, worthless; and respectable, wealthy, fashionable, virtuous, *high life*, all that is worthy of honour. Unless the power of genius had achieved a

viatory over the power of fashion, as in Burns, (but Burns's satiricity was Scotch, and so far foreign,) or had Beranger been an Englishman, the exquisite productions of both would have been condemned to perpetual contempt, as the productions of vulgar men, whose themes were low. It is this very circumstance which has made the fortune of Beranger in France, and which, on the contrary, has so long obscured the memory of Miss Austin in England. She interpreted nature by means of retired tradesmen, old maids living on a pittance, a pompous official of a small town, or at the highest, a country gentleman or rural baronet. Had she aimed at painting a life she did not know, and plentifully sprinkled her *platitudes* with lordly titles, and spoken of places and persons of distinction with an assumed familiarity, it is true that we should have missed her charming romances; but she herself would not have died in obscurity, the eulogy of her talents placed before her posthumous publication, (in which she was compared to Miss Edgeworth,) would not have been laughed at, and her praise in the Quarterly Review, where ample though tardy justice was at length done to her, might have been anticipated some years.

Those only who have lived in France of late years can form an idea of the utter republicanism of men's minds in that country; not republicanism as respects government, because the sole wish of the people is a limited and constitutional monarchy, no matter what monarch; but republicanism as respects all notions of distinction or difference between man and man. Except in certain veins of society, nobility is a joke, and the idea of superiority, as attached to title, ridiculous. The titular nobility, where they are neither placed nor wealthy, are treated simply with a kind of toleration; the real aristocracy of France are the *millionaires*, wherever found, and the decided tendency in that country at the present moment is the deification of wealth. This spirit amazingly enlarges the novelist's sphere of action; he is not obliged to be aristocratical in order to be genteel; he embraces every description of life with perfect indifference, knowing well that if his pictures are clever and resembling, whatever be the subject, they will please. In spite, therefore, of the Faubourg St. Germain, Paul de Koch revels in the humours of the Parisian *badouits*, chooses his heroines among milkmaids and flower-sellers, spends pages upon the humours of an old accountant, or the follies of a flourishing grocer. His heroes have never more than a few hundreds a year, and not one of them possesses a title; nobility is certainly occasionally introduced, but it is either to represent imbecility, or knavery, or perhaps austerity. Such is the real revolution that has taken place in France; for Paul de Koch may be

taken as a very fair and very unconscious representative of the sentiments of his countrymen. The time was when trade or commerce dishonoured the name of a French gentleman; at this moment, who is more considered in Paris than a wealthy *homme d'affaires*, or a successful *agent de change*? in the provinces, than the proprietor of a cotton manufactory, of a foundry, or a beet-root farm?

However this may be, Paul de Koch chooses his subjects almost entirely from the middle classes of the French, and never seems aware that there are others entitled to despise them. There is another peculiarity, however, about him, which with us would again be a subject of ridicule, but is probably a source of pride among his countrymen: he is not so much French as Parisian; we should call him a cockney; his experience is utterly confined to Paris and its environs. When he has passed the limits of Villeneuve St. Georges, or Montmorency, he is launched on the wide realms of imagination, and his love in a cottage, his peasantry, and his picturesque, are all perfectly Arcadian—that is to say, unreal; while Paris, Parisian life, and all that stirs from the Marais to the Chaussée d'Antin, are so familiarly present to his mind, that nearly half his novels might bear the name of *Paris in 1829*. In short, he is a *badaud* of genius. Why a man should be despised because he has passed the principal part of his life in a great capital, the seat of government, the centre of civilization, the abode or resort of every thing curious, beautiful, and great, we do not precisely understand; nevertheless, it is a legitimate cause of laughter amongst Englishmen; and the native of the most insignificant village, or the inhabitant of any second or third rate town, glories in his superiority over the cockney. The very name has alone put to flight a school of poets, and would, if adroitly applied and ably followed up at this moment, crush in its cradle any work of imagination, whatever might be its claims to attention. It is different in France, where the epithet *Parisian* has hitherto perhaps had too much influence as a stamp of approbation.

Such as they are, however, let us proceed to make known the novels of our author; perhaps the reader will more effectually gather our notions of them by the description we shall give of such as are chiefly entitled to notice.

If we were required to mention any one of the numerous productions of Paul de Koch as a specimen and proof of his talent, we should—with some hesitation certainly—select *Jean*; not because it contains the most brilliant of his humorous sketches, but because it is the most regular and best conducted of his novels, the most complete, varied, and natural; and while it certainly

would not disgust—as some of his romances might disgust a fastidious English reader—would prove the capability of the writer, and demonstrate the nature and character of his style. *Jean* is a section of city life: the botanist, when he cuts transversely the stalk of a plant in order to exhibit its sap vessels, does in phytology what Paul de Koch has done in manners. Paris (or London) has been compared to an old worm-eaten cheese: our author has broken the cheese, and shows us in a fragment the inhabitants at work in their subterranean tunnels. *Jean* is the history of the hero whose name it bears, beginning with a period antecedent to his birth, and ending with his marriage. Between these two events, vast are the changes of a moral character. The spoilt child of an indiscreet parent, *Jean* becomes nothing better than a good-natured boor, bold in the tavern, bashful in the drawing-room; but under the accidental influence of female charms, of which he had been the despiser, this character is gradually moulded, and formed into a gentleman of elegant manners and delicate feelings. In this outline there is certainly nothing remarkable; it is as ancient as the fable of Cymon and Iphigenia; but of how many modifications is that famous old story susceptible! The skill of the author is not shown in the original conception of the subject, but in his admirable style of carrying it through; first, in the naturalness of the character of *Jean* under the circumstances of his education, the amusing manner in which these circumstances are exhibited, and next, for the knowledge of human nature, which has enabled him to trace all the changes effected by the operation of new motives and new ideas of pleasure. We have three conditions of the hero; first as a rough, generous, headstrong, and spirited young fellow, of low habits, accustomed to spend his fortune in cafés and *tabagies*; the last state, in which his *brusquerie* is transformed into firmness, his bashfulness into delicacy, his oaths and vulgarities into the elegant expressions of a well-informed man, accustomed to society; and in the interval between the two, the *transition* state, which of course presents the most amusing incidents, and like all other transition states, is one of pain and awkwardness. Not so, however, to the reader, who in this case is made to sport with the miseries of the unhappy chrysalis. It is not to be supposed that the change is brought about with any miraculous haste: the author understands human nature too well to do violence to it. The scale upon which *Jean* is written may be understood by learning that it occupies four volumes, the first of which—by no means the least amusing—only carries on the education of the hero to his sixteenth birth-day, on occasion of the anniversary of which all his relatives are assembled, to deliberate in solemn council on what is to be done with the young gentleman, who has

already given but too many signs of a future Pickle. The grave resolution of the party is unluckily rendered null by the escape of the subject of it out of the garret window, and the second volume opens with his adventures under his own guidance in a country ramble. The cabinet council is composed of some of the principal personages of the novel, whose parts are sustained throughout with wonderful liveliness and not less propriety and distinctiveness. There is no mistaking, for instance, the conversation of the respectable *Bellequeue*, the perruquier, Jean's godfather, for those of M. *Mistigris*, the dancing-master, his fifth cousin. They are both old fops, it is true; Bellequeue always marches on his points, and Mistigris judges of the expansion of a man's intellect by the calves and swell of his legs, and goes through the street cutting an *entrechat*; they are both ceremonious, but the ceremony of the perruquier is that of a *gentleman-barber*, who has served in his youth, is second to none at quart and tierce, and would die rather than fail in the minutest particulars of his duty to the *beau sexe*. Mistigris's ceremony, on the contrary, is all professional; he turns out his toes and salutes, because he is paid for teaching the art of so doing, and living by this art, he has made himself believe it the first of the occupations of mankind. On the other hand, out of his profession, the perruquier is on all points a gentleman, with only a touch of the coxcomb; the dancing-master dances as much with his brain as his heels, and is even more pedantically a caperer in the street than in the school. Mistigris is, in fact, a laughable character, but for Bellequeue and his foibles, we acquire a respect, in the course of this history of five-and-twenty years. We see him go down in years, slacken in his vivacity, and sink upon his heels, (for he had passed the period of *points*) with a kind of melancholy. Melancholy at the decline of a retired barber! the truly English reader (whose sympathies are graduated like a Gunter's scale according to rank) will exclaim. Yes!—this is the triumph of an author of genius, who gives the natural sympathies a triumph over the artificial ones. So true a piece of humanity is this said Bellequeue, so *real* is he, so consistent, so invariably true are his actions and his speeches to the author's original conception of his character, that we defy any one, while he is reading, to be sceptical of his existence; and so well chosen are his characteristics, that a reader can as little fail to laugh as to love. Bellequeue is only one of the many marked personages of *Jean*. M. Durand, the herborist, Jean's father, a feeble pedant, strong only in simples, is a character that serves to amuse, as well as his old neighbour, Madame Ledoux, who has a passion for being present at *accouchemens*, and who, having had three husbands and fourteen children, is justly considered an oracle in such mat-

ters. Her chronology is a simple one; her husbands were of different callings, and her children born at separate times, so that she hits upon the method of referring all events to these epochs in her own life. Such and such a circumstance, for example, took place when she had her third child by the upholsterer—no, it was a little after the birth of the first by the sheriff's officer. Poor woman! she lives (in the novel) till she confounds things; we find her talking of her fourteen husbands and her three children, and, at length mixing them all up together in one inextricable mass of confusion.

When *Jean* becomes marriageable, the author introduces us to a suitable party, who supply at least an abundant portion of entertainment. In their different ways the family of M. Chopard, a retired *confiseur*, are inimitable: the ridiculous can no farther go. Their absurdity, however, lies in details, and it would be difficult to paint them, except on the grand scale of the book itself. In this respect our author again resembles Miss Austin: character is conveyed by a thousand strokes, insignificant in themselves, and only felt in the mass. The felicity of the writer is felt in the perfect consistence and unity of all these traits: he does not *paint* a personage—the subject makes itself gradually known—it imperceptibly works its way into our acquaintance—we forget the author, and listen to his characters, who speak for themselves. Here is a beauty of art independent of the charms of the object, whatever it may be: though the object may be ridiculous, even tedious, there is a pleasure in becoming thoroughly acquainted with any character, perfectly conceived and uniformly supported: but the success is complete, when to this power of developement, the author adds a fertile invention and a keen relish for those traits of character which interest the reader, and whether for ridicule or sympathy, are sure to rivet his attention.

Although we despair of enabling the reader properly to appreciate Paul de Koch only by extracts, we cannot fail to contribute to his amusement by some selected scenes from such parts as are producible; they will serve at least to aid the impression we wish to communicate, and serve the reader instead of a reference to the works themselves, which, we honestly confess, is not a desirable result. It is, indeed, a circumstance to be lamented, that a picture of life as it is among our neighbours, is marked by traits of far too free a nature to be adapted for indiscriminate inspection among ourselves. It must be understood, that the object of our paper is to extract amusement from books not likely to be met with in the common course of reading, and which it is not desirable should be.

The gradual change worked, not in the character or disposition of the hero or heroine, but in the external forms in which they are shown by the power of a virtuous affection, is a favorite subject of delineation with Paul de Koch. *Jean* is the only male subject of this influence: the female ones are numerous. The two most remarkable of these, really the most beautiful instances of the kind in literature, are the little *Denise* in the *Laitière de Montfermeil*, and *Nicette* in *Mon Voisin Raymond*. Both are instances of great purity and innocence, consistent with humble life and strong affection for an individual of superior condition in society. *Denise* is a village girl, and *Nicette* is the daughter of a herb-and-vegetable-seller, (Euripides was the son of one,) in Paris, and is herself a *bouquetière*. It is Paul de Koch's pride to show that there is an innate gentility independent of rank, and a power of virtue and resistance to temptation in the humble walks of society, better entitled to respect than more richly attired vice. The plan on which our author conducts this species of experiment in manners is ingenious; it is spread over the whole story, and being interspersed and varied with numerous incidents of another description, ample time is given for the operation of the metamorphosis. Thus, in the *Laitière de Montfermeil*, the hero, a young man of fashion and fortune, according to the Parisian notion of these things, encounters accidentally a peasant girl, with whose appearance he is captivated, at the very opening of the novel, as he is driving down to the country-house of a friend. Circumstances, ingeniously arranged, bring them together again, when an impression is produced upon the simple girl, which, silently working in her breast for a length of time, produces the change in question. This impression is from time to time favoured or checked by the events of the young man's life, whose adventures are made occasionally to approach the sphere of the virtuous village girl. They are, of course, at length brought together, not, however, before the experiment, conducted with so much fineness and delicacy, is crowned with complete success. *Nicette*, as we have said, is a Parisian *Denise*, and we confess we like her, better, directly in the face, we believe, of the French taste in this particular. The fact is, that the author is better acquainted with the *boulevards* of his own capital, than even the adjacent villages; he understands more familiarly the habits and feelings of humble life in Paris, than at *Montfermeil*: of a *bouquetière* than a *laitière*. Thanks, therefore, to his *rural* education, the gradations in the refinement of *Nicette* are more nicely marked than in the case of *Denise*, although it is true that a rural site and a country life give more probability to the subject, and a more sa-



tural scope to the play of sentiment than the hard realities of a capital.

Besides the heroines of these two novels, it may be supposed, from the bustle which Paul de Koch loves in his works, and the fertility of his invention, that they are not the only marked personages in them. Bertrand, an old soldier, the friend and servant of the hero—a model of blunt fidelity—is not so original in conception as it is able in execution. His boon companion, Schtrack, the German *concierge*, deserves also to be mentioned with honour. Paul is great in *portiers* and *portières*, and they who know what an important part of the Parisian population these *concierges* are, (the tyrants and spies of the capital, as they have been called,) will allow that the subject is not beneath contempt. There are two other persons in the *Laitière*, who form a striking contrast to each other. De la Thomassinière is a gross, low-bred fellow, who has made, or is making, a fortune by his brilliant speculations as an *homme d'affaires*; pompous and purse-proud, he loses no opportunity of asserting his superiority: he never tastes or sees an object without telling the owner that he possesses it in far greater perfection: he keeps every body waiting, that he may make a sensation when he arrives, and his delay is always apologised for on account of the multitude of letters he has had to write. At a country-house on a visit, he escapes on the old excuse of affairs, and goes to snore underneath the trees in the park, that he may return too late for the hours of repast. His original name was *Thomas*, the son of a widow, Mme Thomas, who kept the sign of the Speaking Ass, at some distance from town: the son, when he began to mince his speech and to talk *fine*, (an attempt marked by many egregious failures,) began to conceive that the name of Thomas had something *low* about it, and with his barouche and pair he elongated *Thomas* into *Thomassinière*, and prefixed the sign of distinguished birth. This not pleasing personage, whom the author has painted with his broadest brush, is in direct contrast with the most imbecile of God's creatures, a rich little retired apothecary, under the absolute controul of a tyrannical wife. M. Monin's mixture of simplicity, formality, and timidity, afford the reader many a hearty laugh.

*Mon Voisin Raymond* is a kind of Marplot: lodging opposite to the hero of the novel named after him, and being given to spying, listening, gossiping, and meddling, he is perpetually on the track of the young intriguer; he interferes with his amusements, his amours, and at last with his wife. In the latter case, *Mon Voisin* has gone so far in his meddling with other people's business, that he is obliged to flee Paris in order to avoid paying the penalty of his interference.

Paul de Koch has written so much, and in so short a time, that it is not to be expected that he has not repeated himself. More than that, it would not be difficult to group his characters into classes or families, among which the individuals are only distinguished by shades of difference. For example, M. and Mme Monin, whom we have mentioned in the *Laitière de Montfermeil*, are the brother and sister of M. and Mme Moutonnet, in the most amusing novel of M. Dupont. De la Thomassinière, and Destival in the *Laitière*, are of the same genus, if not of the same species, as Beville in *La Femme*, *Le Mari et L'Amant*, and Dufresne in *Frère Jacques*, though the latter does undoubtedly descend far lower in the scale of depravity. Dubourg in *Sœur Anne*, and Dubois in *La Femme*, *Le Mari*, et *L'Amant*, are *farceurs* of the same extravagant genus, although Dubourg having the advantage of being the first-born, his absurdities have the charm of novelty. Even the innocent and amiable *Denise* and *Nicette* are not without sisters. Isidore in the *Maison Blanche*, is a mountain *Denise*, more wild, and more romantic, just as Auvergne is bolder in its features than Raincy, but equally simple, innocent, and loving. *Sœur Anne* is a still more direct resemblance of *Denise*, only, in order to make a difference, the author has deprived her of speech, and endowed her with such extreme simplicity, as to be ignorant of the dangers of love.

*Sœur Anne* is a singular mixture of humour and sentimentality: we wish that the latter were as genuine as the former. Paul is, however, sadly too apt, when removed from real life, to fall into the error which we usually denominate *mauvishness*: his sentiment is of the kind commonly called *French sentiment*: we fear that incourteous application of the epithet means false, *tinselly*, made simply to shine. We feel, in the case of *Sœur Anne*, and in several parts of the other novels, that the language and feelings expressed are unnaturally fine, and adapted to a totally different condition of life from that in which they are found, or at least exaggerated far beyond their natural force. In his scenes of humour, exaggeration is the sin which most readily besets our author—in such cases, the fault is not so grievous: it becomes a simple failure; but where he shocks his reader by false or exaggerated sentiment, the offence is rank—we turn away with abhorrence. Our readers shall have the advantage of laughing at some of the scenes of humour without being disgusted at any of his failures in another vein of writing.

Dubourg, a young man of tolerably good family in Brittany, after a series of imprudences in Paris, finds himself without a sou, and being in danger from his creditors, he agrees to accompany a wealthy young friend on his travels. Frederick is the son

of the Comte de Montreville, a sensible but a severe father; disgusted with some disappointment in an affair of the heart, he welcomes the idea of burying his cares in the adventures of a distant tour, procures his father's approbation of his project, and proposes Dubourg as his companion. The Comte de Montreville is, however, a man of the world, and understands the character of Dubourg; he refuses his compliance, and in lieu of a person whom he considers far more likely to lead his son into mischief than to guide him past it, selects for his companion Frederick's ex-tutor, M. Menard, a fat and worthy man, in love with lords and Perigord patés; to whom Frederick has no objection, beyond that he is not his lively friend Dubourg. Obedience, or apparent obedience, is however absolutely necessary; and on the eve of departure Frederick is consoled by the promise of Dubourg, who is never at a loss, that he will still find the means of forming one of the travelling party. They start—and when the following scene takes place, they are *en route*.

"Frederick did not answer some proposal from M. Menard to taste a pâté he had provided himself with in the chaise. He was thinking of Dubourg, and was astonished that he had heard nothing of him. The travellers had reached a distance of nine leagues, and were proceeding on a fine wide road, where there was extremely little chance of any unpleasant accident.

"All of a sudden the noisy whip of a postillion announced the approach of other travellers. Frederick looked round and perceived a little ~~berline~~ behind them going at a tremendous rate. The noise, as it neared, indicated that it was every moment on the point of reaching, and would not be long before it actually passed them. A cloud of dust covered both vehicles, but the road was too wide to render it necessary to draw on one side. Nevertheless, at the moment when they were expecting to be passed, the berline came in contact with their carriage with such a shock that the chaise was overturned into a ditch, in which M. Menard, who had been thrown out of the carriage, was rolled, crying out with all his might.

"The berline stopped; and the postillion of the chariot began to abuse the offending postillion with every possible term of reproach and contempt for having run foul of him on a road where three carriages might go abreast with the utmost ease. The other driver contented himself with a hearty laugh, which could not fail to augment the wrath of his antagonist. Frederick, who had suffered no injury, went up to M. Menard to see what was the matter. He was more alarmed than hurt: he felt himself all over, adjusted his wig, and never ceased repeating that his fall would injure his digestion.

"In the meantime the driver of the berlin got down from his horse, and after having spoken to the person whom he drove, came forward, hat in hand, to the travellers, who were still in the ditch, and apologizing for his awkwardness, gave them to understand that the Baron Ladislas

Potoski, Palatin of Rawa and of Sandomir, begged permission to come and inform himself of their condition, and to offer them all such assistance as laid in his power.

"On hearing the postillion pronounce the names and titles of the traveller, M. Menard began to hurry out of the ditch, and extract the frill from his waistcoat, which his fall had disarranged.

" 'Tell your Master that we are sensible of his politeness,' said Frederick, 'but it is quite unnecessary that he should trouble himself; I hope that no unpleasant consequences will ensue from the accident.'

" 'But there is something the matter with our carriage,' said M. Menard, 'and we may avail ourselves of the offer of M. le Palatin Poto—Poto—Potiouski, in order to reach the next town.'

"The tutor had not finished speaking, when the supposed Polish nobleman, leaping out of his carriage, advanced towards them, with one hand on his hip, and in a swaggering manner, such as he considered full of nobility. Frederick raised his eyes and recognised Dubourg: he had nearly burst into a fit of laughter, when the latter preventing him by a sign, ran up, exclaiming—

" 'Surely, I am not deceived: how extremely fortunate! It is M. Frederick de Montreville.'

"And Dubourg threw himself into the arms of Frederick, who in his turn, feigning surprise, cried out: 'Ah! is it possible! truly—it is Monsieur de — Monsieur du —.'

" 'The Baron Potoski,' (whispered Dubourg,)— 'It is M. le Baron Potoski.'

"During this recognition, which took place on the side of the ditch, M. Menard was making all kinds of polite speeches, at the same time that he kept dragging Frederick by the tail of his coat into the high road; which appeared to him a far more seemly place for presenting himself to a Polish nobleman.

"Dubourg at last turned to the side on which M. Menard was standing, and addressing himself to Frederick, 'Have I the honour to see your father, M. le Comte?' said he, directing the most gracious of his smiles upon the tutor, and assuming as much dignity as he could get up for the occasion. 'No,' said Frederick, 'but he is a second father for me; I beg to present to you M. Menard, my former tutor.' 'M. Menard,' said Dubourg, throwing into his countenance an expression of admiration, and looking at the poor tutor as people used to look at Voltaire, 'what! is *this* M. Menard, of whom I have so often heard. The *primus inter pares* of preceptors. Oh! I shall be charmed to make his acquaintance. *Tandem felix*, M. Menard, since I at length see you.'

"M. Menard was no longer himself; this deluge of compliments on the part of the Palatin of Rawa and Sandomir put him into such a state of confusion that he had by the force of bowing, nearly worked himself backwards into the ditch again, if Frederick had not caught him in time.

"Dubourg put an end to his embarrassment by taking his hand and pressing it forcibly. 'What honour you do me, M. le Baron,' at

length stammered out the preceptor: then addressing himself to Frederick, he said, 'you know then the Lord Potoski?'

" 'Know him!' said Frederick smiling, 'why we are intimate friends—this dear *Dubourg* and I.' 'How! *Dubourg*?' said Menard.

" 'Yes,' cried the pretended baron—'that is the name which I bore in Paris, where I was obliged to preserve the strictest *incognito*, being charged on the part of my government with a secret mission of extreme delicacy.' 'I understand—I understand,' said Menard. 'Call me always, *Dubourg*, my dear Frederick, it was under this name that I knew you first, and it will be always dear to me.'

" While M. Menard stepped aside to examine the overturned carriage, Frederick said in a low tone to *Dubourg*, 'Do you know that this scheme of yours was somewhat violent—you have only just missed killing me and this poor Menard.' 'It is the fault of the ass that drove me, I had told him to overturn me in passing you, but the rascal preferred tumbling you over, which is extremely vexatious, for I reckoned upon getting into your carriage, and now I shall be obliged to offer you mine, which is by no means the same thing. Never mind—leave it all to me—I already see it will be no difficult task to impose upon our poor friend there. But be ready to second me, and support anything you think may want confirmation, and above all remember that I am the Baron Potoski, Palatin of Rava and Sandomir. You had nearly spoilt all by calling me *Dubourg*; luckily I knew how to help us over that; but commit no more such blunders, or I shall be forced to travel without you, and I warrant you I should not go very far.'

" Menard returned to announce, that the axle-tree of the post carriage was broken, and that it would not be in a condition to proceed before the next morning.

" 'Very well, gentlemen,' said *Dubourg*, 'you will do me the pleasure to get into my *berline*: we will stop at the first village, where we will sleep, and in the meantime the smith of the place will repair your carriage.'

" This plan being adopted, the postillion was left to bring the carriage on at foot-pace, and our three travellers got into the berline of the Polish nobleman; it was an old crazy vehicle, patched in every direction, and by no means clean; added to which, it was so ill-hung that at every step it gave the travellers a considerable jerk into the air.

" Frederick could not help smiling as he got into the carriage of the palatin, but *Dubourg* hastened to take up the discourse, and addressing himself to Menard, who, modestly seated on the front seat, had only dared to cast a few stolen glances about him, 'You see,' said he, 'a carriage which is older than we are; it belonged to my grandfather. It was in this very carriage that he saved Stanislas Leczinsky—at that time pursued by his competitor Augustus, who was protected by the Czar, whilst Charles XII. stood up in behalf of Stanislas. But you know all this better than I, M. Menard, for you are a man of learning.' 'Ah! M. le Baron!' 'But to return to this carriage, it is a family carriage—when my father quitted Cracovia in a moment of disturbance,

six millions of money and precious stones were concealed in this modest *berline*; they were the ruins of his fortune, with which he had resolved to retire into Brittany—a country famous for its excellent milk and cheese.'

"Here Frederick, who had been obliged to bite his lips at the six millions, was now compelled to cover his inclination to laugh with a fit of coughing, while M. Menard began to look upon the vehicle with an air of reverence.

" 'You will readily understand, M. Menard,' resumed Dubourg, wiping his face with a silk handkerchief which he kept in his waistcoat pocket in order to give himself the air of a foreigner, 'You will readily understand, M. Menard, that I feel attached to a carriage which recalls recollections of so honourable a character. I am well aware that it is not fashionable, and that it might be better hung; twenty times has my intendant wished to have it repainted and a new lining put into the interior, but I have always refused. This place where I am now sitting has been occupied by King Stanislas; that where you are, by a Princess of Hungary. And I confess to you, that it would pain me much to change this Utrecht velvet, which has had the honour to support these illustrious personages.'

" 'I share your feelings in this respect, M. le Baron,' said Menard, who, before quite transported at the idea of travelling in company with two men of distinguished rank, did not know what to do with himself now that he found he was sitting on the seat of a Princess of Hungary; 'this carriage ought to be extremely dear to you—and I assure you, M. le Baron, that it is far from being unpleasant in its motion—on the contrary, I find it very easy.'

"At this instant a shock had nearly sent M. Menard on his knees upon his pupil; but holding himself by the window frame, he was at last enabled to stammer out—'*Ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis offendor maculis.*'

"And Dubourg responded with, '*Vitam impendere vero.*' Frederick looked out of the window and coughed. M. Menard bent forward and said, 'M. le Baron, I have never doubted it.'

" 'Forced to keep up my incognito,' continued Dubourg, 'I have brought with me no person of my suite, and I confess to you I feel no want of any one. I detest the train, the etiquette, and the display which accompanies greatness: in travelling I lay all form aside; I am a man of nature, M. Menard. But, apropos, my dear Frederick, I have never yet asked you where you are going—should I be rude in asking you the question?'

The answer, as may be supposed, is one that exactly coincides with the intentions of the Baron Potoski; it is agreed that they shall join. The palatin of course dwells upon the pleasure which the company of the *savant* Menard will afford him in a classical tour, and the scheme of their voyage is settled. The first village at which the party sleep, is by no means unproductive of adventures: the principal of which is the despatch of the family *berline*

in the middle of the night, under the care of its driver: the baron being too happy at being rid of this expensive burthen. It was necessary, however, to account to M. Menard for its disappearance: Dubourg got up in the night, raised the house with the cry of thief, and swore that not only had the driver stolen his carriage, but his wardrobe, and we know not how many thousand francs concealed in a secret case in the interior of the carriage. Frederick's chaise being repaired, the travellers make an excellent exchange, and proceed on their way towards Lyons. But M. Menard is unluckily the bearer of the purse; according to Dubourg's notions it is in wrong hands. It must not appear that the Palatius of Rava and Sandomir contributes nothing to the common expenses of the journey; he therefore hits upon a contrivance to make the preceptor surrender. Having already played upon his vanity, gourmandism, and other foibles, Dubourg now commences upon M. Menard's bodily fears.

" 'I know nothing beyond the pleasure of travelling,' observed Dubourg, 'it is a pity that it should sometimes be disturbed by the awkward events that so frequently derange the projects of the traveller.'

" 'There are a great many other engagements in life,' said Frederick, 'that are similarly circumstanced. It is for instance a great happiness to be in love; but when you imagine yourself most secure, the woman you adore at the moment you would have sworn by her fidelity, betrays you for some new Adonis, some fortunate soldier, some brilliant wit, who has the art to captivate her senses. Alas! a very slight circumstance will often crumble into dust the most brilliant future.'

" 'M. de Montreville's remarks,' observes M. Menard, 'are full of truth; we are often greatly deceived in our expectations; how frequently have I not repaired to dine at the house of a cook of the highest reputation, and have found the soup an entire failure.' 'A philosopher,' answered Dubourg, 'supports these reverses, whether in fortune, in love, or in pleasure, but there are things against which all the philosophy in the world cannot hold out—as for example, being attacked on the road and assassinated by highwaymen.' M. Menard shuddered from head to foot, his face lengthened, the expression of his eyes became anxious, and he turned to look upon the countenance of Dubourg, whose features he took care should express nothing consolatory.

" 'These are indeed dreadful incidents for travellers, it is said, M. le Baron, that Italy is dangerous to traverse. You, who have travelled much,—you will be able to inform us.' 'Without doubt, M. Menard, there are highwaymen in Italy. The difference between that country and others is, that the roads there are most dangerous in the middle of the day, for the robbers are the only persons who brave the extreme heat of the sun. After all, if there are robbers in the Apennines, in Germany, and England, unhappily they are not wanting in France—it is now almost as dangerous to travel there as elsewhere.' 'How! in France, M. le Baron, I should have thought that the roads were more

secure.' 'You don't read the newspapers then, M. Menard!' 'Very rarely, M. le Baron.' 'You would there see that the forests of Sénart, of Bondy, of Fontainebleau, of Villers-Cotteret even, have each their bands of robbers. Ah! my God! unhappily these rascals become every day more ferocious—formerly they contented themselves with only robbing you—now they attack you with clubs, and it is a piece of great good fortune if they do not leave you on the spot.' 'The devil! The devil! if I had known that,' murmured Menard, *bating a look of anxiety.* 'The travellers were at that moment entering a wood.'

'But do not you be alarmed, M. Menard,' continued Dubourg, 'the robbers ordinarily set upon only the person who is charged with the money, he pays for all the rest; they bind him to a tree, and strip him as naked as when he was born, in order to be certain that he has concealed no treasure under his clothes.' 'M. le Baron, this is by no means encouraging to me, for it is I who carry the traveller's purse.' 'Ah! if I had known that, I certainly should not have told you—I thought it was Frederick who—but in that case it is incumbent upon you to sell your life dearly. You are doubtless well provided with arms.' 'I never use them, M. le Baron.' 'It will be perhaps necessary to use them, and to make good use of them too—we happen at this moment to be traversing a wood where three of my friends were killed.' 'What, in *this* wood, M. le Baron? Indeed, it does look very thick!'

'Menard's eyes kept glancing with anxiety from right to left; night was falling, and as it grew darker his terror augmented: 'Drive on, postillion, drive on fast, faster, as fast as the horses can gallop,' he cried, in a trembling voice to the post-boy; he, however, had received his instructions from Dubourg, and did not quicken his pace. Frederick never spoke a word, and appeared buried in his own reflections; and Dubourg had drawn his pistols from his pocket and appeared to be examining them with the utmost attention, casting from time to time a glance into the woods.

'Parbleu! M. Menard,' said Dubourg, taking out of his pocket a shabby green pocketbook, in which he had stuck his last tavern bill of fare in order to give it bulk, 'here is for the moment the whole of my fortune. The fifteen thousand francs which remain to me for my travelling expenses are in this portfolio; but since you have had the good nature to charge yourself with Frederick's funds, I hope that you will be obliging enough to be my treasurer also; it is useless for two persons to pay at the inns, it is better that that should be your affair.'

'Saying these words he presented the pocketbook to Menard, who looked at it as if he did not know what he ought to do; and although flattered with this mark of confidence, he had no idea of taking it.

'At that very moment, a long whistle, which echoed in the wood, was heard.

'Oh! Oh! what in the world was that?' cried Dubourg, rolling his eyes about him in a pretended fit of terror. 'Perhaps we are going to be attacked, M. le Baron.' 'Why, i'faith, I am afraid of it. And there is M. Frederick asleep—wake him then.—No, it is not necessary.'



"Frederick was listening to the attack, and pretending to sleep profoundly. 'Take them, M. Menard,' presenting to the preceptor his pistols and his pocketbook—they are charged.' 'Keep—keep them, for God's sake, M. le Baron. I cannot take charge of this pocketbook. If you would have the goodness rather to—to—you understand far better than I how to defend yourself.'

"And the poor Menard draws with one hand his portfolio from his breast, and with the other a large purse of gold—casting on Dubourg the most supplicating looks. 'In truth,' said the latter, 'I don't know whether I ought to receive it. Perhaps Frederick will take it all that—' 'Oh! no, M. le Baron, I am certain that he will approve it.'

"Here are four men who are approaching us with blunderbusses," said the postillion.

"Ah! Mon Dieu, we are lost," cried Menard. 'Do give it me, give it quick,' exclaimed Dubourg, seizing the purse and the portfolio. 'I see that this is my affair.'

"Menard crept under the seat; the postillion cursed and swore, and flogged. Dubourg put his body half out of the carriage window, and fired two pistols in the air. Frederick pretended to wake up, the chaise flew like the wind, and before five minutes had expired, they were out of the wood.

"We are safe," said Dubourg, in aiding Menard to raise himself. 'What! is it possible, M. le Baron?' 'We are out of the wood—the danger is over—we have had a narrow escape. Is it not true, Frederick?' 'And the robbers, M. le Baron?' 'I have killed two of them.' 'And I,' said Frederick, 'saw the other two take to flight.' 'Ah! M. le Baron,' said Menard, 'it was a lucky thing that you were with us.'

"The party arrives at the town. Dubourg was enchanted to play the part of treasurer, and commenced his office by sliding a gold piece into the hands of the postboy, in return for the whistle he had given so seasonably in the forest."

Dubourg had been clerk in a government office, a place which he lost because he considered that he ought to do only the fifth part of the work of his chief, who had five times his salary, and did nothing at all; afterwards entered a banking-house, where being confined from ten in the morning till ten at night, he revenged himself upon delicate breakfasts, which consumed his entire salary, and disgusted his employers: after he left the bank various occupations followed, all of them, however, enlivened by the charms of *écarté*; his losses at this game were never, however, very great, for they only amounted to all he had. Occasional remittances were extorted from a benevolent aunt in Brittany, whom he had persuaded that he was married and had children. Nay! three at a birth, and a sick wife. From all this it is to be inferred, that the possession of poor M. Menard's purse and portfolio was a new epoch in Dubourg's life. Intoxicated with his riches, he ordered all things after a more splendid style than

even a palatin of Rava might be expected to be served. M. Menard's weak points were truly a *faiblesse* for rank and his own stomach; both these appetites were gratified to the utmost of his hopes; his face shone with content when he saw his dinners; his joy was only tempered by the gravity of his own gravity, and the profound veneration he entertained for the palatin.

Extravagant living was not the only folly into which the supposed Potoski fell when they arrived at Lyons; he determined to throw off his incognito, and promenade in a foreign costume in all the conspicuous places of the town, arm-in-arm with his faithful Menard, who by his constant interpellations took care to inform the by-standers and observers of the rank and title of his friend. The attention of some sharpeners is roused; Dubourg receives an invitation from one of the principal personages of the neighbourhood, which he does not fail to accept: a scene of great but untranslatable humour occurs, in which the poor palatin is stripped at the écarté table of his last farthing, and finally turned out of the house. Dubourg, a person of infinite ingenuity, is not, as may be supposed, a person of conduct, or of great penetration; of the manners of persons of high rank he knows even less than Menard, and in his way is almost as easily taken in. His distress at having been robbed of the whole travelling funds of the party may be easily conceived: poor Menard is imposed upon by another story, and is persuaded to combine in a fiction, in order to draw an additional supply from Frederick's father; while, in the mean time, the Baron Potoski, it is agreed, shall write for a supply to his intendant in Cracovia. It would be endless to describe the ludicrous situations into which the vanity and impudence of Dubourg, and the credulity and gluttony of Menard, involve both themselves and those they come in contact with. The adventures at the house of M. Chambertin are perhaps richer in food for laughter than any other part of the whole fifty-five volumes; but they unfortunately turn in some measure upon accidents of a kind to be veiled from the general eye. They end, however, as usual, in the destitution of Dubourg, who loses every thing at play, and moreover encounters a Paris creditor, who had served him with dinners too long not to know him well. An escape is suddenly effected from an evening entertainment in silk stockings, and poor fat Menard is dragged over the country on foot, under the idea that his friend the baron is pursued by Turkish emissaries, employed by the Porte to assassinate the intended ambassador. While this pair are pursuing their adventures in the fields, Frederick is tranquilly employed at a distance in making love, in a kind of Arcadia of the author's own invention; so that the poor tutor is left to his fate, and he is at length persuaded by the baron to ac-

cept with him a temporary engagement from a company of strolling players, where he and Potoski personate two of the first court actors of Warsaw. Menard, in all these follies, fortifies himself in his idea of the rank of his companion, and is just descending the staircase of the inn, his fat person arranged in an oriental dress and green turban, (in which the manager usually played Mahomet,) to perform the part of Theseus, when he is encountered by Frederick's father, the grave Count de Montreville, who, by the frequent demands of money made upon him by his son, had begun to suspect that something was wrong, and had come in search of the travellers.

"Ascending the staircase, he found himself face to face with Menard, who was coming down; majestically declaiming,

*'La fortune à mes vœux cesse d'être opposée,  
Madame, et dans vos bras met . . .'*"

The old gentleman raised his head on hearing the voice of Menard, regarded him for some moments with surprise, and at length cried out, "Is it possible! Is this M. Menard that I see under this costume?" Menard stared at the traveller, and was thunderstruck at the apparition of his pupil's father. The Count, seizing him roughly by the arm, pulled him back into his apartment, and in his usual caustic tone attacked the woe-begone preceptor with questions.

"What does all this signify, M. Menard? What means this turban, this yellow dress, this lunatic air? Was it to act on the stage, sir, that I sent you with my son? Did you and Frederick suppose that I was always to remain your dupe? In fifteen days you ate and drank the eight thousand francs which I put into your hands.'—'No, sir, we did not eat and drink them.'—'Silence, sir; I was willing to pardon this first folly: I sent you more money, and after some time I find that my son is still at Grenoble; that he is making the tour of Europe in Dauphiny—I leave Paris, I go to Grenoble—you are not to be found. I ransack the environs in vain; at last it is here that I find you, in this attire! I did not expect it, I confess. But my son, where is he? is he also play-acting.'—'No, M. le Comte.'—'Where is he then? speak.'—'He is lost, M. le Comte.'—'Lost! what do you mean?'—'That is to say, M. le Comte, that he has only lost his way.'—'Remember, sir, that it was to you that I confided my son.'—'We will find him again, my lord, M. le Baron Potoski is about to send off couriers to all the courts of Europe to seek him.'—'The Baron Potoski! who is he?'—'He is a Polish nobleman, a young man of great knowledge, the Palatin of Rava and Sandomir,' &c.

Of course the murder is soon out, and the farce of Dubourg pretty nearly at an end. A translation, much less a few detached and abridged scenes, can give but a faint notion of the general

effect of a work uncommonly well sustained in all its parts of humour by our French Smollett.

Perhaps the most truly pleasing of all these romances is *André le Savoyard*: it is the least dramatic, and with the exception of the character of Rossignol, the layman or attitudiner for the artists, the least lively of our author's writings; but it is full of truth, and breathes an air of purity and innocence. The satire is chiefly confined to the ridicule of an imbecile count, a model of selfishness and impotence. He has married, against her inclination, a beautiful and amiable woman, whom he persecutes with attentions by no means acceptable. She leads him a perpetual chase, from Paris to a country seat, and from home to the houses of her friends, in a manner which reminds the reader of the perpetual efforts of the wretched little lord, in the 'Memoirs of a Lady of Quality,' contained in Peregrine Pickle, to gain possession of his wife. With this exception, and the one already named, the glozing rogue Rossignol, the novel is chiefly illustrative of virtue in humble life, of mountain purity maintaining its candour, even in contact with the impurities of city life. It is well known that Savoy furnishes Paris with its chimney-sweepers, and that *Savoyard* is now in fact become synonymous with *ramoneur*. Savoyards also perform in that capital the duty of commissioners, or porters and message-bearers, as the Auvergnats carry water, and the Swiss cantons supply the hotels with the *concierges* or door-porters—all alike, we believe, celebrated for their integrity, and the faithful discharge of the confidential commissions with which they are frequently entrusted. Andrew the Savoyard and his little brother, mere children, set off after the manner of their country from a cottage in the mountains of Savoy, to seek their fortunes in the capital of France, and this novel is the history of their respective adventures, for their fortunes are different. They are separated by a ridiculous circumstance in a crowd, on their arrival in Paris, and having no means of tracing each other, they are only brought together after their respective fates are fixed in life. The history of Andrew opens with this pleasing scene, told in the words of the hero, who speaks throughout:

"The snow was falling in large flakes: the highways were covered with it, and it almost blocked up the bye-paths among the mountains, and the roads often running on the edge of a precipice, which surround the little town of l'Hôpital, not far from Mont Blanc.

"Our cottage stood near a road, from which the stormy weather had driven all passengers for several days. The snow was already a foot deep on the earth; nevertheless, neither I nor my brothers had a thought of seeking shelter.

"I was rolling at the foot of a rock, and I felt as comfortable as if it

had been on a grassy bank : my little hands were manufacturing snow-balls and discharging them at my brothers, who in their turn attacked me with similar weapons. Pierre, crouching in the hollow made by the road, only showed himself now and then, taking pains in the mean time to level his aim with great accuracy, and then immediately concealing himself. Jacques ran from side to side without stopping, except to pick up the materials of his balls, and then darting them at us, stole out of the way.

"What delight was there when any of us happened to hit : what cries of joy when Jacques, as he was making off, received a ball on his back : when Pierre, at the instant that he popped up his little white head from his hiding place, caught the ball in his face, over which the snow would break in a thousand atoms. The conquered joined his laugh to that of the conqueror : victory never cost a tear. How could we be cold ? we were so happy, and at an age when happiness is so pure—for it is mingled neither with the recollections of the past, nor fears for the future.

"Already had the voice of our mother more than once reached us, warning us to come in : directly, was the answer of all of us. But just at the moment of regaining home, some fresh snowball from one or other of us would renew the war ; the attack was recommenced on all hands, and cries of joy, bursts of laughter, made our mountains echo again. Our feet were half dead with cold, our little red numb hands could scarcely take up and compress the snow which afforded us our pastime—nevertheless we never could prevail on ourselves to return to the fireside of our cottage.

"But when the approach of night at length compelled us to quit our sport, we would enter all three, blowing, and panting, and glowing with pleasure ; and run and pop ourselves down in the great chimney corner by the side of the fire, before which our father sat in his large chair, whilst my mother was moving about in the large kitchen, the only room of the house, preparing the soup for our evening meal, all the time scolding us for having come home so late.

"See how they are covered with snow ! To stay so long in the road in such weather as this. Hum ! the vagabonds : when they once get set in to play, there is no making them hear."

"Don't scold them, Marie," our father would say, drawing us towards him, "don't scold them ; they amuse themselves ; they are happy. Why seek to trouble their little pleasures ?"

The tranquillity of this peaceable family is one evening during a storm interrupted by cries of distress. The good man, though suffering from the effects of a recent fall, rushes out to render assistance, and arrives in time to guide the carriage of the Comte de Francornard from a precipice covered with snow, over which the postillion was unconsciously leading it. The carriage had suffered some injury, and the great man was glad to take refuge under a roof. He had with him his valet, and an infant child of great beauty that had slept through the accident, and was

brought into the cottage in that state. We have already spoken of the Comte : an extract will convey the author's conception of this character. It is little André who speaks, after having examined the strangers; he thus describes the Comte.

"He might be about fifty-five years of age; of small stature, looking meagre and sickly: though travelling, he wore no boots, and the cold (according to him) had so shrivelled the calves of his legs, that in fact no traces of them remained. His face was long, as also his nose, which in the profile was sufficiently broad to shelter the person who had hold of his arm from the wind. His complexion was yellow; one of his eyes was covered with a patch of black taffetas, fixed there by a ribbon passing round the gentleman's head, without, however, creating the slightest resemblance to the God of Love. The remaining eye was black, and lively enough: forced to do the duty of two, its proprietor allowed it no repose, and rolled it incessantly from right to left. Lastly, his countenance was graced by a contemptuous sneer, which seemed the habitual expression of it. He had a short tail, which behind followed all the movements of his eye in front."

At the sight of the lovely little child, the boys had exclaimed with pleasure, but Andrew says no cry of admiration escaped them on viewing the countenance of this gentleman.

"The stranger surveyed the interior of our cottage with an air of dissatisfaction. 'Have you no other room where I can rest myself at a distance from all these little brats?' said he to my father, casting a look of impatience on me and my brothers. 'No, sir, this large chamber is the entire of our abode.' 'Chamber! do they call this a chamber?' muttered the gentleman, looking at his valet, who had just taken off his cloak, and answered every thing he said with a respectful smile.

"'Let me see; where shall I put myself, for I suppose I must put myself somewhere. Must I not? Champagne.' 'Most undoubtedly, my lord, the place is not worthy of you; but it is not the poor people's fault.' 'You are right, Champagne; the place is not worthy of me; but since there is no other—

"'Oh, if the gentleman would like to be alone,' said my mother, 'there is besides a garret above, where we keep our winter provisions; there is plenty of fresh straw.'

"'A garret! straw! for me! Tell me, Champagne, did you hear this woman; really this is too good!'

"And the gentleman rolled his eye from right to left, and tried to look piercing. Although I was behind him, I could tell the motion of his eye by that of his tail.

"'These peasants, my lord, are not aware to whom they have the honour of speaking.'—'Certainly they don't know. Let us see. Give me a chair, on which I may be able to sit down.'

"'I have but this large chair, sir,' said my father, putting forward the seat in which he ordinarily sat: whilst my mother, holding him by the jacket, said to him, in an under tone, 'But it's thy chair, Georget; where are you to sit, and you so lame?'

"My father turned round and made her a sign to be silent; she obeyed with reluctance, for neither the tone nor the manners of the stranger disposed her to put herself out of the way for him.

"'No easy chair,' said he, spreading his spindle legs before the fire, and warming his fingers loaded with rings. 'How ill these roads are kept! I must write to the prefect of this department: ah, by the bye, tell me, my good man, when you came up to my carriage as it was floundering in the snow, why you cried out to the postillion to stop; what was that for?' 'Because he was going towards a precipice, which the snow concealed from him: a few more turns of the wheel, and you would all have perished.' 'How! what! I, the Comte de Francornard, I die in *that* manner—rolled into a hole. How extraordinary! I say, Champagne, can you conceive that? Dost thou understand to what danger I have been exposed? and I was sleeping tranquilly in my carriage all the time, surrounded with perils: by Jove, if that is not courage, I am an ass.' 'My lord always shows courage.' 'You are right, Champagne, I am always so; but I hope this last trait will be cited in the history of my life. This is now at least the tenth time that it has happened to me to be asleep at the moment of danger. You remember when my hotel caught fire. I was in a profound sleep while one entire chimney was burnt down, and if I had not been roused, I was capable of sleeping in that manner till morning, while every body else was running away. I say, Champagne, I call that *sang froid*.' 'That is precisely, my lord, what all the world admires in your character.' . . . 'Sir,' said at last my father, approaching the gentleman, 'your postillion is still in the road.' 'Well, and what then? it is his business to be in the roads—the vagabond who was going to overthrow us: he deserves to be severely punished.' 'He ran the same risk himself, sir.' 'Ah, you think so, my friend. I say, Champagne, this Savoyard has the impudence to compare my existence with that of a postillion.' 'My lord, these are people of a condition not to understand you.' 'You are right, this sort of persons live and die like marmottes—without having a thought of a distinguished kind. However this may be, I must set off as soon as possible. I am not able to remain long in this spot; there is a description of odour here capable of suffocating a well-bred person. Champagne, go with this Savoyard to examine the carriage: see if there is any thing broken: let him put it into the right road; and as soon as day dawns we will be off. I do not choose to adventure myself by night in roads covered with snow.' 'Reckon upon my attention, my lord.'

Champagne returns with the Savoyard—

"'Well, Champagne,—what of my carriage?' asks the little gentleman, without looking at my father. 'Oh, there is not much the matter, my lord, a screw broken; the postillion says it is a mere nothing.' 'I shall certainly not again get into a carriage where a screw is wanting, that the wheel may come off and we be overturned on the road. The postillion laughs at that, for he is on horseback. That which is broken must be mended, and that immediately. Are there no smiths in this

cursed country of your's !' 'Sir,' said my father, 'it is true there is a man who shoes horses and works at carriages ; but he lives at the other end of the parish.' 'Let him live with the devil, if you like, but I must have him.' 'Tis a long way off, and the roads are in such a state, and in the night . . . . ' You ought to be as much used to run over the snow, as I am to wear a sword. With a great pole like that, you ought to be able to keep yourself up any where. But you are afraid probably ?' 'No, Sir, no. I gave no proof of that when at the hazard of my life I stopped your horses on the edge of the precipice.' 'True, most assuredly, my good man, I shall recompense you for it ; but I must absolutely have a smith.'

"My father prepared to set off, when my mother ran and threw herself into his arms. 'My dear Georget ! do not go out such a night as this ; you are already ill—the road is dangerous—to-morrow, as soon as it is light, it will be time enough to seek some one.'

" 'To-morrow,' said the stranger, 'don't think of it, good woman ! to-morrow, and then I should be obliged to stay a part of the day here. No, no, I must start at daylight. Do not keep your husband ; fear nothing ; I answer for him, and i'faith, I have done far different things myself ; I, who have skated for whole hours on basins three feet deep of water, &c.' "

Of course the poor mountaineer does the great little man's behest : he returns wounded, with a smith, however—all that his Lordship cared or thought about. On leaving the cottage, the poor people discover the miniature of a beautiful woman, the wife of the stranger, which had been dropped from the neck of the infant. The honest people are unable to return the thing, for they know not whom they have had the honour of entertaining : but when the poor Georget dies, and ten of his little sons set out for the *grand ville* to seek their fortunes, the mother entrusts it to the care of Andrew, with instructions to restore it to the gentleman whose property it was, when he should encounter him in the great city. This little circumstance is turned to account in the history of his adventures.

Of M. Dupont, the flourishing Paris grocer, who gives his name to one of the novels at the head of this paper, we never think without associating the idea of Liston. His good nature, his simplicity, his vanity, his timidity, his ridiculous taste in dress, his awkward activity, and to crown all, his utter unconsciousness of not being as fine a fellow, and as loveable an object as any in Paris, would all meet an admirable representative in our inimitable comedian. What enjoyment the people would have in his dancing at Romainville, with his sounding seals and watch chain, and his pockets full of crown-pieces, making together a little tambourin accompaniment, and his coat of skyblue : or at the scene of his marriage festival, when he unluckily dons a pair



of over-tight inexpressibles, and covers the accident all the evening with his hat, to the horror of all the party; and when again repulsed by his wife, and held in supreme contempt by her, after repeatedly finding the door locked against him, he applies to a magistrate, who, all the time declining to interfere in so delicate an affair, reads him certain articles of the Five Codes, which assure to him his privileges, and with which M. Dupont is so delighted, that in lieu of other amusements, he commits them to memory behind his compteur. We know not how Liston would contrive in a farce to bring about the melancholy catastrophe which we can read, laughing all the time, in the novel, but which would look far too serious on the stage. Poor M. Dupont falls a victim to his ardour. He is at Marseilles, when he receives a letter from his wife, informing him of a change having taken place in her sentiments, and adding that on his return she trusted she should understand her duty better than she had hitherto done. The impatience of poor M. Dupont leads him into the most extravagant measures to secure his earlier arrival in Paris. He breaks off all the business-negotiations he had set on foot at Marseilles, and demands the speediest conveyance possible for Paris. He starts with a chaise and four and courier, and pursues his route night and day, making at all the inns no secret of the object of his mission. He conceives that by telling he is in such haste because he is going to sleep with his wife, that all the world will 'speed the parting guest.' Presently, however, seeing that the courier is always in advance, the brilliant idea strikes him, that he should get on faster on horseback. On the spot, he purchases horse, saddle and bridle, and the courier's boots, and though he had never before bestrode a horse, he did not hesitate to gallop off at the greatest pace his beast was capable of: unhappy M. Dupont! he kills his horse, and breaks his own neck in a stone quarry, and sleeps—not with his wife—but with his fathers.

A journey with so fatal a termination is certainly not a subject for farce; nevertheless, there are incidents on this invaluable expedition, which would afford materials for a genius like that of Liston. Such, for example, as the inconsistency of a cockney grocer travelling *en milord* with his four horses and courier; and the disappointment of the innkeepers, who had prepared their best entertainment for the great man, and then find an odd figure of a tradesman roll out of the carriage, who, utterly unconscious of his grandeur, accepts all the civility of his host as his ordinary reception of travellers, and prefers sitting in the kitchen, eating an apple-pie and bread and cheese, while the horses are changing; to the magnificent repast upon which the cook had been toiling for hours.

It is, not improbable that M. Dupont has already been converted into farce on the French stage, though we are not aware of the fact. *Jean*, and the *Laitière de Montfermeil*, have both been metamorphosed into charming vaudevilles, in which the London public have had the double opportunity of seeing these new editions of two excellent novels, and the rare acting of Lafont and Jenny Colon.

We have already spoken of M. and Madame Moutonnet; they are a model of that common pair of domestic animals, the led husband and imperious wife, and if we could draw them with the same effect that Paul de Koch has done in all the leisure of four volumes, we would quote them for a couple of as true originals as ever were created in an inventor's brain. An extract may at least amuse, though it cannot convey the impression communicated by the long intimacy procured by the perusal of the entire work; for it is as true of the writings of Paul as of some others, that his portraiture is so lively that each of his novels adds so many acquaintance to our stock.

"M. Eustache Moutonnet is a rich lace merchant of the Rue St. Martin, a man highly respected in the commercial world, for no bill of his has ever been protested, and he never failed to pay his debts when they were due. For thirty years that he has been established in business, he has invariably occupied himself in his concerns from eight in the morning till eight in the evening. He himself keeps his own ledger and day-book, Madame Moutonnet undertakes the correspondence, and manages all negotiations. The details of the shop and the till are confided to an old clerk and to Mademoiselle Eugénie Moutonnet.

"M. Moutonnet is not, as may have been suspected, in the habit of commanding in his own house—it is his wife who acts, orders, disposes, and rules all. When she is in a good humour, (which is rare,) she permits her husband to go out after dinner to take his half cup of coffee, on condition that he frequents the café at the corner of the Rue Marmoussin, because there they give large lumps of sugar, and M. Moutonnet always brings away three for his wife.

"On Sunday, dinner is fixed a little earlier, in order to have time to walk in the garden of the Tuileries, or in the *Jardin Turc*. Parties of pleasure into the country are very rare, and only take place on extraordinary occasions, such, for instance, as the birth-days of M. or M<sup>de</sup> Moutonnet.

"This regular life does not prevent the fat lace merchant from considering himself the happiest of mankind: so true it is, that that which wearies one person to death makes the happiness of another. M. Moutonnet was born with simple and peaceful tastes—to be led, to be guided like an infant, was with him an absolute want. M. Moutonnet was in no fear of being led away by his passions, for he had none; all he knew in the world was trade, and obedience to the orders of his wife.

"Madame Moutonnet had passed her fortieth year, but it is under-

stood that she is never to be more than thirty-six years of age. She was never pretty, but she is tall, and her husband is persuaded that he has a magnificent creature for a wife. She is not a coquette, but she conceives herself entitled to universal preference over all other women by her beauty and her sense. She never loved her husband; nevertheless, if he had been unfaithful to her for a moment, she would have torn his eyes out, not because she had any kindness for him, but she stood up for her rights in all things.

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"St. Eustache, M. Moutonnet's birth-day, was an epoch impatiently expected in the house of the lace merchant. On that day all was in motion at M. Moutonnet's: his wife even permitted the household to wear a smile—Eugenie learned a new song, which she sung to her dear papa as she offered him a purse she had worked, or a clasp for his napkin, or a snuff-box, and the good Moutonnet never received the little present from his daughter without feeling the tears spring to his eyes.

"Madame Moutonnet also presented her birth-day gift; but as order and economy ruled all her actions, her offering usually consisted in pairs of stockings, pocket handkerchiefs, and waistcoats. Whatever the gift might be, M. Moutonnet was transported, enchanted: if his wife had given him a pinch of tobacco, he would have manifested the same delight. The good man had his own reasons for appearing always satisfied.

"M. Bidais (the clerk) gave nothing: he reserved his little savings for the day of Sainte-Barbe, the birth-day of Madame Moutonnet: the old foreman was a courtier, for all the time he was complimenting the husband, he had the address to speak of nothing but the virtues and graces of the wife.

"By way of recompense, he was allowed to join the country party, and it was he who was commissioned to carry the two enormous baskets filled with provisions, because Madame Moutonnet, not wishing to leave her house without any person in it, since she had heard of some robberies in the quarter, did not now permit her maid-servant to accompany them. This threw poor Bidais into despair: he groaned over his burthens, and the perspiration beaded his face all along the road, bending under the weight of his baskets, and not daring to utter the slightest complaint, but on the contrary, whenever Madame Moutonnet happened to look in that direction, trying to appear alert, and even frolicsome.

"On the day before the eventful birth-day, Madame Moutonnet, who undertook the task of inviting the persons who suited her, and afterwards condescended to inform her husband of what she had done, stopped her husband after dinner as he was folding his napkin, and the dear man was about to return to his ledger.

"'Monsieur Moutonnet, to-morrow is St. Eustache,' (said Madame Moutonnet, speaking almost good-humouredly.) 'Bah! you do not say so,' answers the laceman, attempting to appear astonished, although for the last eight days he had every morning been to the barometer to ascertain whether it would be fine weather on his birth-day.

"'Is it possible that we are near the twentieth?'

" 'Yes, sir, since to-day is the nineteenth of September.' 'You are right, my wife.' 'I never forget these occasions, I, sir.' 'You are extremely kind, Madame Moutonnet; you know I never forget the St. Barbe, either, my heart.' 'There is no question of the St. Barbe, sir, it is St. Eustache we shall celebrate to-morrow.' 'True, my wife.' 'I have arranged a party of pleasure to the wood of Romainville; does that suit you, sir?' 'How! my life, suit me, it delights; it transports me; the wood of Romainville—I have always loved it, you know, *Où l'on se baigne charmant pour les amans*.'

" 'There is no question of lovers, M. Moutonnet, you are always so ridiculous!' 'My wife, it is St. Eustache that produces this effect.' 'Hold your tongue, sir.' A glance of severity gave M. Moutonnet to understand that his daughter was sitting near him, and might hear him; the dear creature held his tongue, and his wife continued—

" 'I have invited a large company for to-morrow; I have tried to make an agreeable selection among our friends, and I think you will be satisfied with my choice.' 'My wife, you know that I always am—' 'Permit me to speak, M. Moutonnet—if you interrupt me every instant we shall never come to the end,' 'True, true, my wife.' 'This is the manner in which I have made up our party. First, us three and M. Bidais. I do not take Jeanneton, because I do not wish to leave the house alone. M. Bidais, besides, will carry the baskets: you know that that will amuse him.' 'Yes, Madame,' said the old clerk, trying to smile in order to conceal a grimace, which the word baskets had produced among his features.

" 'I give you notice, M. Bidais, that they will be somewhat heavy to-morrow, for there will be a good many of us, and excepting bread and wine, which we shall purchase from the keeper, all will be to be carried.' 'And perhaps I shall be able to relieve him now and then,' said M. Moutonnet. 'No, no,' said Madame Moutonnet, 'No, sir, I shall not listen to that; I do not choose that on the day of your fête you should fatigue yourself all the morning, you would be good for nothing the rest of the evening.' 'True, true, my wife,' &c.

*La Maison Blanche*, though one of his works of which the author himself is most proud, is not one which has given us most pleasure. It approaches too nearly to the veritable romance, and the pedantic schoolmaster who performs the part of *primo buffo* is a failure. The really successful efforts of the author are in the character of Robinet, the pompous government clerk, proud on £70 per annum, who becomes heir to a considerable property, the real extent of which of course he is unable to value as he is to make a judicious use of it. Nothing will serve him but a chateau, and an estate, and a name. His notary quickly supplies him with these luxuries in exchange for his rentes. He buys an old ruinous castle in Auvergne, and marries into a miserably poor family of noblesse in a neighbouring town. The amusement is in seeing the effects of their insolent assurance and pride upon

the weak mind of the *parvenu*; the whole family quarter themselves upon the unhappy Robinet—take possession of his property, and discharge his servants. At the slightest supposed sign of opposition (in fact, Robinet makes none, he is too proud of his connexion,) the old marquis, his father-in-law, threatens the trembling clerk in the gallant style of Lewis XIV. ‘Do so and so, or remember it is with *me* that your business will be.’ Poor Robinet, (or de Rothenoir, as he is called after his chateau,) submits till he is ruined, when he makes his escape, and is ultimately found walking about Paris, with his hands in the pockets of his *capote de propriétaire*, trying to get reinstated in his old place of clerk.

*Frère Jacques*, though not a merry novel, is worthy of the author, for it is utterly a picture of everyday life, together with frequent indications of a keen perception of character. It is the history of two brothers—a favourite and a neglected child: the name of Jacques, it seems, is not in estimation with the ladies of France: Jacques, however, was so named after his godfather, but his mother never relished either him or his name: he felt the preference in favour of his elder brother, an amiable but a weak boy, and left his home.

Long after this indiscreet step, and the decease of his parents, he returns; his brother having married a lady of fortune, and desiring to live in the country, takes occasion to purchase the house in which his parents had lived, and where his infancy had been spent. He is examining his new purchase with his bride and her mother, when they perceive through the iron bars of the gate at the bottom of the garden, a head, all whiskered and ‘bearded like the pard,’ garnished with a huge scar, and gazing with great earnestness upon the house and grounds. This is the runaway Jacques, just returned from a long and arduous military service: a recognition afterwards takes place between him and his brother, who, still remembering the affright of the ladies, and all their talk of banditti and ruffians, hesitates at receiving him and introducing him to his wife. The honest and manly heart of Jacques revolts at his brother’s want of affection, and retreats from his presence with disgust. From this point of the story, opposite indeed are the fates and fortunes of the brothers as of their characters; weakness and ambition conduct the one to the gallies, while the sturdy whiskerandos remains an honest citizen, to protect his family, and keep up his name.

*Georgette, ou la Nièce du Tabellion*, and *Gustave, ou le Mauvais Sujet*, are clever novels; but we should willingly leave them out of the collection of the works of Paul de Koch, for they are extravagant and dissolute. The author was young and ardent

when he wrote them; he consulted simply his genius, had little experience, and set probability at defiance. *Georgette* is in fact the history of a woman who sets the world at defiance, and pursues the fleeting pleasures, from the penalties of which youth and beauty for a time protect her. It is truly a sad and degrading picture, not unredeemed by talent, but too warm in colouring to effect the, no doubt, virtuous intentions of its author. There are two characters inimitably well drawn—an accomplished villain of a valet or house-steward, *Lafleur*—and his master, a *ci-devant jeune homme*, a made-up old buck, all gallantry and fashion, whom a rude repulse would have shaken into a score of separate morsels.

*Gustave* is a pendant to *Georgette*; both were written when the memory of *Pigault Le Brun* was too fresh in the author's mind. It contains a good character of a veteran soldier, now become a favourite subject with the French reading and play-going public. Beyond this, with a few lively village intrigues, and an admirable sketch of a *blanchisseuse en fin*, we remember nothing good in *Gustave*.

*La Femme, le Mari, et l'Amant*, is the last of Paul de Koch's voluminous compositions, and not the least amusing. It is light, frank, and agreeable. The story perhaps is improbable, but it is artful, and gives the author an opportunity of developing his characters. In them there is nothing improbable: on the contrary, they seem fresh impressed into the service of the novelist from the streets and salons of Paris. Our author has the art of distinguishing character by slight strokes, which he multiplies till the persons of his novels start from the canvas. The characters of the ones just mentioned are moving with life, from the principal to the most subordinate. *Dubois*, with his noisy gaiety and his talent at finding amusement in every thing; *Jolivet*, and his meanness; *Jeuneville*, and his unprincipled carelessness; the lady of the *capote pensée*, in her unconscious state between a flame expiring and a new one rekindling; down to the *propriétaire*, always so anxious as to the price of *Dubois's denrées coloniales*; and little *Ninie*, with her simple frankness, not the least displayed in the delicate distress of the opera, when in the hearing of her neighbours, and to the confusion of her lover, *Deligny*, she makes a merit of her white hands, which she attributes to having soaped in the morning. Scenes of extravagant pleasantry are not wanting in the novel, and some of them are perhaps as successful as any of the former ones. Two incidents occur to us, which in the original, we defy the gravest of men to read without ostensible marks of delight. We allude to the imposition practised on the unhappy *Jolivet*, who is unconsciously made to escort some girls

of loose character, who are smuggling wine in bladders concealed under their dress through the barriers of Paris, and who being *sounded* by the officers with their iron instruments, (to the utter horror and amazement of their protector, who takes them for persons of condition,) flood the floor of the vehicle with contraband wine: and to that other still more amusing scene, in which the hero, compelled to go and meet his father at the diligence as he arrives from the country, is obliged by a singular train of circumstances to repair thither without an indispensable part of his attire. An old shabby roquelaure is all that the elegant Deligny can procure to repair the deficiency, which, closely pinned down in front and so straight that he can scarcely walk, gives rise to a series of delicate distresses as he traverses the quarter of Paris in which he finds himself in this situation, and the Bureau des Messageries. The misery of the poor fellow is of that kind which it is permitted to laugh at; and certainly, among the *petits malheurs* of life, there are not many more ludicrous than the condition of poor Deligny, stuck fast in a cabriolet, from which he dare not descend for fear he may not be able to command the requisite quantity of stride.

Before we dismiss the little library of the author's works heaped up on the table before us, we must make one remark on the extraordinary dislike which the writer seems to entertain against our countrymen. In nearly every one of his novels we meet *en passant* with an Englishman, who is simply introduced to be despised. Fair satire we should not object to; our countrymen are not wanting in absurdities, especially on the continent, and we therefore lament that Paul should not only show his dislike, but his utter ignorance of the English character. Did he know us better, one of two things would infallibly take place—either that his skilful pen would sketch some truly ludicrous and amusing satires of our infirmities, and thus contribute to their cure, or that this dislike, which is now a mere ignorant bugbear, would melt away before a due appreciation of the many sterling and valuable qualities that, without vanity, we may lay claim to, as going to compose a national character.

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ART. VII.—1. *Noticias historicas de Don Gaspar Melchor de Jovellanos, consagradas a sus respetables Cenizas.* I. M. de A. M. Palma. 1812. 4to.

2. *Memorias para la vida del Excelentísimo Señor Don Gaspar Melchor de Jovellanos, y noticias analiticas de sus obras,* por Don Juan Agustín Ceán Bermúdez. Madrid. 1814.

AMONGST the Spanish authors of modern times, *Jovellanos* stands pre-eminent. Equally celebrated as a writer and as a patriot, he is more generally admired at home, or better known abroad. Whatever may be the opinion formed of the soundness of some of his principles, or the wisdom of some of his actions, his first-rate talents and his solid virtues stand confessed by Spaniards of all parties and denominations; and it is his peculiar felicity that he has preserved his literary and moral fame untainted in the midst of conflicting opinions and political convulsions, of the intrigues of courts and the shocks of popular parties, in all which he largely mixed, either as the minister of an absolute king, or as the magistrate of a people in a state of revolution. His works have found their way into foreign countries, and met with approbation from the most fastidious critics. During the contest for the throne of Spain, the government of *Joseph Bonaparte* made it a point to gain him over to their side. In England, the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews* have concurred in praising him; Dr. Southey has expressed his admiration of his writings and character; and Lord Holland, besides keeping his bust by the side of that of Fox, is known to pride himself upon having been the friend of the illustrious original. Such unanimity of applause must have been extorted by more than ordinary merit, and we trust it will not be thought a proof of partiality on our part that we add our mite to so valuable a stock, and give our testimony to declare *Jovellanos* a truly great and good man.

It is a misfortune of this celebrated writer that we possess no collection of his works. The only edition of his elegant compositions, the *Elogios*, has been long out of print. Of his touching and eloquent appeal to his fellow-countrymen there is but one wretched edition. His *Informe sobre Ley Agraria* has been, indeed, reprinted; yet of the few editions of this work, one alone is tolerable in point of typographical beauty or correctness. Some of his poetry has been published without his name. Thus the Spanish scholar who may feel anxious to peruse the writings of the best and most celebrated author of modern Spain, must undergo the trouble of looking for them in separate collections.

Many circumstances will account for this neglect. During the



latter part of the reign of Charles IV., or let us rather say, of his favourite, the notorious *Godoy, Prince of the Peace*, it was almost treason to mention the name of Jovellanos. The Spanish revolution of 1808 removed, indeed, that obstacle, since the subject of the present article was a member of the Junta Central, to whom the government of Spain was entrusted. But those were times of great political excitement, when nothing literary inspired the least interest; and nothing therefore was published that did not bear upon the events of the day. At the restoration of peace and absolute government in 1814, the writings of Jovellanos became obnoxious to the ruling party; for, though far from containing the sentiments of a bold innovator, still they were not calculated for the meridian of a country where the Inquisition had been re-established. The new Spanish revolution in 1820 was certainly favourable to the publication of a collection of our author's works, and we wonder that it was not attempted. We cannot believe that the present Spanish government will tolerate the diffusion of principles such as are avowed and maintained in the works in question, and we entertain but few hopes of seeing that collection of them which we desire and recommend, unless the foreign press should give us one under the superintendence of some Spanish emigrant.

Nor has Jovellanos been more fortunate in finding a biographer to record the events of his interesting and chequered life. The two works which we have placed at the head of the present article cannot boast of great literary merit. The first is eloquent and declamatory, but it does not say much of Jovellanos; it only treats of the events of his latter days, where the opinions he maintained, and the principles upon which he is supposed to have acted, are made use of by his biographer to record his own political sentiments. This little book was published in the Isle of Majorca, and never attained great circulation in Spain. It could not, however, escape the vigilance of the Inquisition, in whose prohibitory edicts it was set down immediately after the restoration of that odious tribunal. The second work, or *Memoirs*, comes from a man thoroughly acquainted with his subject, since Jovellanos had been his patron in his youth, and his friend in his maturer years. But *Don Juan Agustin Cean Bermudez*, though a laborious, is a very bad writer. His account of *Jovellanos* is a dull, inelegant, unphilosophical, nay, a truly ludicrous piece of composition. It can only be looked to as containing the dates of the most remarkable events in the life of his illustrious subject, and a catalogue of his various writings. To appreciate Jovellanos either as a statesman or as an author, *Don Juan Agustin Cean Bermudez* was wholly incompetent; even for the humbler and

easier task of writing a panegyric he appears totally unfit, and under his clumsy hands, *El Señor Don Gaspar* (as he often very absurdly calls his hero) cuts, indeed, a sorry figure.

Don Gaspar de Jovellanos was born in Gijon, in the province of Asturias, on the 5th of January, 1744. He was the fourth son of an ancient and noble family. Having been originally destined for the church, he began his studies in the University of Oviedo, from which he was removed to that of *Avila*, and afterwards to that of *Alcala*, where he entered a college exclusively intended for young men of noble\* birth. As the civil and canon law were included in his studies, his proficiency in those sciences suggested the idea of altering the future destination of the young student, and Jovellanos embraced the legal instead of the ecclesiastical profession. According to the fashion of those times, a man of his rank in life was not permitted to plead as an *advocate*; but in the multiplicity of the Spanish courts of law there was an abundance of places on the bench to be disposed of amongst the lawyers of noble birth, as soon as they left college, and underwent the necessary examination. Jovellanos was made *Alcalde del Crimen*, or a member of the criminal branch of the *Audiencia*, or provincial court of law of Seville.

Before proceeding to his destination, young Jovellanos was introduced to the President of the *Consejo*, a place then held by the famous *Count de Aranda*. This Spanish grandee stood at that time in the height of his credit and power. His connections with the French philosophers, or *Encyclopedistes*, were well known, from the circumstance of Voltaire's having devoted an article of his *Dictionnaire Philosophique* to praise him. His talents are thought to have been of a very high class, though a good judge (Madame de Staël) who knew him well, has spoken of him as of a man whose mind was narrow, and whose intellect was very limited, but who made up for these deficiencies by the firmness and energy of his character. He was a reformer after the manner of the aristocratical and monarchical reformers of the eighteenth century; violent and despotic, a great enemy of the clergy and the influence of Rome, fond of innovation, but nowise friendly to popular controul, or indeed to any sort of opposition. The suppression of the Jesuits in Spain and South America is an act highly creditable to his abilities and courage, and though in the eyes of a member of a free community it must appear under the character of a most tyrannical and unjust measure, some apology for it may be found in the circumstances of Spain, where the

\* By the word noble a very different meaning is conveyed in Spain from that which we give to it in England. It is something like the French *noblesse* under the ancien régime.

hand of despotism alone could destroy the mighty fabric and defence of an ecclesiastical establishment, supported on one side by the prejudices of the public, and on the other side mainly depending upon foreign power and influence. *Count de Aranda* seems to have marked out *Jovellanos* for one of his new school, and a co-operator in his plans of reformation. It was by his advice that the young judge ventured to lay aside that useful appendage to a lawyer's head—a wig. No less powerful support than that of *De Aranda* was required to countenance this bold step; the bolder, in as far as it presented *Jovellanos* under the dangerous form of an innovator. In truth, his innovations extended somewhat farther than his dress and personal appearance. While the generality of the inhabitants of Seville were wondering at a judge young and fashionably attired, comely in his person, polite and lively in his conversation; in short, unlike his old, crabbéd, slovenly and morose colleagues in every respect, it was noticed by more attentive and profound observers, that this same remarkable individual paid great attention to the fine arts, and showed the talents of a *connoisseur*; that he was not merely a lover but a cultivator of poetry—things all unusual and hitherto deemed improper in a man of his profession; that not contented with administering the law faithfully and impartially, he was actuated by a spirit of free inquiry, and as a consequence of all this, that far from thinking things as they stood to be absolute perfection, he thought that reform in many points was required, a reform moreover originating from and grounded on theoretical and philosophical principles. That these considerations should have afforded matter of lamentation to the wisacres of those times is no more than might be expected; that instead of their being a bar to the promotion of the young reformer, they materially contributed to his advancement, is a fact honourable to those who then governed Spain. But the continental governments of those days were friendly to reform, and heedless of consequences, which indeed they neither anticipated nor foresaw. Whether they have acted wisely, even as far as their own interest is concerned, in retracing their steps, is a matter which time alone can and will decide.

*Jovellanos* advanced rapidly in his professional career through the various mazes of the complicated system of the Spanish judicial establishment. He at last attained the quiet and dignified station of a member or councillor of the *Council of Military Orders*, a strange tribunal or body, whose business it was to superintend all matters either judicial or administrative relating to the members of the four orders of military knighthood. Thus settled in the metropolis of Spain, *Jovellanos*, during his residence

there; became a useful member of various literary and scientific bodies, and principally of the *Real Sociedad Economica Mutuante de Amigos del Pais*,\* an institution intended to encourage and promote agriculture, manufactures and trade; institutions of a like nature† having been formed at that time; and at present still existing, in almost all the large towns of Spain. It was in the bosom of that society that he read his *Elogios* of the famous architect, Don Ventura Rodriguez, and of King Charles III.; and it was by command of the same body that he wrote his celebrated *Informe sobre un proyecto de Ley Agraria*, to which he mainly owes his immortal fame. An erroneous impression has somehow or other become prevalent respecting this work, namely, that the author was persecuted for the free principles maintained and advocated in it, whereas the fact is, that he was indebted to it for his subsequent elevation.

During his residence in Madrid, Jovellanos formed a close connection with Mr. Cabarrus, a French adventurer, transformed into a Spanish Count of Cabarrus. This brilliant and active foreigner, originally a banker, had repaired to that country, for the purpose of making a fortune; for, as has been well remarked by Mr. Coxe,‡ Spain has been, and we may say still is, the paradise of adventurers. The qualities of Cabarrus were more specious than solid; his project, against which Mirabeau wielded his pen in his younger years, a national bank (the *Banco Nacional de San Carlos*) has proved a failure, and of his other multifarious projects no vestige remains. Among his other talents he possessed that of writing in Spanish with great elegance and purity of idiom, so that in an academical contest with Jovellanos, he was found, to say the least, not inferior to his rival. The friendship between these two men became fatal to the subject of the present article, for Cabarrus having been entangled in some disputes with Count de Lerma, the finance minister, underwent a prosecution; or as some would have it, a persecution, his friend was involved, not indeed in the proceedings, but in the loss of court favour, and he was ordered to proceed to his native place, a sort of dignified banishment.

There Jovellanos remained from 1790 down to 1797, for we must not take into account some inconsiderable excursions which he made into the neighbouring provinces. This period of retire-

\* Royal Madrid Society of Friends of the country.

† For an account of these institutions see the article on the Present State of Spain, in our last number.

‡ Coxe's Memoirs of the Spanish Bourbons. In our days (1825) we have seen two French adventurers at the head of the two parties which divide Royalist Spain, and the fate of that monarchy hung for a few days upon the result of a battle between the forces commanded by Count D'Espagne (a French emigrant) and Bessières (a French deserter.)

ment he devoted to several useful objects: the working of coal mines and the foundation of the Royal Asturian Institution, his darling project up to the last moment of his eventful life. From pursuits so congenial to his habits and inclinations, he was snatched away, to be plunged in the stormy sea of politics, out of which he came a wreck in fortune, though with a considerable increase of personal reputation.

Just at the moment when the subject of these pages left Madrid, a new meteor arose in the political horizon of Spain, to exert the most absolute and baneful influence upon the destinies of that country. Don Manuel Godoy, afterwards so famous under his title of "Prince of the Peace," from being the queen's paramour, became the king's favourite and the despotic lord of the Spanish monarchy. Without having seen any service, except escorting the king,—from a private in the life-guards, (though, like all the privates in that corps, a gentleman by birth,) he was raised to the highest rank in the army. Without any previous preparation, he was removed from the barracks to the Foreign Office, and entrusted with the ministry of foreign affairs; from a private gentleman he was made a *grandee of Spain*, of the first class,—a title seldom conferred as a reward for services, but generally claimed by virtue of ancient descent, and the possession of an income equal to the support of its high dignity; from a man in a state bordering on indigence, he was transformed into the wealthiest individual in his own country. His first ministerial act was madly to embark in a war against the French Republic, from which the wary policy of his predecessor, Count de Aranda, who hated the revolution as an aristocrat, though he might approve of it as a reformer, had advised his court to keep aloof. This was the madness, however, of a young and inexperienced minister, which ought not to be too severely visited upon him, since it was an imitation of the conduct of other more enlightened statesmen, directing the affairs of more enlightened governments, who plunged into that war no less madly, prosecuted it no less injudiciously, and terminated it no less ingloriously. The war, and the peace which was its consequence, were equally fatal to Spain, but not so to the favourite, who was created Prince of the Peace, a title unusual in that monarchy, where no other prince was known than the king's eldest son. The fortunate adventurer became the object of universal hatred. Natural talents he hardly possessed—of information and judgment he was totally destitute—and his ruling passions were shameless lust and sordid avarice. Yet the Prince of the Peace was not such a monster as popular odium has represented him. He was less vindictive than other favourites, only equally despotic, and though not fond of being controuled, occasionally

partial to liberal measures. His fickle ignorance and vanity in his younger years led him sometimes to aim at the character of a philosophical minister; his passions and selfishness soon convinced him that it was not in his power to be anything but a stern despot, and the base minion of a base and ignorant court. He had to defend himself against enemies of a very different nature, for all agreed in hating him, and the means of defence he employed were as diversified as the nature of the attacks he had to sustain.

It was during one of his philosophical fits that the restless Count of Cabarrus became his favourite, and addressed a few letters to him, in which the boldest, freest, and most philosophical principles were openly avowed and advocated. The minister listened to him with pleasure, and thought himself destined to act the part of an enlightened statesman, whilst Cabarrus flattered himself with having brought him over to his own views. To call great men to be their coadjutors, formed part of Godoy's plans and Cabarrus's suggestions. Jovellanos was, accordingly, chosen to fill a station in the ministry. We are told, and we believe, that he lent himself to this project with great reluctance. Having arrived at Madrid, he was introduced to the favourite, and sat at a dinner with him and his kept mistress. The feelings of disgust and indignation, and the gloomy anticipations with which he witnessed scenes so repugnant to his principles, are recorded with becoming eloquence in one of his letters. He, however, applied himself to the discharge of the duties of his place with honest zeal.

Don *Francisco de Saavedra* had been placed at the head of the finance department, and, as a colleague in the same administration, was brought into contact, and soon after into close friendship, with the subject of the present article. Saavedra's character for talents and probity stood high; his connection with Jovellanos raised it still higher; and in the latter days of an eventful life, in the midst of a revolution, he owed to these circumstances his elevation to the highest station and power, where his abilities and virtue were put to a severe test, and found miserably wanting. At the period now under consideration, he coalesced with Jovellanos against the Prince of the Peace. The evidence of mal-administration against the favourite was glaring and strong; the king was therefore prevailed upon to dismiss him, and Saavedra was appointed his successor in the Foreign Department. The morality of this act on the part of Jovellanos may appear doubtful, because he owed his recent elevation to the man whom he ruined; yet it ought to be kept in view that his duty to his king and country was paramount to every other consideration. We have heard it stated, that whilst the more questionable virtue of Saavedra led him to spare the

fallen minister, the sterner principles of Jovellanos suggested the idea of crushing him altogether. Were we to admit this as a true statement, it may be explained in a manner creditable to the latter. He probably saw in the Prince of the Peace a public nuisance, which he had been instrumental in abating, a criminal whose punishment was required by justice and sound policy; whilst Saavedra perhaps considered the man he had superseded as a rival in his way, whom he had succeeded in removing. The Prince of the Peace, however, could not put so favourable a construction upon a conduct to which he had fallen a sacrifice. He, therefore, considered Jovellanos as a monster of ingratitude, the more hateful because of his reputation, and displayed, in persecuting him, a spirit of more bitter revenge than he ever showed to any other of his political adversaries.

The administration of which Saavedra and Jovellanos were at the head was soon dissolved. The former was superseded by *Urquijo*, a bold arrogant man, not deficient in talents, but totally destitute of judgment; in his theoretical principles an adept of that school we now call liberal, yet in his behaviour a courtly intriguer; no less proud of his abilities than of his personal attractions, who conceived the project, natural enough in that depraved court, of securing his own power by supplanting the Prince of the Peace in the queen's affections. After Saavedra's fall, Jovellanos did not retain his place long. His dismissal produced but little sensation. We must not conceal that he was not highly thought of as a minister. He was too unbending for a courtier, and, in the opinion of many, unfit for a man of business. That his views were enlarged, and his plans benevolent, we may conclude from our knowledge of his character; that, like other literary men, he was ill calculated for the drudgery of office, we may easily believe, without any disparagement to his well-earned reputation. He joyfully retired to his native province, where he devoted his time to his old avocations, principally to the encouragement and support of the Asturian Institution.

The revenge of the Prince of the Peace was slow, but sure and terrible. The presumptuous *Urquijo* soon fell under the accusation of jacobinism and infidelity, because he had opposed the pretensions of the Romish See. Yet the favourite did not choose again to become a minister, but in a loftier strain of ambition, he filled the places in the administration with his submissive dependents, and lorded over them as the king's lieutenant, or let us rather say, lorded over his own king and master. The station once held by Jovellanos was now allotted to Marquis *Caballero*, than whom a baser instrument of mischief could hardly be found even in that court and in those times. To this creature was in-

trusted the odious task of being the principal agent in persecuting Jovellanos. A pretext was sought for. A Spanish translation of *Rousseau's "Contrat Social"* was secretly circulating, in a note of which Jovellanos was mentioned with praise. The subject of these pages wrote a letter to the government, disclaiming any share in that publication. Whether this was the pretext laid hold of, as a ground-work for the violence used towards him, we do not know; no pretext was indeed required under a despotic government, in a country where men were imprisoned without being accused, and condemned without being tried, nor was any reason ever assigned for the proceedings carried on against Jovellanos. He was seized in his bed, treated as a state criminal, removed from one prison to another, and lastly shut up in a monastery of Carthusians in the island of Majorca. From that place he addressed two celebrated petitions or *remonstrances* to the king himself, praying for a fair trial.

The boldness which he assumed in these petitions, the scornful manner in which, without deigning to name the Prince of the Peace, he clearly designated him under the denomination of an infamous informer; and the principles upon which he founded his claims for justice, appeared something quite extraordinary in those days of degradation. The rage of the government was no less violent than injudicious; severe orders having been sent to deny the use of pen and paper to the illustrious prisoner. In the state of the public mind in Spain, where opposition to an odious government was a sure title to the sympathy of the people, where even rash folly and faction passed for virtue and patriotism, if directed against the court, it is not to be wondered at, that Jovellanos, a great writer and a virtuous citizen, punished without being guilty; nay, without a trial, boldly asserting his own and the general rights in a beautiful and energetic style, speaking out when all were silent, and standing up when all were prostrate, should be thought a being very superior to the hard of his contemporaries, and become an object of the public respect and adoration. The petitions alluded to were anxiously transcribed, manuscript copies of them circulated very extensively; to possess them was believed an object the value of which was worth the danger; and whilst to read them nearly amounted to treason in the eyes of the government, to admire them was considered to be the duty of every patriotic Spaniard.

That wretched government at last came to an end, crushed at once by foreign force and intestine commotion. While the French armies advanced in Spain in a dubious guise, Charles IV. was compelled by a popular tumult to abdicate the crown in favour of his eldest son, Ferdinand. The new king, raised to the throne by the



people, looked for support to public opinion, and showed a disposition to act upon liberal principles; by calling round his throne those men who held the highest place in the public estimation. Some exceptions to this principle took place, and one of them materially affected Jovellanos. By betraying his own party and siding with the prince's friends, Marquis Caballero had been mainly serviceable to the revolution. The mob, in the heat of the tumults, very appropriately expressed their acknowledgment of his recent services and their detestation of his character, by repeating, amongst other cries, this singular and antithetical sentence, *Viva el picaro Caballero*. "*The knave Caballero for ever,*" The king kept him for a few days in the administration. As the exiles were all recalled, Jovellanos was released from his confinement, but the order which restored him to liberty was signed by the same hand which had consigned him to a prison, and dictated the severities of which he had been the victim. As might be expected, the purport of that order was only that he should be set at liberty, but it contained nothing respecting the injustice of his imprisonment, no declaration of his innocence. His just pride or wounded honour revolted at this treatment, and he insisted upon being tried. When his complaints reached Madrid, the government of Ferdinand had ceased to exist. The important transactions at Bayonne, and the cession of the Spanish crown to the family of the Bonapartes were now taking place. Joseph Napoleon was proclaimed King of Spain, and being desirous to court the favour of his new subjects, he formed an administration of those men whom the voice of Spain proclaimed her best and ablest sons. One of these was Jovellanos, to whom the newly created ministry of the home department was allotted. When he received information of his appointment, the Spanish people were rising everywhere in defence of their national honour and independence against French rule and King Joseph. For some time it was believed that Jovellanos had accepted, but this was not the case. He himself has affirmed that he never thought of accepting, though urged to do so by some of his best friends. Nor could he have done so without tarnishing his brilliant reputation. While the insurrection of the Spanish nation had not become general, while the voice of the people had not openly and almost unanimously declared their intention to resist, little blame could attach to those who took office under the new king. As the folly of the Spanish princes had led them to desert the country, and the cession they made of the crown, though compulsory and illegal, left Spain without a government, it must be admitted that the acquiescence of the population might have given to the new sovereign the best and most solid of all rights, and the Spanish patriots

might reasonably expect under a prince born in private life and better qualified to rule the country than their own ignorant and depraved royal family,—if not freedom and independence, an efficient and enlightened government, keen-sighted enough to discover the existing evils and their appropriate remedies, and sufficiently strong to remove the former and apply the latter. But when the will of the Spanish people made itself known, the choice of a party was no longer a matter of opinion, but of duty. Those who sided with the usurper and his foreign auxiliaries became accomplices in the work of devastation, of which their country was rendered the theatre; and some of them, by conniving at the acts of violence committed by the invaders, others by sitting in judgment upon their fellow countrymen, guilty of defending their native land, and all by engaging in hostility against the generality of the Spaniards, became justly liable to the odium of the people, and were brought to the sad situation (to borrow the words of an eloquent Spanish writer\*) of being left without any other country than the French camps.

So thought Jovellanos, who frankly embraced the cause of the patriots or insurgents. It has been asserted that but few men of knowledge were of the same opinion, and that whilst the patriotic or insurgent party consisted of the aristocracy, the clergy and the mob, the French had in their favour all the Spaniards possessed of high literary attainments or attached to liberal and philosophical principles. This is an error, however widely spread. Besides the name of Jovellanos, itself a host, the patriots boasted of having amongst them *Quintana*, the head of the literary men opposed to the Prince of the Peace, and zealously attached to the cause of civil and religious freedom, and many other men of the same party and principles; whilst *Moratin*, *Estala*, and *Melon*, styled the literary triumvirate, the submissive slaves of the court, and the tyrants of Spanish literature, men neither in theory nor in practice devoted to liberty or reform, followed the fortunes of Joseph Napoleon.

Jovellanos was called to be a member of the Junta-Central—the governing body of Spain, so famous in the history of the Spanish revolution of 1808. He undertook the labours of his new and perilous situation with zeal and perfect devotion. He more than once advised the convocation of the Cortes, and the concentration of the powers of government in fewer hands—both measures of undoubted utility. Though often in the minority, he did justice to the intentions and views of the majority of that body—

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\* The words alluded to are found in a proclamation of the Spanish government in 1812, and were written by *Quintana*. They are thus in the original: *Para vosotros no hay mas patria que los camposos Franceses.*

monstrous, indeed, in its composition, and not seldom absurd in its proceedings; but very frequently enlightened in its decisions, friendly to liberty, and active in the prosecution of the pending war in defence of the country.

Some of the errors of Jovellanos we must not conceal, since one of them principally proved in its consequences highly fatal to his own peace of mind. The council commonly known by the appellation of Consejo de Castilla\* is a tribunal of a very anomalous nature. In its composition it is not dissimilar to the *Parlement* of ancient France, where the judges either bought or inherited their situation. It consists of judges appointed by the king, and of a few men not of the learned profession, equally nominated by the government. It is principally a high court of appeals, but at the same time does a little of the business of, and aims at, controulling, the executive. In this latter, as well as in other points, its *esprit de corps* bears a close affinity to that of the French bodies just named. Whoever has read the history of the *Parlement de Paris*, may be said to have read an account of the Spanish Consejo. Many things they have in common; the same doubts about their origin—the same affectation in considering themselves to have succeeded or superseded the *Etats Généraux* or the *Cortes*—the same pretensions to controul the government by means of *remonstrances* or “*consultas*”—the same importance attached to the rights of *enregistrer* or circular the king's edicts or laws—the same construction put upon this custom, as if it implied a right to grant or refuse their sanction to those laws—the same opposition to the pretensions of the court of Rome—the same fear and dislike of popular controul, even while they profess to thwart the royal or ministerial will in the name of liberty. The Parlement of Paris had been lashed into obedience and silence by Lewis XIV.; the Consejo had been reduced to insignificance by the despotism of Charles IV., under whose sway the councillors had been once banished *en masse*, and superseded by more docile successors. In the events by which the Spanish crown was transferred to the Bonapartes, the Consejo had behaved cautiously and hesitatingly,—quibbling without daring to obey or to resist—till the surrender of Dupont at Baylen inspired it with boldness. The leaders of the Spanish insurrection paid little attention to its tardy decision; the Consejo, however, when freed from the presence of the French troops by their retreat from Madrid, kept its ground, while the government was

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\* The true name is *Consejo Real*, it being an union of the Consejos of Castile and Arragon. Of these tribunals there are five in Spain—the consejo of finances, the consejo of the Indies, the consejo of war, that of the military orders, (of which Jovellanos was a member,) and that of Castile, which is the first in rank and importance.

carried on by the *juntas*, each in their respective provinces. When a Central Junta was established by deputations from those *juntas*, the *Consejo* appeared disposed to dispute its right to assume the government, but its opposition was despised. Napoleon having entered Madrid in triumph, that tribunal was dispersed. The Junta-Central, removed to Seville, felt rather disinclined to restore that refractory body; but Jovellanos, influenced by his partiality to his profession, insisted upon its restoration, and in an evil hour succeeded. When the *Consejo* was called into new existence, the Junta had to contend against a powerful opposition, consisting of different and contrary elements: on one side Marquis Wellesley, the new English ambassador; on the other side, General Cuesta, then deprived of his command because of his quarrel with the English general; and in its own bosom, the Marquis de la Romana, himself a member of the government, a vain and unsteady man, to whom a concurrence of fortunate circumstances had given the credit of a hero. No sooner had the *Consejo* met, than it sent a highly seditious address to the government, impugning their right to rule over the country—accusing them of various and contradictory pretended acts of misgovernment, such, for instance, as having dismissed General Cuesta, and having alienated the affections of the English from the cause of Spain—tending, in short, to nourish or create disaffection, and to destroy the Junta, which, in their opinion, ought to give way to a more monarchical governing body. It is a curious fact, that the Junta withstood so mighty a combination. But although it triumphed, it became enfeebled by the contest—the succeeding misfortunes of the Spanish arms gave it a mortal blow—and after its dissolution the *Consejo* took ample revenge for the imaginary wrongs which it complained of having suffered. Jovellanos had his full share of its vindictive proceedings, which his eloquent pen has devoted to imperishable infamy, in a production which we shall notice more than once in the course of the present pages.

We think it just to point out as another of Jovellanos's errors, his half opposition to a free press. Notwithstanding his admiration of the English constitution, he neither fully understood nor relished this principal part in its composition, which, it ought to be noticed, Montesquieu likewise had passed over in silence. That the press should be set free, that is to say, that unlicensed printing should be made legal, was more than once suggested to the Junta-Central, and a motion to that purpose was made by one of its members. The decision, we believe, was referred to a committee engaged in collecting materials and devising plans for the convocation of the forthcoming Cortes. At the head of this

committee was Jovellanos, before whom Canán *Morales*, of the chapter of Seville, read a very clever pamphlet of his own composition, where the expediency of the liberty of the press was forcibly advocated. The author addressed Jovellanos in a strain of adulatory eloquence, adducing his persecution as an example of the danger of leaving to government the power to controul the expression of opinions. Jovellanos abstained from a final decision. In his appeal to his fellow countrymen he treats this subject in a very confused and hesitating manner. All his habits and prejudices were connected with the idea of licensing magistrates. He feared the vehemence—he anticipated and disliked the coarseness of political polemics. In his last moments he had reason to applaud and make a proper use of that liberty which had been already recognised by the Cortes.

The dissolution of the Junta-Central was followed by the persecution of the individuals who had composed it. Even that body which they had created, to which they had transmitted their power, the Council of Regency, was amongst their persecutors. In his old age, when he thought himself entitled to the highest consideration for his past services, Jovellanos heard that he was accused of peculation, and had his private luggage examined as that of a man suspected or accused of common theft. This indignity broke his proud and virtuous heart. He remonstrated against it in a style suitable to his character, but could obtain no redress from the hands of a government feeble and not well disposed. After some fruitless endeavours to have justice done to him and his colleagues, he left Cadiz for Asturias, but as the French were in possession of the latter province, he was under the necessity of landing in Galicia. Here he had new vexations and insults to undergo. These, indeed, were not intended personally for him, because his character was still highly respected, but were meant to apply to the Junta of which he had been a member. In many cases, too, these acts were rather the consequence of the anarchy created by the victories of the French, and the temporary dissolution of the patriotic government, than the result of a deliberate system of persecution. Still, these events embittered the last days of Jovellanos. To expose them, nay, to defend, not only his own conduct but that of the Junta, was the last of his labours as a writer. His vigorous apology or Memoir was published only sixty-four days before his death, and may be considered as a posthumous work.

At last the French left Asturias for a short period, and Jovellanos revisited his native place. The kind and enthusiastic reception which he met with there was his only consolation under the pressure of his misfortunes. He thought of devoting his

time to his dear Asturian Institution, which he found deserted and ruined—the house where it held its sessions having been turned into barracks by the French soldiery. To repair the building and to resume the labours of that useful establishment, was now the occupation of Jovellanos, we should rather say; his hope. His salary had dwindled to 40,000 reals a year, (£400,) a poor recompense of a virtuous and active life. Of this sum he kept one half for his own private use, the other half he divided into two equal parts—one to be applied to swell the funds of the Institution, the other to be paid again into the treasury to meet the expenses of the war.

But the consolation of dying in peace in the bosom of his native town was denied to this illustrious man. The French again entered Asturias, and he had to betake himself to a precipitate flight, which his advanced age and increasing infirmities rendered very painful. The tempestuous weather so common on that coast proved the source of fresh inconvenience, as the ship in which he fled was unable to keep the sea, and compelled to put into the little port of *Vega*, in Asturias. Jovellanos and one of his friends, a companion of his flight, were received into the house of a hospitable gentleman, both in a bad state of health. That friend died first, and the subject of these pages survived him but a few days. Being seized with a severe peripneumony, he breathed his last the 27th of November, 1811, in the sixty-seventh year of his age.

When the news of his death reached Cadiz, the Cortes, then sitting there, showed a proper sense of the merits of Jovellanos. Notwithstanding he had objected to the principle upon which the Cortes founded their authority, the formal recognition of which they exacted from all Spaniards, (the sovereignty of the nation,) that congress, with a liberality highly honourable to their feelings, declared him "*benemérito de la patria*;" a Roman distinction, which was afterwards,—and not seldom, very injudiciously—bestowed by the same legislators, but which, in this case, besides being novel, was solemnly ratified by the unanimous voice of the Spanish nation.

There exists in the imagination of the natives of all countries a model of the national character, invested by natural partialities with every possible perfection, and at the same time marked with some peculiar lineaments which give him a distinct national physiognomy. Conformably to this universal way of thinking, many Spaniards delight in considering Jovellanos as a fair personification of the ideal Spanish gentleman. Were we to agree in their opinion, we should make an important distinction. He may be considered as the model of the Spanish gentleman of the latter

end of the eighteenth century, very unlike his ancestors of the seventeenth, or his successors of the nineteenth; yet having in common with both, certain national peculiarities. The aristocratic elegance of his manners, his unbending but noble pride, and a certain solemnity of deportment which we can trace equally in his conduct and in his writings, bear the stamp of the genuine Spaniard. If he was too much of a philosopher for the court of Charles IV., or too much of the old magistrate for the times when the people ruled, he enjoyed at all times the reputation of a true patriot, and owed to it his being respected even by those who did not concur in his views. He bore adversity with firmness, and prosperity with moderation. Though somewhat stiff he was exceedingly amiable, and even when prejudiced, honest and well meaning. He inspired his countrymen with feelings not only of admiration but of love; ample justice was done to his good qualities, whilst his faults were hardly noticed or remembered; and his memory is still in possession of that renown which he enjoyed during his life.

After this review of Jovellanos's life and character as a public man, his works next claim our attention.

It was a pithy sentence of Buffon, that "*le style est tout l'homme*," though, after all, this saying is little more than a compression of, or a more pointed expression given to, an old truism. For an illustration of this maxim we may refer our readers to the writings of Jovellanos. In no other instance that we know of, has the man shown himself so perfectly in the productions of his pen. We fancy we see the author himself while we attend to the solemn cadences of his stately and elegant periods. The acute observation of Gibbon, "that calumny is sagacious enough to discover, and to attack the most vulnerable part of a man's character," is no less true when applied to literary than to moral qualities. The eyes of a rival are exceedingly keen to find out—the ingenuity of a hostile or fastidious critic is uncommonly dexterous to expose and exaggerate—the *real faults* of an author. We once heard a celebrated Spanish writer, rather unfriendly to Jovellanos, say, that his was "*eloquencia de bucles*," (eloquence in curls,) alluding to the formal fashion of head dress worn in the days of that illustrious man. The malicious expression we allude to is well calculated to give an idea of the placid dignity and pompous stiffness which are the distinguishing features in the style of the best author of modern Spain.

When we consider (to borrow a phrase from the scholastics) the *matter* and the *form* of Jovellanos's productions, two names of the highest eminence occur to our mind as objects of comparison, Cicero and Montesquieu. In his style the Spaniard is an imitator

of the Roman; whilst his political doctrines and inclinations clearly prove the existence of a kindred feeling between the Spanish *oidor* (judge) and the French *president*, arising from the similarity of their pursuits, and the almost identical *esprit de corps* prevailing in the French *parlemens* and the Spanish *audiencias* and *consejos*. Both the Spaniard and the Frenchman are admirers of the English constitution, friends of liberty and the aristocracy, partial to a representative government, but unwilling to sacrifice those courts of law to which they respectively belonged and were attached. In other respects they are, however, vastly dissimilar. The genius, the wit, the enlarged views of the author of *l'Esprit des Lois*, no less than the magnitude and importance of the subject-matter of his works, entitle him to a station in the republic of letters far above that to which the more modest ambition of the writer of the *Informe sobre Ley Agraria* can lay a claim. Yet the latter has some merits to atone for his inferiority. His taste is more correct; his erudition, though less extensive, less shallow; and the polished evenness of his style reflects a steady and brilliant light, unlike the vivid coruscations and partial gloom which alternately excite our astonishment and disappointment when contemplating Montesquieu's admirable but unequal pages.

In point of style, the similarity between Cicero and Jovellanos is very striking. In his last work the Spaniard confesses that it had been his constant labour to peruse, admire, and imitate the works of the prince of Roman eloquence. Making due allowance for the dissimilarity of their respective pursuits, and for the widely differing circumstances under which they respectively lived and wrote, we do not hesitate to assert, that not one of the numerous imitators of Cicero has so closely and successfully copied his manner. The great Italian prose writers of the sixteenth century, who made it their business to write like Cicero, paid too great attention to the outward forms of his style, and rather copied the structure of his sentences and periods than his general tone; they put together many of his phrases, but forgot to imbibe and to transmit his spirit. Of the Spanish writers of the same age, *Fray Luis de Granada* is the truest Ciceronian; yet his imitations are of that kind to which we have alluded in speaking of his Italian contemporaries; and though the fervour and intensity of his devotional feelings impart great spirit and animation to his works, his is a spirit of a totally different nature, as emanating from a totally different source from those whence the heathen statesman derives his principal beauties. But Jovellanos made the manner of Cicero his own; he followed his model, if we may be allowed the phrase, not taking his thoughts and periods ready made, but making them undergo the same mental process by



which they were originally formed. He gave, not copies of some of Cicero's works, but works of his own in the style of Cicero. Many artists have made correct and accurate copies of Raffaella's best paintings; Giulio Romano has painted more like him than any other of his disciples or imitators. If we were to recur to the trite comparison between these two kindred arts, we might say that Jovellanos was a Giulio Romano of Cicero. In the Spaniard we find many of the beauties, and not a few of the faults of his Roman prototype—the same rhythm and occasionally the same monotony—the same flow of diction and the same verbosity—the same passion and the same rhetorical artifice. In none of the writings of our Spanish author are these faults and beauties so conspicuous as in his last composition—his appeal to his fellow-countrymen. An intelligent Spanish gentleman\* has truly said of this work, that “*if Cicero had spoken Castilian, he would have given it the form which it bears.*”

One of the principal merits of Jovellanos, as a Castilian writer, is the purity of his idiom. In this particular he has been often quoted, and is still held up as a model; no mean praise, if we consider that Gallicism is the general fault of nearly all the writers of modern Spain. Lately, however, some over-fastidious critics have denied him this merit, and taxed him with the opposite vices of using obsolete phrases, and Gallic words and sentences,—of quaintness and neologism. There is some truth in this accusation, and yet the reputation of Jovellanos ought not to suffer by it. *Capmany* and *Gallardo* are, perhaps, more fastidious in their choice of purely Castilian sentences, but their style is embarrassed and heavy, and their writings look too much like a piece of patch-work. *Gonzalez Carvajal* and *Dr. Villanueva* have, on the other side, given to the whole tenour of their composition more of the tone of the ancient Spanish writers. But *Jovellanos*, even when he adopts some words and sentences which may be objected to if taken by themselves, knows how to interweave them in the texture of his decidedly Castilian style. His are not the writings of an author of the sixteenth century, but of one belonging to the latter part of the eighteenth,—or rather of an author *sui generis*,—of Jovellanos himself.

After this general consideration of the literary character of Jovellanos's composition, let us proceed to a cursory review of a few of his works.

His poetry does not constitute his best title to fame. It is, however, all very respectable, and in some cases entitled to a higher qualification.

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\* Mr. Salva, in his Catalogue of Spanish books for sale.

His dramatic productions are not entitled to high praise, and his lyrical effusions are deficient in animation. His two satires, addressed to Arnesto, may be quoted as the best specimens of his poetical powers. They are written in imitation of Juvenal. A strain of lofty declamation, vivid portraiture, a forcible manner, and a versification which is considered as the best model of Spanish blank verse, are their peculiar merits. It is, however, by his prose writings that Jovellanos is entitled to the pre-eminence which he enjoys among his own countrymen, and to a very eminent rank among the writers of all nations.

To give an account of his multifarious labours would be a tedious task. Suffice it to say, that his diligence and industry were unremitted, that as a member of various learned societies he was constantly engaged in antiquarian researches, in literary pursuits, in investigations connected with the study of the fine arts, and in philosophical inquiries. In his addresses to the Asturian Institution, the extent of his knowledge, the soundness of his judgment, the peculiar beauties of his style, and those principles of pure and enlightened benevolence which constantly flowed from his heart, may be easily recognised.

His *Elogios*, or Panegyrics of the architect Don Ventura Rodriguez, and of King Charles III., are greatly admired in Spain. To this genus of composition the English reader has a decided and well-founded objection. When Jovellanos wrote these compositions, the *Eloges* were highly fashionable in France, where the wit of Fontenelle and the bombastic eloquence of Thomas, then admired and now nearly forgotten, had rendered them popular, and as French fashions were adopted by the Spaniards, the Royal Spanish Academy had frequently proposed the writing of *Elogios*, as a subject of literary composition, thereby giving a temporary vogue to this radically bad species of eloquence.

The *Elogios* of Jovellanos have some of the faults that are inherent in that kind of composition, redeemed by great beauties of language, depth of thought, extent of information, and correctness of taste, and finally, by enlarged views, and a diffusive spirit of sound and practical philosophy. In the *Elogio* of Don Ventura Rodriguez, the description of *Covadonga* has been justly praised, and the notes have been quoted as exhibiting the writer's knowledge in the fine arts, and settling some controverted points in the history of architecture. In his *Elogio* of Charles III. the author had to encounter the difficulty of speaking of a living absolute king; and he has succeeded in overcoming those difficulties as far as success was possible. His admiration of that weak-minded monarch, if not discriminating, seems to have been sincere; and the undoubted improvement of Spain under Charles

III.'s government had filled his panegyrist with deep-felt and fervent gratitude, which imparts a genuine warmth to his style.

The great work of Jovellanos—his *Memoir respecting projected laws upon Agriculture*—is well known in England, and has been deservedly admired for the soundness of its principles in political economy. It is, besides, recommended by another, though an inferior merit; it is, we do not hesitate to affirm, the best written work in the Spanish language. An English reader may find it occasionally verbose and too full of ornament, yet its style has nothing of that declamation which not seldom impairs the undoubted beauties of the great French writers, but rather comes near the character of the philosophical writings of Cicero.

The *Essay upon dramatic exhibitions and public diversions* is another of Jovellanos's happy efforts. His spirited description of the tournament, and his enthusiasm for the age of chivalry, savour more of the poet than of the philosopher. He is, moreover, guilty of too common an error in attaching more importance to the drama, under a moral and political point of view, than it really deserves. Notwithstanding these blemishes, many of the principles maintained in this performance are worthy of the author of the "*Informe sobre Ley Agraria*." The beautiful description of the effects produced by the existing intermeddling despotism of the government upon the Spanish character, is no less philosophical than vivid and poetical. Though widely differing from Rousseau in his general view of the subject, Jovellanos not seldom approximates, and sometimes very much so, both in manner and principle, to some passages in the "*Lettre à Mr. d'Alembert*," one of the most eloquent productions of the Genevese enthusiast.

This last noticed work of our Spanish author has probably given rise to a composition which goes generally under his name, though it is totally unworthy of his pen. We allude to the oration which bears the name of *Pan y Toros*, (Bread and Bulls, the *panem et circenses* of the Romans,) supposed to have been delivered by Jovellanos in the circus where the bull fights are exhibited. We are surprized that the *Quarterly Review*, in which so many excellent articles upon Spanish literature have found a place, should have mentioned this work as not only written by Jovellanos, but actually spoken by him in the place supposed in the title page. No person was less qualified for a mob orator than the subject of the present article—no place is less calculated for a speech upon political subjects than the bull circus—and no style can be more unlike that of Jovellanos than the style of *Pan y Toros*. In fact, this latter production is vehement, shallow, bold, and somewhat coarse and slovenly, while our author's writings are all highly polished, dignified, and rather deficient in boldness and vehemence.

The last of Jovellanos's productions, which we shall mention, is one frequently alluded to in the course of this article, namely, his *Memoir, or Appeal to his fellow-countrymen*. Part of the interest which it possesses is lost for those who are not, or are but imperfectly, acquainted with the circumstances from which it originated. Still, considering it merely as a piece of eloquent pleading, it must be confessed to abound in first-rate beauties. There runs through it a strain of pure and copious eloquence, vehement and replete with feeling, yet dignified and manly. In the comparison, which we have made before of his style with that of Cicero, we ought to keep in mind that there exists between them such difference as might be expected to exist between a citizen of a republic of antiquity, and a gentleman, the subject of a modern monarchy. When Jovellanos was forced into a quarrel with the *Consejo* and Marquis de la Romana, he had to fight against a body and a member of a class\* whom he highly respected,—he had to conquer his own *esprit de corps* and aristocratic partialities,—and these circumstances impart to his style a tone of pathetic and decorous reproach, which, far from impairing the strength of his invective, renders it the more keen and effective. The spirit of conscious honesty which breathes in all the pages of this *Memoir*, is well calculated to justify the high tone which the author assumes; and we feel he is not employing a rhetorical figure when, at the moment of breaking out into powerful recrimination against persons by whom he had been calumniated, he at once avows and apologizes for the warmth of his feelings by exclaiming "*Me escandenco y salgo de los límites de mi natural moderacion*"—I redden, and overstep the bounds of my characteristic moderation.

In the Appendix to this *Memoir* many valuable documents are found, no less calculated to do honour to Jovellanos, than to throw light upon the Spanish affairs at the period to which they refer. His plan for the composition of the Cortes will be found to differ from that which was adopted, and is in substance the same as that contained in a pamphlet by Lord Holland, under the title of *Suggestions upon the Cortes*. In order to judge between both plans, it would be just to listen to the apologists of that very calumniated body. But this would carry us too far from our present purpose, and entangle us in the politics of the day, from which it is our wish now to keep clear.

Jovellanos does not properly belong to the Spanish constitutionalists, though he was in some respects identified with them in general principles. Still less can he be considered to belong to the party by whom Spain is at present ruled. If he was indebted

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\* The Spanish *grandees*.

to the liberality of the former for those honours in which differences of opinion merged into feelings of veneration for his character and talents, he has obtained from the latter the only distinction which they could bestow upon such a man,—oblivion. That the day may come when his memory shall receive the tribute of respect to which it is so highly entitled, must be the fervent wish of every friend of Spain, nay, of every friend to the great cause of social improvement; not only because such a tribute will be equally honourable to the illustrious subject of these pages, and to those who shall prove themselves worthy to appreciate his merit; not only because it would act as a stimulus to tread in his footsteps, but because the mere fact of its being paid would be an undeniable proof of the existence of better feelings than now prevail in that much disturbed and truly unfortunate country.

In directing the attention of the English public towards Jovellanos, our wish is not merely to make him better known, but at the same time to give a correct idea of the moral, political, and literary state of Spain in his time. The first of his contemporaries he undoubtedly was; yet his superiority was not of that decided cast which is occasionally found in those prodigies that start from the midst of a people sunk in barbarism, and stand up amongst them like giants in a crowd of pigmies. The names of many of his friends (*Campomanes*, for instance, whose writings Robertson has extolled) may be quoted, not, indeed, as those of rivals and equals, but as those of zealous labourers in the same field, partaking of the same toils, and directed by the same principles. Although the troubles which have since taken place in that country have been in some respects fatal to the perfect cultivation of the Spanish mind, they have not wholly cramped the mental energies of the people. An unsettled state of things has prevented close application to literary pursuits, yet the political revolutions have been instrumental to the acquisition of many novel thoughts and motives of action. Great men are more scarce, but knowledge is more diffused. Though far from equalling those nations that stand the highest in the scale of civilization, Spain is not so near the bottom of that scale as we might be led to infer from her present situation. Without again referring to her internal state, it may be boldly asserted that she is fully entitled to act a more respectable part upon the theatre of the moral world than has fallen to her present lot—that she is kept under her natural level by her present rulers—and that she only requires the fostering protection of an enlightened government, or, what would be better in itself, and more suitable to her circumstances, of wise and permanent political institutions, to emerge from the abyss in which she is plunged, and to produce men worthy to be called the countrymen of Jovellanos.

ART, VIII.—*Histoire Critique du Gnosticisme, et de son Influence sur les Sectes religieuses et philosophiques des six premiers siècles de l'ère Chrétienne. Ouvrage couronné par l'Académie Royale des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres. Par M. Jacques Matter, Professeur à l'Académie Royale de Strasbourg. 2 tomes, 2400 planches, 8vo. Paris. 1828.*

THERE is a tide not only in human affairs, but in the opinions of men also; which suddenly sets in a particular direction, and having continued to flow for a certain time without any visible cause, but with manifest effects, in the same course, as suddenly turns and ebbs with as great, or perhaps with a greater velocity, and persists in running in the opposite direction, whilst the influence that governs it is at least as remote as the satellite which rules the waters. Certain doctrines are proscribed, and authors strive for a long time, it may be for several ages, who can abuse them most—or perhaps they condemn them to a more cruel silence, and deem it ominous to mention them, and almost a crime to know that they ever existed: when fortune unexpectedly favours them, the reaction is equally violent; they engross the attention of the learned, who seem to be struck with the consciousness that they have committed an injustice, and are eager to repair it by declaring to the world that they never professed any other principles. It happens sometimes, on the contrary, that a favourite is disgraced; an iconoclast starts up, who throws down an idol that had long received the universal homage, and a prophet introduces in its place some new object of worship. Thus for several centuries Aristotle was adored; and his doctrines were received rather as matter of faith than of reason. Our countryman Bacon has supplanted the Stagirite, and still sits upon his throne. There are these important differences, however, between the deposed and the reigning monarch—that the former had infinitely more merit, and that his admirers studied his works deeply and diligently, whereas the idolaters who serve the latter are, for the most part, entirely ignorant of his writings, and repeat his name and perhaps a few detached sentences, as the watchwords of a party, or as magic spells.

The treatment which Gnosticism has received in the republic of letters is an apt illustration of the change of which we speak; for a long period it was either totally neglected, or described with prejudice and passion, but of late it has not only attracted the attention of learned men in a considerable degree, (“*rerum Gnosticarum studium nunc cum maxime apud nostrates vigens*,” are the words of a German scholar of the present day,) but the subject has been handled with an erudite and liberal candour. Of the

works that have lately appeared, the most popular—because being written in the French language it is more generally accessible than those that have been composed in Latin or German—is the *Critical History* of Professor Matter; it has not only been much read on the Continent, but has already found many purchasers in England. Although we have spoken of it before in a brief and hurried notice, the subject is so highly important and so very curious, that we cannot consent to pass it over thus slightly. We recur to it, therefore, not with the expectation of being able to do justice ourselves to a theme of great extent, and of considerable difficulty and delicacy, but with the hope of exciting our readers to prosecute inquiries, that cannot fail to produce valuable results. We must be content, however, to consider Gnosticism very generally. Its influence on philosophy was remarkable, but it would greatly exceed our narrow limits to unfold the details which can alone render these topics fully intelligible, and the history of its effects on Christianity would present still more singular features; but our confined space will not suffer us to enter upon so wide a field in a satisfactory manner. If we were to treat this part of the subject briefly, we should expose ourselves to the risk of being misunderstood, and as an additional reason and a powerful one, we are of opinion that where the sole object of a critic is to treat of profane letters, it would hardly be decorous to engage in theological discussions: we must, therefore, refer those who are desirous of viewing the Gnostics under that aspect, to the work itself. We are sensible, indeed, that when a writer seeks steadily one only object, the general advancement of literature, the candour of the learned will allow him to discourse freely and plainly of delicate questions, without offence or injurious suspicions; yet, for the reasons we have already mentioned, we are willing to forego this advantage, and we refrain respectfully from meddling with sacred things, always remembering the sage maxim, *Μὴ εἶναι πρὸς πάντα πάντα ῥήματα*.

The German theologians have for some time been distinguished for the free and liberal discussion of all opinions; for proofs of the advantageous effects of their liberality we may confidently refer to the present condition of the people throughout the principal part of Germany, as to knowledge, morality, and religion. We contemplate with admiration, and, we may add, with delight, the immense erudition of their theologians: for since many of them are Protestants, they furnish a triumphant answer to the common assertion of the Catholics, that as the time of the Protestant divines is occupied by the care of their families, and their funds are consumed in providing for them, they have no leisure for study and no money to purchase books, and therefore they are rarely learned:

We contemplate it also, we must confess, with a certain feeling of envy; for however prejudiced we may be in favour of our native country, we own with sorrow that we are quite unable to compete with them on this ground at the present day. It is painful, but marvellous, to reflect with what a scanty store of learning a mythic subject, as for example the Origin of Pagan Idolatry, would be undertaken by one of our theologians, how meagrely would the matter be handled—how narrow and confined would be the author's views—how vulgar his sentiments! How remarkable is the contrast between the sober simplicity with which works of infinite labour and solid learning are published in Germany, and the empty, but ostentatious pomp, that here trumpets abroad the praises of some sacred relics, or other scanty scraps, that are lazily brought forth after immense delays. Of the German divines we may truly say, and it is greatly to their honour, what Origen writes in an epistle concerning a certain priest of Alexandria, "that he laid aside the vulgar habit which he used formerly to wear, and assumed the dress of a philosopher, which he still retained, and never ceased to study with all his might the writings of the Greeks:"—*διὸ καὶ πρότερον κοινῇ ἐσθῆτι χρώμενος, ἀποδυσάμενος καὶ φιλόσοφον ἀναλαβαὶν σχῆμα, μέχρι τοῦ δεῦρο τηρεῖ, βιβλίων τε Ἑλλήνων κατὰ δύναμιν οὐ παύεται φιλολογεῖν*. We admire the erudition of these meritorious persons, and lament our own deficiencies the more, because we are firmly convinced that learning is, in truth, the best of all things; for although every learned man unhappily is not necessarily virtuous, it is amongst the learned that great virtues are chiefly to be found.

The school of Strasburg, to which Professor Matter belongs, is a happy union and intermixture of the French with the German, of the perspicuity of the former with the profound learning of the latter—perhaps we may add, of scepticism with credulity. There are three different states of mind in which an author may compose a work on such a subject as that of which we are about to speak; we will enumerate and briefly describe them, that our readers may fully understand the tone of the German divines, and particularly of the present author. The first is the state of the sceptic, to whom all religious tenets appear to be equally absurd; and we must acknowledge that this is at least so far philosophical, that such a person will examine them without being disposed to favour one system more than another, and we may be sure that the defects of all will be equally pointed out. The second state is, when all opinions seem to be ridiculous, except those which are held by the writer's sect, and that is most commonly confined with extreme rigour within very narrow limits. This is the illiberal condition of the vulgar, in all ages and countries. The third is



that of the professor and his school; he seems to hold that no religious tenet, that has ever been seriously accepted by any sect, in any age, can justly be considered as ridiculous, but that it deserves respect rather than contempt; and this is undoubtedly a very philosophical manner of viewing a most important subject. He believes, no doubt, that the set of opinions which he entertains is the only true one, and that all others are erroneous, but nevertheless that all are respectable, and that none, however they may differ from and be opposed to his own tenets, ought, inexplicable and extraordinary as they may appear to him, to be treated contemptuously. Such is the liberal and enlarged estimate which the best and most learned of the theologians of France and Germany at present take of the mysterious and important topics with which religion is conversant. Writers of the intolerant class are so little read in these days, except by the uninstructed, that the passionate assertion of some speculative opinions, and the angry condemnation of others, seem almost ludicrous to a reader who is familiar with the writings of learned, liberal, and rational authors only. They produce an effect on the mind of such a person that resembles the surprise we have felt on overhearing accidentally the conversation of the lowest orders when they are engaged in an animated discussion respecting some point that is utterly insignificant, or of which they have entirely mistaken the nature and bearings—but it is time, without further preface, to speak of the Gnostics.

This sect arose in the second century. Its followers derived their name, which signifies the wise men, and that of their science, which was called *gnosis*, wisdom, or knowledge, from a Greek verb of very common use, exactly equivalent to our word *to know*. For a long time the word *γνῶσις*, like other terms, was referred to different things: if it was applied to good, it meant the knowledge of good, and it was commendable; if to evil, the knowledge of evil, and it was reprehensible. It is probable that it was used technically before the time of Clemens Alexandrinus to signify philosophy, or rather (because that word was common and had been worn threadbare, even in those days, and had been often counterfeited) to denote a new, a higher, and a more genuine kind of philosophy. It is certain that that father employs it in that manner and in a good sense; to mark a true philosopher, or, as we say, a Christian philosopher, he adopts the word *Gnostic*, which is opposed to *heretic*, and means therefore an orthodox believer. The word *gnosis* and its derivatives soon afterwards became party-words, and were able to excite powerful feelings of love, or of hatred. The persons who uttered them, or heard them from the lips of others, attended but little to their original signification, which was entirely changed, and, in the opinion of the

orthodox, Gnosis, or genuine wisdom, was synonymous with the most perverse and obdurate ignorance, and the Gnostic, the true philosopher, the faithful believer, was a miserably blind and wretched heretic, who moreover fancied (for this taunt seems to be implied in the name in its new sense) that he alone was transcendently wise.

Gnosticism was a compound composed chiefly of three ingredients, of the Persian, Jewish, and Platonic doctrines, mingled with Christianity, which was the common basis of all the various sects, or heresies. In the East, opinions are speculative; in the West, they are practical: we are unable therefore to sympathize with, or even to endure, the theology of the Orientals, because it rarely leads to action, and Europeans always desire to act. Our author thus contrasts them.

“Ce ne sont pourtant pas des systèmes dans le sens de la philosophie occidentale, c'est-à-dire des corps de doctrine, où les principes et les conséquences se lient dans une suite de raisonnemens précis, rigoureux; où rien n'est avancé sans preuve; où rien ne parle ni à l'imagination ni au sentiment; où tout plaît à la raison; où tout est raison. Ce sont plutôt des systèmes dans le sens oriental, des opinions, des croyances, des vues fragmentaires, mais plus puissantes sur le cœur et l'imagination de ceux qui les enseignent, malgré l'absence des preuves du raisonnement, que ne le seraient les raisonnemens et les preuves sur la raison de ceux qui les examinent aujourd'hui.”

Matter traces, with much learning and industry, many of the speculations of the Gnostics to Eastern sources: it is impossible to give an intelligible abridgment of pages that in the original are sufficiently obscure;—besides, although the mode of dealing with them is curious, there is little to interest readers in general in these chimerical creations of the imagination. In prosecuting his inquiries into the Oriental part of Gnosticism, many singular works are referred to, among others the *Zend-Avesta*, in the genuineness of which the professor appears, to a certain extent at least, to acquiesce; but he does not inform us how far he accepts it, and whether he esteems it to be the production of that person, who, alone of men, laughed the day he was born; perhaps the prophetic babe foresaw the deceptions he was to practise, and laughed at the credulity of his disciples: “*risiase eodem die, quo genitus esset, unum hominem accepimus Zoroastrem.*”—*Plin. Nat. Hist.* It is more pleasant to believe than to doubt, and it is not agreeable to be compelled to consider the priests of any religion whatever as forgers and imposters; we are, moreover, naturally more disposed to take part with a man of spirit, enterprise, and real talent, like Anquetil du Perron, (whose enthusiasm and personal adventures lead us to incline to his side of the ques-

tion, although he had exalted his imagination by his Oriental studies so much, that he adduces reasons from the Oupnekhat to overwhelm his political opponents,) than with his insipid opponent, Sir William Jones. We are inclined to think, however, that the learned Lichtenstein gives the most just, as well as wise and moderate, estimate of these books, when he says, "*casteius sunt pro genuinis habendi, quod continent re ipsâ quendam collectionem scriptorum liturgicorum, inter Parseos pyrolatras in Persia et India, auctoritate sacra pollentium.*"

Matter refers to another curious Parsee work in these words: "The Desatir, or Sacred Writings of the antient Persiau Prophets. An English translation from the antient Persiau version and Commentary of the fifth Sasan. Published by Mulla Firuz Binkaus. Bombay, 1818. *Ouvrage très-rare.*" Tom. ii. p. 422. In consulting this volume, in order to verify the professor's citations, (and perhaps the investigations to which his work leads are even more interesting than the work itself,) we found evidences of a desire in its authors to account for the presence of evil in this life, by affirming, that all the sufferings, both of men and animals, are retributions for evil actions committed in a former state of existence; and we learnt, that there are a multitude of angels, or genii, who preside over various operations and provinces of nature. This precept of the Desatir is quite original; "Wash thy body, or thy face, hands, and feet, in water; if thou canst not, imagine that thou dost." We could mention many other curious passages; we will, however, select one only, and in so doing we digress in some measure from our legitimate purpose—it respects burials. The text enjoins, "a corpse you may place in a vase of aqua-fortis, or consign it to the fire, or to the earth." The commentary adds—

"The usage of the Fersendajians, regarding the dead, was this:—after the soul had left the body, they washed it in pure water, and dressed it in clean and perfumed vestments. They then put it into a vase of aqua-fortis, and when the body was dissolved, carried the liquor to a place far from the city, and poured it out; or else they burned it in fire, after attiring it as has been said; or they made a dome, and formed a deep pit within it, which they built and whitened with stone, brick and mortar; and in its edges niches were constructed and platforms erected, on which the dead were deposited, or they buried a vase in the earth and enclosed the corpse in it, or buried it in a coffin in the ground; and in the estimation of the Fersendajians, the most eligible of all these was the vase of aqua-fortis."

This passage would give rise to many questions, particularly this: how long have the Persians been acquainted with aqua-fortis?

It would be tedious to follow Professor Matter's inquiries con-

cerning the speculations of the Gnostics; he undoubtedly adduces from the books of various Eastern nations, even from those of the Chinese, passages which closely resemble the leading doctrines of Gnosticism; and this agreement is not wonderful, for when men begin to be mystical, and to discourse of the nature of souls and of superior intelligences, they are compelled to have recourse to metaphorical language, and to talk in a psychological sense, of generation and births, of mothers and sons, of writing and sealing, of breath, vapour, and wind, of darkness and light, of suns and rays; and radiations and illuminations; of prisons and of liberty; of streams and fountains, and rivers and oceans. Upon these and similar words, in all ages, in all countries, and in all languages, have mystics of every denomination rung the changes unceasingly; and if we find them in remote places and times, we ought perhaps rather to infer a common necessity, than a common origin. We may pass over, therefore, the consideration of their speculative doctrines, and will examine those opinions only, which were practical, which led to action and influenced human life, social intercourse, and manners. The Gnostics professed to possess, or at least sought diligently to acquire, first, superior learning, whence they had derived their name, especially in divine things, which are the most precious part of knowledge, and to unite with Christianity the wisdom of Greece, Egypt, and the East. Secondly, a more absolute power than any other sect could attain, over angels and demons, which was somewhat in the nature of magic, but was innocent, or rather laudable. Thirdly, a more exalted morality, and especially a perfect and heavenly purity, and an entire exemption from the infirmities of the flesh.

We will shortly speak of each head in its order, and first of their learning. They entirely separated themselves and their religion from the Jews, whom they considered as an ignorant and barbarous race, and they gained thereby the favour of the Gentiles, who hated and despised that people, and were indisposed to form an alliance with them, and could not believe that any good could be derived from them immediately, or was to be obtained indirectly by their means. This separation, and their power in argument, (for they not only assumed much of Stoicism in their conduct, but, like the Stoics, were skilful dialecticians and mighty in confutation,) contributed mainly to the conversion of the Pagans to Christianity, which, as Irenæus expressly informs us, and as we should naturally suppose, was infinitely more difficult than that of the Jews; and this sect was especially useful, as it had many men of genius and uncommon zeal, who were distinguished moreover for singular boldness of thinking and a remarkable novelty of invention. The Gnosis was indeed almost inseparable from the

Greek language; this consideration alone ought to induce a scholar to handle it as tenderly as possible, and we find that it tinges the writings of many ecclesiastical authors, who cannot properly be classed with actual Gnostics, but being learned men and using the Greek tongue, they caught the contagion.

Philo Judæus, as his prolix works attest; and the Jew, Aristobolus, as far as we can discover the scope of his writings from the diligence of Valchesser, ambitiously sought, by allegorical interpretations of the Jewish code, to make it agree with the doctrines of the heathen philosophers. It is impossible to consent that this kind of interpretation should prevail in a code of laws, for such a large equity may repeal every statute by an allegory, or give it a meaning diametrically opposite to the intention of the legislator; and another self-constituted interpreter may, in the next generation, or the next year, or it may be at the same time, devise a different exposition of the same text. Although we may admire the ingenuity of such commentators, we must refuse our confidence to their dangerous, but attractive, mode of construction. Although the Gnostics withdrew themselves altogether from the Jews, they adopted in its most licentious excesses allegorical interpretation, which it is supposed they borrowed from them; it may be, however, that they were also the inventors of it, it being natural for ingenious persons to slide gradually into that manner of reading the text of an author, which admits of the display of great acuteness, of inexhaustible variety and novelty, which this sect peculiarly affected, and which gave to their chiefs, in effect, the power of making laws; and that in the least invidious form, by moulding those that were already in force into whatever shape would best suit their public or private ends.

The Greek Christians were men of a lofty ambition; they even endeavoured to supplant the Pagan classics, and to supply the place of them, and especially of the poets, by authors of their own faith. Apollinarius, the father, to name a few only, turned the books of Moses, and other parts of the Old Testament, into Greek verse, in order to supersede the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*; his translation, or paraphrase, of the Psalms in Hexameters is still extant; his son and namesake made dialogues of the Gospels, in imitation, or rivalry, of those of Plato. Gregory Nazianzen composed a long tragedy, of two or three thousand lines, on the ancient model, except that there are no lyric verses, although a chorus of virgins is not wanting; it is entitled *Χριστὸς Παθὼν*, *Christus Patiens*, and still lives and defies the boldest reader. Their attempts were not more successful than those of the Jesuits, another aspiring sect, who endeavoured to fill the place of the Latin poets, by their *Pia Hilaria* and other such compositions.

It seems that the Greeks failed rather through want of poetic talent in the writers, than the defects of the subject; for the *Dionysiaca* of Nonnus are nearly as little read, (although the theme, the conquest of India by Bacchus, is eminently suited for the epic muse,) as his paraphrase of the Gospel of St. John; the two poems of Nonnus, or John of Panopolis, in the rhythm of their sounding heroic verses closely resemble each other, and the one is sometimes consulted for its mythology, the other for its doctrine.

Bodily labour, or even moderate exercise, seems to the superficial observer rather to waste and exhaust, and to tend to destroy the body, than to sustain and preserve it; yet experience proves, that exercise is necessary to the maintenance of health. In like manner, active discussion and philosophical doubts appear at first sight to be injurious to our faith, but these mental movements are needed to promote the well-being of the intellect: if idleness be injurious to the body, it is absolutely fatal to the mind; the brightness of the intellect is speedily destroyed by rust, which eats into its very substance, and corrodes and consumes it utterly and irretrievably. The activity of the Gnostics was exemplary, and they were as much foes to sluggishness as even Cato himself, with whose salutary doctrine they seemed to be deeply impressed.

*1. "Nam vita humana propè uti ferrum est; ferrum si exerceas contigitur; si non exerceas, tamen rubigo interficit: itidem homines exercendo videmus conterì; si nihil exerceas, inertia atque torpèdo plus detrimenti facit, quam exercitio."*

To avoid the detriment of inertness and torpor, therefore, they sharpened their ingenuity by discussion; they engaged in many disputes about the great theological question, the origin of evil, or rather concerning the rank of the evil principle; and in seeking for curious novelties and strained constructions, the ingenuity they displayed was occasionally somewhat perverse. Some of this sect were so deeply sensible of the value of the Atonement,—let one example serve,—that they considered the part which Judas Iscariot acted so important and indeed necessary to its completion, as to justify them in affirming, that he also was worthy of gratitude and praise; their adversaries assert, that they said of worship, and maliciously add, that they revered him alone of the apostles; but this is manifestly a calumny, because it was through an excess of reverence for the worthy disciples, that they were induced to bestow likewise a portion on the unworthy. The soil of Egypt was more fertile than that of any other region, and Alexandria was the most opulent and the most learned of cities; all the plants that were transferred thither from foreign countries speedily

attained a greater growth there than they had ever reached at home: so was it with Gnosticism; the Alexandrian Gnostics were the richest and the boldest of the sect, and it is they who must answer for the greatest part of the excesses committed by visionary enthusiasts.

It is impossible not to feel an involuntary admiration for the vigorous exercise of the human intellect, even when it is applied to advance a system, of which the object appears to be, in some respects, to confound and perplex reason; whilst we refuse our assent to startling and unprofitable conclusions, we are often tempted to wonder at the ability and industry with which they have been deduced. Like the Stoics, they were well versed in logic, but they did not on that account neglect any of the arts that conduce to the more liberal studies, which have all a common bond of connection and are closely related to each other. If we were required to specify the kind of writing most likely to deceive, we should say the logical, consisting of mere naked logic, abstracted from all the graces and decencies of style, and without passion; and we would cite, as a proof, the Theologians, who are commonly called the Schoolmen; they were the most perfect examples of pure logicians, that the whole compass of literature can supply, and yet what can be more false, fallacious, and sophistical, than their writings? We appreciate logic, the logic of the schools, as a necessary part of education, and deem it to be essential to sound institution; nevertheless we feel somewhat inclined to accept, as a sound canon of criticism, the rule which we have heard propounded by an experienced critic, that whenever we find in any work an ostentatious display and an affected parade of logic, and a total disclaimer of rhetoric, and have ascertained, that such is its character throughout, if we value our time we ought immediately to throw it aside; it being plain, that the author understands nothing else but logic, and moreover that he does not perfectly understand even that science, and its true powers, design, end, scope, and limits.

The works of the Gnostics, if we except some fragments, have been lost; we are compelled, therefore, to judge of them from the writings of others, and generally from the report of their adversaries. We shall be sensible of the immense disadvantage the memory of these Christian philosophers has to contend with, if we suppose, that any sect which exists in our own times were only known to us from the writings, and for the most part the controversial writings, of its enemies; what an injurious estimate should we often take of the characters of some of the most innocent and amiable of our fellow-citizens! It has been conjectured,

and with probability, that the writings of the Gnostics must have possessed considerable merit, since their victorious opponents have taken care entirely to suppress, and utterly to destroy them.

When institutions and sects have attained a certain eminence, the force that raised them is commonly spent, and they begin gradually to sink; such was the fate of Gnosticism;—men of zeal and of talent became rare, and the general decay of learning and the decline of empires were not favourable to the extension, or even to the existence, of a learned sect. Plato and Gnosticism were compelled to give way to Aristotle and St. Augustine; we feel compassion at the fate of those who perished with the great and noble, not so much for their own sake, as on account of their more illustrious companions in suffering, and are disposed to believe that they must have had some merit to provoke the malice of that fortune, of whose ordinary injustice we have other and conclusive evidence.

Man is such a social animal, that he thinks this earth is too solitary even in the most populous cities; he often peoples it therefore with a good store of spirits and demons, that he may have other company besides his fellow-men. The inhabitants of the sky and of the earth were more familiar with each other in ancient times, and mountainous countries have usually been most fertile in mythic tales. To the inhabitant of the plain any communication between earth and heaven must appear impossible; but where the clouds are seen to rest on the top, or sides of the hills, it seems easy enough. Mountaineers commonly suppose, that the intercourse with the sky is as frequent and complete as between London and Greenwich, or Paddington and the Bank.

The people of the East have, in all ages, firmly believed in the injurious effects of fascination, arising from the malignity of men and of demons; and it seems, that although we may talk to them, until we have tired not only our hearers, but ourselves, they will continue to retain this belief as an important article of faith. The practices of the Gnostics therefore, in this respect, have always subsisted, and most probably always will subsist, notwithstanding all the opprobrious names, that persons of more zeal than discretion may heap upon them: it is the part of a wise man to submit with a good grace to inevitable evils, for we shall never be able to make all the world alike, and it is vain and vexatious to make the fruitless attempt. We commonly compliment the Jews on account of their rigid adherence to that grand dogma, the unity of the Deity, and they are in some measure entitled to the praise which is so liberally bestowed; nevertheless this people carried to a great excess the belief in angels and demons, and attributed to them greater and more various powers than persons, who are not



compose the universe are uninhabited, many of them being much larger than the earth, and as they must be different in many respects, we may suppose that their inhabitants are different from ourselves; and since there is here a chain of beings, the links of which gradually rise one above another, if the natives of some of the planets may be inferior to ourselves, we are compelled by analogy to infer, that others may be superior, and we may suppose, that the progression is continued upwards for several degrees: by ascending in this manner they would arrive at demons of various ranks. The rapid and violent diseases of warm climates, and many of the phenomena of insanity and other striking appearances, of which it was not easy to trace, or to invent, a visible cause, seemed in the eyes of many to vindicate the power and presence of demons.

Reason might readily lead men to acknowledge the existence of such beings; but it is not easy to discover how reason alone could induce them to believe, that they could interfere with the inhabitants of the earth, or visit them, for it seems more natural to suppose, that the natives of one planet would be unfit to subsist on any other globe than their own, still less that they could be controuled by spells and ceremonies. It is the more strange that men should have imagined that beings of superior power and knowledge would yield implicit and instant obedience to certain words, when their daily experience must have taught them how vain is the attempt to sway by words their fellow-men.

We use separate marks, the Arabic, or Indian, ciphers, or numerals, to denote numbers; the Romans selected a few only of the ordinary letters of the alphabet for that purpose; we still retain that practice, and frequently apply the same letters in the same manner: but in the Hebrew, and in the Greek language also, and in many others, every letter of the alphabet has its distinct numerical value; each word therefore has not only the meaning which is attached to the sound the letters represent, but is likewise a sum in addition. The word ΜΕΙΘΡΑΣ, for example, denotes, as it is supposed, the sun, or the year, and also,  $40 + 5 + 10 + 9 + 100 + 1 + 200 = 365$ ; and in like manner the sum,  $1 + 2 + 100 + 1 + 200 + 1 + 60 = 365$ , signifies besides that amount or particular succession of numbers, ΑΒΡΑΣΑΒ, or ΑΒΡΑΕΑΣ, which has the same meaning, namely the sun, or the year.

That there were much mystery and great efficacy in numbers, men have in all times and in all places thought proper to believe, although it is not easy to assign a reason for it; and as every word represented some number, or series of numbers, language was thus brought within the mysterious jurisdiction. The science of these mysteries was of Jewish origin, or at least it

was cultivated with great assiduity by the Jewish *literati*, and forms the chief part of the Cabbala; in the hands of the Gnostics it was applied to organise by a system of checks a perfect government over the demons.

If we consider words not merely in their ordinary employment as the signs of things, but as numbers and sums of numbers, and comprehending every remarkable series of numbers, in which a writing-master can delight, still it is not easy to understand why demons, more powerful than men, should be coerced by them, whilst there is no spell which their inferior, the human creature, would not despise and laugh at. A demon could be compelled to perform a feat of great labour and difficulty by a few words, which would prove to be powerless, if their efficacy were tried, not upon an immortal spirit, but upon a human butcher, or baker, to persuade him to suffer a joint of meat, or a loaf of bread, to quit his shop; for the expectation of being paid for them, and not a string of barbarous words, would be necessary to induce those tradesmen to part with their goods. This contradiction reminds us of the tales of those witches who, being themselves in extreme and abject poverty, professed nevertheless to be able to inform others where inexhaustible treasures were to be found. The mysterious words could extort any favour whatever from the most unwilling genius; but it seems probable that neither "Iao," nor "Ialdabaoth," nor, perhaps, even "Zaberbeberetbasasiraairbrieith-semesilam" itself, (we copy the unwieldy word from a Gnostic gem, which is almost worthy to be Solomon's seal, the masterpiece of such talismans,) would persuade a human gate-keeper to suffer a Gnostic to ride, or drive through his gate without paying toll, although the exact value of every letter in the polysyllable were communicated to him in its due order, and it were proposed for his further satisfaction to cast up the thirty-eight figures in his presence, that he might be sure of the precise amount.

Other means besides words were used to command and restrain the demons, especially the universal practice of using frankincense; but words were the most powerful and frequent. We may truly say that the custom of burning incense in religious worship, principally for the purpose of driving away evil spirits, was an universal practice, for if it has in some places fallen into disuse, it is only in very modern times and in a very confined district. We are apt to wonder how the many learned and able men who adorned the sect of Gnostics could persuade themselves that they really possessed the power of commanding demons, but it is not impossible that they had their reasons for dissembling their doubts on this subject.

As the learning of the Gnostics was transcendent, so was their

morality exalted. Elevated sentiments, even when raised so high above the level of the ordinary business of life as to demand an impracticable and unattainable virtue, are not altogether devoid of utility; they ennoble the mind and invigorate the moral sense, as gymnastic exercises, that teach difficult postures and motions not adapted to our usual actions, strengthen and supple the body. There was much of stoicism in the ethics of the Gnostics; nevertheless they were averse to martyrdom. They thought it better to live and to be wise, to teach and to learn, than to die by the hands of the executioner. Many writers have blamed them on this account; but it is not to be denied that a sect, of which all the members were martyrs, in which all were killed, would itself expire with the last victim. They were unwilling to be persecuted themselves, but we do not read that they were disposed to persecute others. This learned body was convinced, that since exercise is absolutely necessary for the preservation of all that we possess, we ought not to feel any hostility towards those who promote salutary exertions of the intellect towards the sceptical and the heretical, but rather to evince our gratitude for the opportunities they afford of demonstrating that our conviction is built on solid foundations.

The religion of the Gnostics was of the largest dimensions, and of the most cordial and generous character. It was not of a kind to be satisfied with that naked, hungry and unprofitable deism which conducts to no higher and more refined speculations than to show the existence, power and wisdom of an undefined Deity, from the more obvious mechanical contrivances in the structure of man and other animals, and of the visible world; the very contrivances which are adduced as proofs by the rash and inconsiderate, being frequently misunderstood, and when they are afterwards explained more correctly, the former theory becomes ridiculous, and the imprudent attempt is more injurious than beneficial to the cause of religion. We will name one example only of mischievous temerity from many that might be adduced: Theodoret, one of the most respectable of the Greek Fathers, both in learning and in style, ventures into the dangerous precincts of natural theology. In a work entitled, τοῦ μακαρίου Θεοδορήτου, ἐπισκόπου Κύρου, περὶ προνοίας λόγοι δέκα, he seeks to demonstrate the existence of a Deity from the celestial phenomena; but we should be sorry to expose the momentous question to such a hazardous trial, for one astronomer might find unerring wisdom in the system of Ptolemy, and another in that of Copernicus, and unhappily they cannot both be true: ἀπόδειξις ἀπὸ οὐρανῶ; καὶ ἡλίου, καὶ σελήνης καὶ τῶν λοιπῶν ἀστέρων, is the title of the first book. The third is inscribed ἀπόδειξις ἀπὸ τῆς τοῦ ἀνθρώπου σώματος κατασκευῆς; and

the proofs are founded on the structure of the human body; before we can consent to place the case in his hands, we must be assured that the venerable theologian is perfectly skilled in anatomy. The seventh discourse is a complete and very remarkable illustration of the danger of which we complain; the title is *ἐκ δουλείας καὶ δεσποτείας πρόσφοροι τῷ βίῳ*. He demonstrates his position from the existence and advantages of slavery. If slavery be good and necessary, there is an overruling Providence; if it be not, there is not. How many would refuse to adopt such an argument, and would bitterly lament to be driven to this alternative!

In the code of morals of the Gnostics a high place was always assigned to chastity, and we are told that some classes of these heretics carried that virtue to a whimsical and incredible extreme. It is not necessary to describe minutely the details of their continence; we read on the contrary, that they were sometimes less honourably distinguished, especially in Egypt, for excessive licentiousness.

We are unwilling to take the character of a sect from the statements of its enemies, particularly respecting matters as to which accusation is easy, and the proof of innocence generally impossible; which are therefore the common resource of calumniators: but it is not very improbable that excesses were occasionally committed. When the natural desires are not suffered to have vent in reasonable indulgence, but have been suppressed for a long time, they are apt to break out in sudden, immoderate and imprudent sallies of wild uncontrollable passion. Thus we often see young men who have been brought up with unusual strictness, fall into greater irregularities when the accustomed restraints are removed, and quickly become more licentious than those of their equals who enjoyed a greater freedom. The desires of youth accumulate rapidly, unless they are regularly expended; and when persons have been for a time more than men in forbearance from pleasure, they commonly compensate by being for a similar period less than men in the power of withstanding animal gratifications. We cannot doubt that the inordinate admiration of chastity which the Gnostics professed, occasioned some cruel oppressions, and that rigorous measures were sometimes used towards persons who were not ambitious to obtain a crown of glory, which they esteemed unnatural, or not worth the price, by zealots in authority.

In the South and in the East we may hear even moderate and lawful indulgences spoken of, without any reference to the tenets of the Gnostics, in language that somewhat resembles their peculiar doctrines; in those climates, and with those races of people, we may suppose therefore that their notions were not without

foundation, and met with sympathy, as some of the superstitions respecting a certain kind of fascination appeared to be warranted. But in our northern regions, and with the Saxons, Franks, and other hardy breeds of people, they would altogether want probability. It is evident, therefore, that although these opinions prevailed here to a certain extent, for a short time, they were not the growth of the North and West, nor natural to the inhabitants, but were altogether of exotic origin, and were imported from other nations and climates. If the nature of the subject would admit of it, this portion of the morality of Gnosticism might receive much curious illustration from the testimony of travellers and historians.

Many of the Marcionites, a large class of Gnostics, were restricted to the use of vegetable food only, a humane peculiarity which connects them with the East, and ought to conciliate towards them the favour of a small but amiable sect, which is much more ancient than the Gnostic heresy, which long survived it, and still exists, having been handed down from the earliest time to the present days by an unbroken, although an unconscious, tradition.

Extremes are near, as the proverb says; it is easy to pass from one to the other. After the Gnostics had inculcated for a time a strict and universal celibacy, and some of the more zealous had practised an entire abstinence from the pleasures of sense, it is not improbable that the ascetics became in a few instances profligates, and the greater part relaxed the tight rein that had held in their appetites. The excesses of the backsliding brethren possibly afforded their enemies an opportunity of stigmatizing as eminently licentious the whole of the learned fraternity. Such an opportunity, however, was perhaps not required, and we will say a few words respecting an usage of wise antiquity not generally understood, and for the effects of which a due allowance is rarely made, but which it is necessary to mention in order to estimate this sect justly; we mean the boundless license that rivals assumed in all cases of assailing each other with prodigious and most portentous calumnies.

The speeches of the Athenian orators are full of the most vehement and extravagant abuse of their opponents, which is so gross that it is impossible to believe it to be true; we are compelled, therefore, to conclude that it was introduced to display the eloquence of the speaker, his *δυσέτης*, and power of reviling his foes. The style in which they are clothed is no doubt very different, but the topics of vituperation are precisely those to which the lowest and basest of the vulgar invariably have recourse when they are offended. It is wonderful and inexplicable that a people who were in most respects highly refined, and were greatly our supe-

riors in delicacy of taste, should have taken delight in expatiating on matters which our public assemblies would not endure, vulgar and contemptible as the orations are that are delivered before them, in comparison with the productions of the ancients. We meet with outrageous abuse in the speeches of Cicero, especially in his orations against Mark Anthony and Piso, but less frequently, and it is less immoderate, although, according to our notions, it would be deemed intolerable.

Nor were the philosophers less addicted to take these liberties with their rivals than the orators; "like Momus, I find fault with whatever others do," καὶ ὅσπερ ὁ Μῶμος τὰ ὑπὸ τῶν ἄλλων γινόμενα συκοφαντῶ, a philosopher says of himself; and Lucian presents us with many lively pictures of the violent demeanour and language which the lovers of wisdom used towards those who differed from them. He gives the following account of their mode of conducting a controversy;—

"At first they begin to discourse amongst themselves peaceably, but as the conference advances they raise their voices to the very highest pitch; so that when they strain and strive to say great things, their faces redden, and their throats swell, and the veins rise, like flute-players trying to sound the upper notes. Having perplexed their discourses, and confounded the original object of inquiry, they separate, after they have for the most part abused one another, λειδορῶσάμενοι ἀλλήλοις, wiping the perspiration from their foreheads with a bent finger; and that man seems to have gained the victory who is the boldest and has the loudest voice."

The verb λειδορέω is often used by this writer to denote the sort of intercourse and mutual interchange of sentiments that took place amongst the philosophers, and the rhetoricians also. We may, perhaps, in part attribute the prevalence of this strange practice to the warmth and vehemence of southern nations, and it was not without some advantages. It has been remarked that eloquent men are usually good-tempered, and rarely vindictive, since their angry feelings immediately find a vent in words, and they derive relief from the harmless effusion, and become calm and placable, especially if they have somewhat exceeded—as is usually the case when wrath and eloquence conspire—the just measure of retaliation; and as a balance of injury remains in their favour, they are well contented with the position of affairs.

The leaders of the different sects of Christians were naturally more in earnest than the Pagan philosophers, being firmly convinced of the superior importance of the subjects of which they treated; and we may add than the orators themselves, for they discoursed not of temporal interests alone. The greater part of them, moreover, had been advocates; they had accordingly all the

fervour of style and force of pencil that characterize the statements and the arguments of the professional rhetorician. The writings of the Fathers of the Church glow with a fire for which we should in vain seek an equal in any other compositions; and although we must acknowledge that their zeal is perfectly natural, and the feelings which awaken it commendable, we must nevertheless lament that monstrous exaggerations, an ostentatious display of unfairness, and a pervading want of candour, while they manifest the total absence of all those qualities that insure the confidence of the reader, too frequently injure the cause which they have taken upon themselves to defend. In the pleadings of the advocates in the Catholic countries of Europe, where these writings are as much studied as they are generally neglected in England, we may often detect imitations of their peculiar style. The same faults of excess fatigue the attention, oppress the feelings and awaken our suspicions, where the object of the speaker ought to be to win our easy acquiescence.

In order to be fully convinced that the Fathers frequently assailed their adversaries with the desire of displaying their wit, learning and eloquence at the expense of probability, it is not necessary to read more than the first chapter of the first book of Tertullian against Marcion, a learned and able Gnostic, who supplies one of the many examples, of which history is full, of the impolicy in a public body of provoking by ill-treatment an individual of talent. We will translate a portion as a specimen, that the nature of the writings of which we speak may be manifest. We undertake the task with great diffidence, because we suspect that the very vehement author would have found some difficulty in rendering into another language a passage, the meaning of which was, perhaps, not always intelligible to him in the original.

"That tract, which is called the *Pontus Euxinus*, the hospitable sea, has been refused all favours by nature, and is mocked by its very name. But you must not judge of the hospitable Pontus by its situation alone: it has indeed withdrawn itself from our more civilized shores, being ashamed, as it were, of its own barbarism: for the most ferocious people inhabit it, if indeed they can be said to inhabit; who live in waggons. Their dwellings are not fixed, their mode of life is cruel, the intercourse of the sexes is promiscuous and for the most part open; even when they desire on those occasions to be private, they hang up their quivers on the yoke of the waggon, as a sign that no one may incautiously intrude. They do not, therefore, blush even for their arms; they slay their parents at the same time with their sheep, and they devour the flesh of both together at their feasts. Whenever any die in such a manner that their bodies cannot be eaten, their death is deemed accursed. Nor does the modesty of the sex render their females more gentle: their breasts are naked, they perform their daily task with a battle-axe, they prefer

warfare to marriage. There is, moreover, a certain harshness in the very sky. The day is never open, the sun never shines willingly; there is but one atmosphere, fog; the whole year is wintry; every wind that blows comes from the north; liquors are only such before the fire, the rivers are blocked up with ice, the mountains heaped higher with snow. All things are benumbed, all things are stiff with cold: nothing but cruelty has there the warmth of life; that kind of cruelty, I mean, which has supplied the stage with fables concerning the sacrifices of the Tauri, and the loves of Colchis; and the tortures of Caucasus. But there is nothing so barbarous and miserable in Pontus, as that it has given birth to Marcion: he is more savage than a Scythian, more unstable than the wild inhabitant of a waggon, more inhuman than the Massageta, more audacious than the Amazon, darker than the mist, colder than winter, more brittle than ice, more treacherous than the Danube, more precipitous than Caucasus. How can the man be otherwise, who darts his blasphemies against the true Prometheus, the Almighty God? Marcion is more unreasonable than even the beasts of that barbarous region; for what beaver mutilates his own body like the man who forbids marriage? What Ponic mouse is so destructive as he who has gnawed in pieces the Gospels? Yes, truly; you Euxine, you have produced a wild beast that is better suited for heathen philosophers than for Christians. For that cynic dog, Diogenes, desired to find a man, and carried about a lantern at noon: Marcion having extinguished the light of his faith, lost the God he had found."

This is at least an animated kind of writing; Matter calls it deplorable, *cette lutte déplorable*; such it once was in its effects; but at the present day it is amusing. We have cited this curious passage to prove, that it was at least as much the practice of Christian as of Pagan disputants, to indulge in boundless and monstrous scurrility, in order to raise a presumption, that there was no foundation for the appalling charges which some writers have brought against the learned sect of whose history we treat.

The most remarkable of their accusers is Epiphanius, who has advanced far beyond the limits that had formerly been set to calumnious outrage, even by those who were the most immoderate in invective and slander. We may justly apply to this prelate of superabundant faith, the sensible remarks of Beausobre, who says, "monasteries have undoubtedly sent forth great men into the world, but the disciples of the monks contracted in their youth a superstitious disposition which is scarcely ever shaken off; and the weak side of the most able men of this class seems always to have been an excessive credulity."—(*Hist. des Manichéisme.*) The learned Perizonius, even whilst he is declaiming as an orator against historical Pyrrhonism, says of this author, "Certè Epiphanius, celebris ille Hæresæon scriptor, adeo acerbè mihi semper visus est in eas declamare, ac potè dixerim, debauchari, adeo absurdas illis passim, et nullam veri speciem præferentes, tribuit



opiniones, ut exiguum procerus ei fidem habeam, nisi si quid aliunde reperiam firmatum." *—* *Strom.* vi. c. 10. p. 102. (ed. M.)

The accusations of the credulous Cyprian (bishop against the votaries of the *γνῶσις* (the knowledge of the intellectual world, which by way of a pun or quibble, he facetiously calls the *καταγνώσις*, damnation) are more serious than against any other heretics; if we could believe any part of them, all interest in the *εὐαγγέλιον*, however learned, would instantly cease for ever; but, to do so is impossible. He collected whatever improbable stories the malice of enemies could supply, and yielded to all of them an equal and implicit faith; chiefly, because he had been assailed in his youth by certain females, who, he says, were Gnostics, or at least knowing ones, and assailed nearly in the same manner as the Patriarch was by Potiphar's wife; but the same power, he gratefully adds, that assisted Joseph on that occasion, saved him also from their wiles. It is impossible not to exult at his deliverance; but we suspect that the good Father, in his very natural terror, pushes somewhat too impetuously to a conclusion; was Potiphar's wife necessarily a Gnostic also? If we may compare the past with the present, we fear that even in some parts of the metropolis of this Christian country, as in Fleet Street and the Strand at night, a young man, although he was designed by Providence for a bishop, might be solicited by women as earnestly as either the patriarch or the prelate; nevertheless, we are informed by credible persons, who are supposed to be acquainted with the real intentions of these females, that however immoral their objects may be, they have really no design to propagate the Gnostic heresy.

The Gnostics were accused of enormous and flagrant irregularities in love affairs, of offering human sacrifices, and of cannibalism, which are precisely the accusations that were brought against the early Christians: *τὰ ἐπιφαιζόμενα ἡμῖν ἐν ταῖς αἰδέσιμα, Θείστικα δεινὰ, Ὀιδιποδίνης μύθῳ*, are the words of Athenagoras, and Justin Martyr uses nearly the same language: *τὸ δόγμα ἐκείνῳ μυθολογούμενα ἔργα, λυχνίας μὲν ἀναργεσίας, καὶ ἀνδρῶν μίξεις, καὶ ἀνδραποδίων σαρκῶν βράς*. It is certain that these odious calumnies must have been generally believed, otherwise a prince so philosophical as Diocletian would not have been induced to persecute any portion of his subjects, however obscure in rank, and humble in pretensions. Disappointed curiosity, wherever there is impenetrable secrecy, naturally impels to inquiry, partly through vexation, partly as a stratagem for forcing the discovery, in order to repel the imputation, by showing what the secret practices really are; the innocent and mystical convivialities of the Freemasons have been sometimes subjected to this species of torture.

4. The atheism or impiety that was alleged against the primitive Christians, and afterwards against the Gnostics, was of course of the same kind as that which was imputed to the admirable Socrates, that he did not worship gods whom the state authorized as fit objects of adoration: *ἄνθρωπος ἀσεβὴς καὶ ἀπράγμων τῶν θεῶν*, *ἀνὴρ ἀθεὸς καὶ ἀνόμιμος*, *ἀνὴρ ἀσεβὴς καὶ ἀνόμιμος*.

The Christians were accused by the heathen, and the Gnostics afterwards by the orthodox, of putting out the lights at their nocturnal assemblies, as a prelude to amorous and incestuous excesses; this scandal reminds us of the love-feasts which are attributed to some of the more ardent Methodists. It should seem that in every age of the world, (this charge had been often made by the Pagans against the Bacchantes,) there has been some sect that has borne the weight of the same calumny; and indeed of every other also. It would not be difficult to prove, that there has been an uninterrupted tradition of almost every opinion that exists at present, and of almost every practice also, from the earliest ages of which any records remain, to our own days; to the learned, at least, there is no new thing under the sun. It is a common error of ignorant men, and perhaps the most fruitful source of intolerance, to imagine that whatever event appears somewhat unusual to them, has happened for the first time, when in truth it has always been, and probably ever will be, the practice of mankind.

The manner in which it was said the lights were extinguished at these meetings gives us a very characteristic example of the nice distinctions in morals that little sects of fanatics delight in; no one hesitated to take a part in the excesses that commenced with the darkness, or to assemble with the intention of sharing in the guilty revels, but no one was willing to put out the lights; a dog, therefore, was tied to the lamp or candlestick, and when the faithful were ready, a piece of meat was offered to him at a distant part of the room, he sprung to seize it, and by instantly overturning the light procured the wished-for darkness. It is not improbable, that some wicked scolder may have played this trick upon the harmless enthusiasts who were assembled at an Agape; and that to conceal his practical joke, and perhaps to indulge his malice still further, he reported that it had been done by the pious with an evil design.

It was asserted equally of the early Christians and of the Gnostics, that they used to kill and devour an infant at their meetings; and of the latter, that they pounded the body in a mortar with spices, as our cooks prepare potted meat; if any such ceremonies were indeed performed, we cannot doubt, that they were entirely of a spiritual nature; that the infant was represented by a symbol; that a wafer was substituted for the victim, according to the

Pagan practice, which allowed persons who had vowed not to sacrifice at hecatombs, and were not sufficiently opulent to perform the vow literally, to offer a hundred wafers in place of a hundred oxen. When Iphigenia was sacrificed to Diana at Aulis, we read that a doe was slain in her stead, and we imagine, that it was most common to appoint a substitute in human sacrifices, as many examples will show. It is the only human sacrifice that still exists in England; but is certainly the practice; a bundle of straw and some old cloaths, that even the Jews would refuse, supply very conveniently the place of a human being.

It seems absurd enough to consider the matter with gravity; but it is probable, that some future archaeologist will hereafter trust more seriously of that very singular institution, by virtue whereof the boys in every village throughout the kingdom assemble on the same day in every year, *motu proprio*; they attain this holiness of idolatry, perceiving, as it were, intuitively, that he is guilty, for they hear no evidence, either of the original heretical gravity, or of the subsequent relapse, and—what perhaps will seem most strange to unborn ages—without a single quotation from the canon law they proceed to execute the cruel but appropriate sentence of burning the body from his head, on his inanimate proxy, or proctor, whilst the principal is quietly taking his chocolate or fumonade, and doing over his dull newspaper, at *Diario di Roma*, in the Vatican, or Quirinal palace. When we consider how harmless and amusing our annual sacrifice is, we may perhaps be allowed to doubt whether those of which we read were quite as horrible as they are commonly supposed to have been.

When we affirm that the accounts which the Fathers of the Church give of their opponents are not to be adopted without considerable reductions, we would not be understood to undervalue their instructive writings; we lament, on the contrary, that they receive so small a part of the attention of our countrymen, as well as some other precious but neglected departments of learning. At the time when these venerable persons wrote, the philosophers were nearly worn out, they repeated their own words, or rather those of their more illustrious predecessors, and their productions being for the most part not merely destitute of novelty, but utterly insipid, we turn to the Fathers for something fresh and vigorous; their works, however defective in many respects, are replete with a prodigious interest, for they unfold two wonderful stories, the decay of a mighty empire, and the growth of a great religion.

We have discoursed so largely of the three chief distinctions of the Guastichs, their learning, their demonology, and their morals, that we are not able to present an abstract of the contents of the

work, which is now before us, but we regret it the less, because such abridgments are seldom agreeable, or instructive; and as the size of the original is moderate, we may without scruple refer the curious to the *Critical History of Gnosticism*; we will only add a few general observations.

Professor Matter had prepared the way for the present volume, by a Historical Essay on the School of Alexandria, of some merit, the title of which will best explain its extent and objects; it is, *Essai Historique sur l'Ecole d'Alexandrie, ou l'Empire d'un comparatif sur la Littérature Grecque, depuis le temps d'Alexandre le Grand, jusqu'à celui d'Alexandre Sévère*. The history of this period, and especially of the former part, which connects the best ages of Greece with the literature of Rome, forms an important part of the narrative of the fortunes of the human mind, and the outline is well traced in the Essay; it might be expedient on another occasion, or in another place, to give a general account of it, or of the Greek literature of the period it embraces. The story of Gnosticism may be considered as a continuation of that of the Alexandrian school, and in a great measure, indeed, of human learning; and it is an advantage for the general reader to receive in French, if not the cream, at least some samples of learned authors, as Lewald, Neander, Hahn, and others, whose works are looked up in the Latin or German language. So many have treated of this subject, that it would compel us to wander far, if we were to endeavour to enumerate the titles of the volumes; besides, many of them are cited by Matter.

The author treats the primitive dissenters with exemplary fairness, and with a candour which is creditable to him; for every bigoted socialist, by repeating the old slanders, can produce with ease, and with a show of learning, an apparent refutation, a plausible contradiction and confutation of his statements; and in an age when good letters languish, at least in many countries, this attempt, and the calumnies with which it would probably be accompanied, might with reason be dreaded, and would have deterred a more timid and less zealous historian from giving a popular form to his impartial narrative. The covering of a learned language can be lifted up by a few only, and is commonly deemed equivalent to silence, to which, according to the author's motto, the higher parts of knowledge ought to be consigned.

Ἰδὲ καὶ τὰ ῥήματα φέρει  
 Ἐν δ' αὖν ὁρῶν σὺν καὶ ἡρώδῃ.

It may perhaps displease some of our modern prophets, or expounders of prophecy, that our professor condemns, as utterly carnal and proceeding from a false exegesis, the notion of an earthly millennium; he will not be the less acceptable, however, on that account, to the more rational theologian. There are other

peculiarities and novelties that may possibly startle the stranger to these studies, and the tyro in the higher regions of theology; but when the mind has impartially weighed the evidence on which some doctrines are supported, and has more fully comprehended the nature of others, and above all, when the understanding has been enriched by the careful study of the ancients and the Fathers (especially those who wrote in Greek) has been invigorated by temperate but manly discussion, and has become familiar with the critical philosophy, much that seemed at first extraordinary will be plain and natural, and almost self-evident. "It is first necessary to strip off the rusticity of the clown, and to view the smaller matters before the more considerable; with the docility of an apopl, (as a Gnostic writes to his son, borrowing the language that related to the Eleusinian mysteries,) and to assist in the solemn, before you undertake the office of torch-bearer, and to be a torch-bearer before you presume, as hierophant, to initiate others."\* The walk that an individual takes on a given day, of five or ten miles, is in itself perhaps utterly useless: he pursues a beaten track, which he has trodden a thousand times, and sees not a single new or interesting object; but the health produced by regular exercise, and the power of walking created, or confirmed by practice, are inestimable. In like manner, the theme of the schoolboy is a filthy scrawl, and, as a composition, quite worthless, to the man of taste it would be intolerable; but it is by such means that the philosopher is formed: the drilling of the soldier is in itself a piece of dull formal folly; but it enables men to defend their own country and to conquer other nations; it is, in its consequences, a fruitful cause of good or of evil. If we are asked to what end certain studies tend, we may answer, that the immediate results are of little value in themselves, but that the training is beneficial, for it is highly expedient that the intellect should be acute and vigorous. Inquiries into past ages tend to correct the vulgar error, which is too prevalent in these times, and is very injurious, that all knowledge is of modern invention. In the History of Gnosticism there are many examples of the antiquity of opinions and practices: the following note affords a curious instance.

"On voit, par ces exemples, que, si l'on trouve chez les Gnostiques ce que la sagesse de l'antiquité a dit de plus grave et de plus sublime, on y rencontre aussi par avance ce que la frivolité de quelques modernes a produit de plus piquant dans son genre. En effet, les ennemis du Judaïsme n'ont rien dit de nouveau après Celse, Lucien, Hiérocès, Julien et quelques Gnostiques."—tome i. p. 421.

If we were disposed to execute our critical duties with severity,

\* *Ὅτι γὰρ τοὺς ἀποπλὸν ἀποδοῦναι τὸν ἀποπλόν, καὶ τὸ πλεῖστον ἐκπαιδεῖναι πρὸ τῶν μαθητῶν, καὶ χερσὶν πρὸ δακτύλων, καὶ δακτύλων πρὸ λαμπυρίων.*

or even with strictness; it would be easy to point out several defects in the execution of the present work; but we will confess, that we are disarmed by the merit of the design, and the amiable spirit of toleration, that pervades the entire composition. We may be allowed however to remark, that, after the German style of architecture, a lofty edifice is sometimes erected, of very slight materials and on a narrow foundation. We are wont to admire the ductility and malleability of gold, because a single grain may be drawn into a wire that will reach to the moon, or beaten out to a surface of equal extent with that of the whole earth: the skill of the artists is still more wonderful than the art of the gold-beater, for they can wire-draw and hammer the thought of an ancient author, until it extends beyond the limits of space, and overshadows the noon-day sun. We must be permitted also to complain of the want of an index, which might easily be added in the next edition: it is a very inconvenient omission, for few readers will ever become familiar enough with such a work, to be able to turn at once to the part which they may desire to consult.

The History is comprised in two volumes; there is a third volume, of small size, which contains eleven lithographic plates, chiefly representing Gnostic gems and symbols, of which we will not speak, but we will say a few words respecting the eleventh and last plate, which is curious. It is the *fac-simile* of an inscription, consisting, besides some Gnostic symbols, of fourteen lines; four of which, including the five characters at the top, are Phœnician, or Aramaean, (Matter says five lines, but there are only four,) and the remainder are Greek. As to the meaning of the former, the interpreters are not quite agreed; they allow, however, that they recommend peace, justice, and the law. The Greek has been translated thus:

“La communauté de tous les biens et celle des femmes est la source de la justice divine, et un bonheur parfait pour les hommes honnêtes, élas du vulgaire, lesquels, selon Zaratès et Pythagore, chefs des hiérophantes, doivent vivre en commun.”

We transcribe the Greek precisely as it stands.—

ολυμκ. ΙΔΙΔΔΔΠΙ ετος ΙΙΙ

η πασων ανσων και γυναι

κων κοινοτης πηγη της θε

ιας εστι δικαιοσυνης ειρ

ηνητε τελεια τοις του τυ

φλου οχλου εκλεκτοις αγα

θοις ανδρασιν ους Ζαραθη

στε και Πυθαγορας των ιε

ροφαντων αριστοι κοινη συ

μβιωται συνιεντο.

Every alternate line, however, is written backwards, of which the letters are not inverted, but generally reversed, as if seen in a mirror, or like the characters on a seal: they are of an rude form, or perhaps rather affect the antique and strange. It is said that it was sometimes the practice to write *sursum* from left to right, and from right to left, in alternate lines, in order to give inscriptions an air of authority and antiquity; as innumerable barbarisms, that are far more inconvenient, are retained, for the like purpose in our law proceedings. Learned men, however, are fond of tracing effects to remote causes; and as we sometimes find words reversed on gems, they attribute this manner of engraving them to the same motive, and also to the love of mysticism; but they forget that many of them were seals, and that the mottoes of our coats of arms are reversed, not because we are Gnostics, but that the impression on the wax may be legible: the word *IAO* was not supposed to be more potent when written *QAI*, as it sometimes occurs, but it was designed to meet the eye of the demons, not on the gems, but on the letter that was to be protected thereby from their curiosity or malice. It is not improbable, where all was allegory, that *γυναικὸν σωτήρα*, which was recommended to the elect, as the well of divine righteousness and perfect peace, was not to be interpreted literally, but in an allegorical and mystical sense; it is certain, at least, that where all were enjoined to abstain rigorously and entirely, the legislator intended a community of abstinence and not of enjoyment. The date of the inscription, the third year of the 86th Olympiad, answers to the year A. C. 434; it is not pretended that it is of that period, it is undoubtedly an imposture; the question is, as to the time when it was fabricated. Gesenius, in his learned work, "*De Inscriptione Phœnicio-Græca in Cyrenaica nuper reperta*. 4to. Halle, 1824," informs us, on the authority of M. Raoul-Rochette, that the marble was lately found near Cyrene, and is in the possession of the French Consul at Malta: the appearance of the engraving is suspicious, but without seeing the stone itself, or hearing the particulars of its invention, or finding, it is difficult to apply with effect the canons of lapidary criticism. The Gnostics were very strong at Cyrene, and flourished there even down to the fifth and sixth centuries: this country is full of archaeological interest, and deserves to be described by more learned travellers than Della Cella, and those who have hitherto treated of that celebrated coast.

In the brief and hasty notice in which we formerly announced the appearance of Professor Matter's History of Gnosticism, we mentioned somewhat favourably a little work, entitled "*An Essay on Ancient Coins, Medals, and Gems, as illustrating the progress*

of Christianity in the early Ages," the production of a clergyman named Walsh. We must confess with regret, that our clergy, numerous and respectable as they are, in proportion to the great number who live at ease and enjoy considerable leisure, do not produce many books, if we except ordinary sermons and religious tracts adapted to temporary purposes: for this reason we commended the design of this Essay, and we are willing that its author should enjoy the credit that is due to him for attempting to cultivate a part of knowledge that deserves, but has not received, the attention of our divines. We would not have referred to his work again, but that we feel ourselves bound, in justice to the learning, industry, and accuracy of Professor Matter, to say, that we do not put his valuable and important labours in comparison, as our former notice might perhaps lead some of our readers to imagine, with the superficial sketch of Mr. Walsh; in which, whatever little information the book contains has been borrowed from other sources, and it is disfigured with many gross mistakes that would be disgraceful to a boy in the lower school: its peculiar vagueness is so excessive that it can scarcely instruct even the most ignorant. The subject of the Gnostics is only introduced incidentally, in reference to a few coins and gems, of which the author gives a pompous account, and calls continually "*my collection*." Of the study of coins it has been said, that it may possess many advantages, and has only one disadvantage; that, in truth, little benefit is to be derived from it. It is to be lamented that the author did not acquire a little more learning and experience, that he might have formed a more correct estimate of the character of several coins, inscriptions, and books, which he cites as genuine, and which they, who know but little, well know to be forgeries: if for every important blunder he were sentenced, as in truth he deserves, that "*XL diebus*," as the penitential books have it, "*in pene et aqua culpam diluat*," he would soon become better acquainted with the advantages of sobriety, than he was, at the time of writing his Essay, with archæology: his extraordinary credulity is moreover rendered more striking by the affectation of doubts and reasoning.

It is meritorious in any one, and especially in a clergyman, so that he add knowledge to his zeal, to undertake the defence of Christianity, but the defender ought to know on what grounds it has been attacked; no one ever denied that such a worship was in existence at the time when such of the monuments engraved in Dr. Walsh's volume, as are genuine, were produced, although some have professed to doubt its Divine origin. In proportion as praise is justly due to the successful champion of our faith, ought a righteous indignation to be kindled against that quackery which



would claim the meed where no services have been rendered, and would wear laurels when no battle was fought, and which they had never been won. Productions of this kind are particularly objectionable, as they endeavour to take a very unfair advantage of critics; mistakes are ignorantly strung together, under the pretence of maintaining the cause of religion, as if truth could ever be upheld by error; and the author bids defiance to criticism, holding out as it were an anathema, and attempting to persuade the public, that whoever points out the blunders, however gross and mischievous, of the pretended advocates of religion, must himself be impious, and an enemy to all religion. But we take our leave of Dr. Walsh, to whom we have again referred, notwithstanding we might censure his defects, but, as we before observed, lest we should incautiously permit the merits of another mistily to suffer detriment by an injurious inference.

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ART. IX. — *Lettres d'un Français sur la Cour de la Chancellerie, et sur quelques Points de la Jurisprudence Anglaise; enrichies de Notes et Appendices par M. C. P. Cooper, Avocat Anglais. Et publiées avec une Introduction par M. R. Boyer Collard, Avocat à la Cour Royale de Paris; Professeur de la Faculté de Droit. 8vo. Paris. 1820.*

It would perhaps be a task more curious than useful, to trace the origin of the equitable jurisdiction in England, — the only country, be it observed, in Europe, in which the like institution has been established. Its beginning must be dated at a period on which the light of history has hitherto shone very indistinctly, and, although some writers of unquestionable authority in general have thrown out hints and opinions respecting it, they are too vague, as well as too conflicting, to satisfy the doubts that beset the inquiry. The notion which has been very generally entertained, that the first exercise of the peculiar jurisdiction of the Court of Chancery arose in consequence of the Statute of Uses (27 Hen. VIII.); and the necessity that ensued for providing some remedy against the frauds which were frequently practised by persons to whom lands had been conveyed upon secret trusts, has been dissipated by the labours of some modern antiquaries. It is clear, that in very early times, a judicial power, paramount to that of the common law, was exercised by the kings of England in council. Sir Matthew Hale has alluded, in his *Treatise on the Jurisdiction of the Lords' House of Parliament*, to two opposite opinions which had been entertained before his time respecting this power; the one, that "there was lodged in it the plenitude of civil jurisdiction; and that it was, as it were, the

common mothe of these great courts, the Chancery, the King's Bench, the Common Pleas, and the Exchequer;" and the other, that those courts were the primitive jurisdiction next under the parliament; and that the several judges, "and some other principal attendants of places that concerned the administration of justice, and the king's revenue, were called thither to be parts and members of this council." From the scantiness and uncertainty of the documents which remain, it is probably vain to hope that this point in our legal history can ever be satisfactorily elucidated, although, it must be added, that of the two opinions alluded to by Sir Matthew Hale, the probability seems to be rather in favour of the former.

"By the calendars of the proceedings in Chancery, from the reign of Richard II. to that of Queen Elizabeth, inclusive, which have been lately published from the originals in the Tower, under the direction of the commissioners of public records, it appears that petitions to the chancellors were of frequent occurrence long before the Statute of Uses. The earlier among them relate for the most part to wrongs which were within the reach of the common law, but which, being committed under the countenance or by the means of persons whose power or rank enabled them to defeat the process of the ordinary tribunals, rendered an appeal to that supreme authority, which was vested in the chancellor as the immediate judicial representative of the king, the only effectual mode by which the complainants could obtain redress. Some of these proceedings are curious documents, as they relate to the early history of English jurisprudence, and are, besides, extremely valuable for the light they throw upon those domestic customs and habits of our ancestors, which have not been thought worth chronicling by the contemporary writers who alone were best able to describe them. The subject of these applications, and the pectatory style in which they are expressed, plainly indicate that they were then considered as petitions to the king's exclusive judicial authority, and some of them are addressed to him in person, and by him referred to his chancellor. They commonly conclude by beseeching "for the love of God and in the way of cheritie," or occasionally "for his love that deyde on the Rode Tree a Good Fryday;" but their contents are still more curious. "Wylliam Midylton, of Woughton in Haldernesse," complains of "John of Cotyngnam, gentleman," for having assaulted and attempted to murder him in the church, and that he still lies in wait for him; "and that the same John of Cotyngnam proffered openly to the quhyll of them forsayde that might haf killed me, could haf xx noblis for my dede, als it is openly knawen to all that towne and the counteth, for aue word & spake in the kyrke, 'that it were better bell

unbodge, at an unquiet time than the moose untrouge." John Wastow's complaint against Richard Rede is, that the defendant had endeavoured to entrap him into an intrigue with his (Rede's) wife, for the purpose of recovering a "summe" from him, and that he has attempted to suborn a priest to assist him. That of "Margaret Applegarth of Yonke, wydewe," against "Thomas Serjeantson, of the same," might have been the original of Daniel Quickly's suit against Sir John Falstaff;\* for the widow states that the deceiver "spake to your said beseecher ful sadly, and lustily in his conceit, and sought upon hir to have hir to wyfe, desyryng to have of hir certayne golde to the some of xxxviij s. 9 d."

Whereupon she having full byleve and trust in his treuthe and langage, nor desyryng of him any contract of matrimony, delivered him the said some at diverse tymes, after the which divorce-furthwith, he, not willing to reliver the said some to youre said beseecher, hath taken to wyf another woman in grete durtite, hasty, and utter undoing of hir without your graciouse helpe and secourse in this partie." Another of the bills appears to have been presented by one John Brown against the widow of Lord Say, and would, if the allegations were true, (and it will be seen they are extremely circumstantial,) furnish a flat contradiction to the confident vindication of himself which Shakspeare has made that nobleman utter just before his murder.

"Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?"

"Whom have I injured that ye seek my death?"

John Brown states that Lord Say, having obtained possession of lands to which he (the plaintiff) was entitled, compelled him by duress and imprisonment, to execute a release in his favour. "And afterward the same Lord Say, knowyng hymselfe to be put to deth by that horrible and crewell tretour, Jacke Cade, openly knowlechid, among other extorcions, this mater, requyryng and charchyng a chapelyn, callid Sir Thomas Oldhall, thence beyng his confessour, that he should do this feithfull labour to the wyfe of the said Lord Say, that youre said beseecher speedily might have restitution and reformation of the said wrongis and oppressions in this mater to him don." It appears, that in the earlier of the proceedings, it was the custom for the person preferring the

\* "Falstaff. What is the grow sum I owe you?"

"Hostess, Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself, and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday, in Whitsun-week, when the plover brake thy head for likening his father to a singing-man of Windsor, thou didst swear to me there, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me and make me my lady, thy wife."

"And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings?"

Hen. IV. Part II.

bills testified entitles for payment of the costs and damages of the other parties in case of failure to establish his case.\* The prayer was commonly that the defendant might be brought before the Chancellor and examined *vidé voce*, which was the practice until the reign of Hen. VIII., from which period it seems to have assumed a shape similar to that which at present prevails, and the defendant answered or pleaded in writing. The decrees were entered on the bills from the reign of Henry VI. to that of Henry VIII., if not later.

From the latter period to the present, the history of the Court of Chancery is sufficiently well known. If that golden time in which Sir Thomas More presided there be excepted, and in which it is said that "having finished a cause and calling for the next that was to be heard, he was answered, that there was not one cause more depending; and this he ordered to be set down upon record," it has been almost ever since a subject of general complaint; and the delay and expense attending its administration have been reckoned among the most crying evils that have prevailed in the national institutions. It is more than 200 years since Lord Bacon, echoing, as he said, the sentiments of his royal master, James I., acknowledged the Court, at the head of which he then took his post, to stand in need of reform, and expressed his own determination to effect it. The attempts which he made to this end may be seen in his Orders,—what he effected by his own conduct and example is, unhappily for his otherwise brilliant fame, too well known. Opportunities, some of them the most favourable that can ever happen in the course of human affairs, have since frequently presented themselves for accomplishing the same design, the necessity of which has never been denied; but, notwithstanding that necessity, the glaring and acknowledged defects that beset this institution have proved too deeply and too firmly rooted to yield to such hands as have essayed the task of extirpating them;—to this day they continue to exist, and at no period have they flourished in more rank and pernicious luxuriance than at the present time.

It is discouraging enough to all those who hope for reform—that is, to all who have ever been "in Chancery," or who have thought upon the subject, and are so free from that interest which perverts men's minds that they can think rightly,—to look back at the various attempts which have been made from time to time; and to contemplate the failure of those attempts, even when they

\* 17 Rich. II. A statute was passed enacting that where the suggestions of plaintiffs in Chancery should be found to be untrue, the Chancellor should be enabled to award costs and damages to the defendant; and it seems probable, that it was in the same year the bills were first regularly filed.

seemed most certain of success. What man could hope to see the administration of justice in abler hands than those by which the Seals have been held at many periods of the history of this Court? and yet, all this learning and talent united, accompanied as they have sometimes been by incorruptible honesty, have hitherto effected nothing. Orders have been from time to time made, which either fell short of the needful remedy, or have been overruled. Chancellors have been impeached and disgraced, but when the purposes of intrigue, for which such prosecutions were mainly instituted have been answered, the reform which ought to have ensued has been immediately abandoned. Once, indeed, a sweeping cure did seem to be at hand. The uncompromising republicans of the Commonwealth's time, (whose measures, fierce as they were always, and mistaken as they were often, had for their avowed object the purification of the national institutions, and the welfare of the people,) entered zealously upon the design of simplifying the administration of the laws, and particularly that head of law which is connected with the equitable jurisdiction. The scheme which they had projected remains, and, with certain allowances, may still furnish, as it has already on several occasions furnished, safe and valuable materials for those who, in a more auspicious time, shall be engaged in the work of reform. The obscurity which hangs over many of the proceedings of that Parliament, extends itself to the subject of the present inquiry. It is difficult to trace the exact steps which were taken, or to ascertain the causes of their failure; but it is clear, that in August, 1658, a debate ensued in the House of Commons on "the business of the Court of Chancery." None of the writers whose works contain particulars of the transactions of this period, minute as they are upon many points, give any account of the circumstances which led to this discussion, or of the arguments which were resorted to, on one side or the other. The entries in the Commons' Journals are wholly unsatisfactory; but it is certain, that after a debate of two days a vote was agreed to, "That the High Court of Chancery of England shall be forthwith taken away, and that a bill be brought in for that purpose;" a vote at which one of the contemporary writers adds, "good people, when they heard of it, did rejoice." Their joy was, however, premature; the genius (good or evil?) of the Court of Chancery, saved it from the threatened destruction. A bill was brought in, and successfully opposed by those who were interested in the continuance of the abuses of which the Court was then the fruitful source; a second was attempted, which shared the same fate; and a third was not more fortunate. The reason given for the defeat of the last bill,—that "by very many, after a long and sharp debate, it

was judged, about, of the end aimed at," together with the hint, that "some gentlemen of great note of the long robe had a hand in it, that it is likely will never spoyl their own trade," point to the inevitable conclusion, that it was then, as it had been before, and has been since, by the lawyers themselves, that the intended reform of the law, was frustrated. The same plain and broad opportunity which was afforded by the Revolution in France, for rooting out from the public institutions all that was pernicious, or inconvenient, was afforded to England at the period to which we allude. The same reasons for an entire change did not exist, but there were reasons enough for a very extensive reformation.

It is not necessary to point out, that in the discussion of such a question as that which engaged the parliament, the mischievous ingenuity of interested lawyers would be easily able to raise doubts and difficulties, the fallacy of which could not be readily detected by men who were unacquainted with the subtilities of legal distinctions; it is not less obvious that the false support of such men to such a measure as that which the parliament had resolved to effect, would even more securely gain the fraudulent end for which they were striving. Cromwell's genius might have penetrated the cloud which the interested practitioners of his day raised, or his sword might have cut the knot which their cunning had woven; but his thoughts and his sword had other employment; craft and dishonesty triumphed, and the work of reform was postponed.

The times in which we live are so favourable to the improvement and simplification of all the national establishments, that but for the damping check which the contemplation of these events give to our hopes, we should be disposed to believe that the day of reform has arrived; and that, late and long waited for as it has been, some real and permanent improvement is likely to be effected in the administration of that system of equitable law which is peculiar to this country, and which, as regards the property and the domestic happiness of a great part of the community, is the most important branch of our jurisprudence. The improvement of the criminal code does something to strengthen the belief that is in us; but it must be remembered, that useful as this has been, and honourable as it is to the persons who conceived and effected it, the task was a much more easy one than that which yet remains to be performed. If we said it was less important, we could justify that saying; because although the safety of the community requires that the criminal laws should be executed with certainty and with most dispassionate and pure justice, while every human feeling is in favour of extending as much charity to offenders as may be consistent with that safety, these very feelings

will ensure, as they always have ensured, the just administration of those laws. There was a severity in the letter of our penal code which called for a revision, but that severity was never carried into effect of late years. There were defects and obcurities in some parts of the written law; but the clemency which regulated the execution of the laws drew out of the very defects a protection for those whose guilt admitted of pardon. It is extremely questionable whether, since the passing of Mr. Peel's and Lord Lansdowne's Acts, the administration of criminal justice has not become more severe, though not therefore the less just. But it is not to the protection or the punishment of criminals alone that the views of an enlightened legislature ought to be directed. It is not necessary, nor have we any wish, to exaggerate the evils of a system with which every man must be in some degree acquainted; and under which there are few persons so fortunate as not to have suffered. Can any man, even though his information be derived only from the public prints, deny that the miseries which attend upon the administration of the equitable jurisdiction are so grievous and intolerable, that they would even be severe if they were the punishment of crime, instead of being, as they are, the penalty paid by those who seek to establish a civil right? The tread-mill, whipping, imprisonment, transportation, death, are all that justice in her utmost severity deals to the criminals against whom the necessary protection of society arms her hand. Ceaseless litigation—never-ending care and anxiety—withering doubts—that “hope deferred which maketh the heart sick”—expense which drains the resources of every suitor; and which, in some cases, rises to such an amount as would be “enough to break a royal merchant down,”—are the evils which they must encounter who enter upon the troublous sea of Chancery; while imprisonment is among the catalogue of its tender mercies, and that utter wreck of hope, which often hastens death, and for which death is the only cure, is, not seldom, the consequence of its distressing delays.

The most powerful reason for supporting the belief that some remedy may now be found for these acknowledged evils is, that there are engaged in that worthy labour men, the want of whose assistance has hitherto been most sensibly felt. Oldmixon, alluding to the defeat of the plan for reform which was entertained during the Commonwealth, regrets, that in his own day, “the same art

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\* The expenses in the case of the supposed lunatic, Mr. Davies, are an illustration of this. Mr. Wollstedley, in a book lately published by him on the Court of Chancery, states, that the litigation into which he has been forced has cost him \$80,000 in four years, and that a sum of equal amount has been paid out of the estate of his children. We are disposed to think his calculation is not immoderate.

which obstructed the reform of the practice of the law almost four-score years ago, should still have succeeded in the like obstruction from that time to this." And he adds, "it does by no means do honour to the profession which is charged with it." That reproach is now at least wiped away. The labours of many eminent lawyers of the present day have been earnestly and powerfully directed to the reform of existing abuses, and to them is due, in a great degree, the fame, whoever may share it with them, of having effected all that has been done towards removing those defects in our jurisprudence which have been too long the disgrace of their profession and the torment of the community. The speeches of Mr. Brougham, Mr. M. A. Taylor, and Mr. Williams, and others, whom it were tedious to name, in parliament; the enlightened and judicious opinions expressed by those who have had the task of drawing up the Reports of the Chancery, the Common Law, and the Real Property Commissions, must satisfy their contemporaries, and will prove to history, that the lawyers of the nineteenth century have most honourably and effectually wiped away the imputation which had previously rested, and not unjustly, upon their profession. The spirit of reform is abroad, and the Court of Chancery, surrounded and defended as it is by interests which, although mean, are powerful and numerous, must yield to its influence, even though it should be the last to yield. One of the main causes that have hitherto ensured its impregnability, is the want of knowledge in all who would have attacked it, and the want of inclination in those who could alone have done so with good hope of success. Sir William Blackstone felt this difficulty, when, more than half a century ago, he expressed his embarrassment, in attempting the simple labour of explaining the constitution of the court. "As nothing," he says, (vol. iii. p. 429.) "is hitherto extant that can give a stranger a tolerable idea of the Courts of Equity subsisting in England, as distinguished from Courts of Law, the compiler of these Observations cannot but attempt it with diffidence: those who know them best are too much employed to find time to write, and those who have attended but little in those courts, must often be at a loss for materials." True, as this was when Blackstone wrote, it is true no longer. The work before us is a satisfactory instance that among those "who know our Courts of Equity the best," and are "much employed in them," there is one who has found "time to write," and who has furnished a large body of very useful information, which will tend more than any publication that has hitherto appeared on this subject, to remove the mystery and obscurity which has rendered it almost inaccessible.

The *Lettres sur la Cour de la Chancellerie* were published in



London, and, for the first time, rather more than two years ago. They purported to be the production of a Frenchman, who having been led to England with the design of prosecuting a Chancery suit, in which he was engaged, availed himself of the opportunity which his personal observations on the Court of Chancery, and the information of the persons into whose society he was thrown, afforded him, for collecting such particulars respecting that branch of our judicial institutions; and he subsequently communicated these particulars in the shape of letters to his brother at Paris. Castiglione, the great legist of courteous demeanour, says, it is an inflexible law in the code relating to masquerades, that no one shall be permitted to raise the masque of another, or attempt to penetrate his disguise. We have too much reverence for the *libro d'oro* willingly to infringe any of its precepts; but as in this instance the author has since laid aside his disguise, and in a second work has avowed himself in his true character, we feel ourselves at full liberty to speak of him by the name which his godfathers and godmothers gave him. Mr. Cooper, a barrister of experience and extensive practice in the Court of Chancery, is the writer to whom the public are indebted for these Letters; and although we think they would have been more generally useful if they had appeared in English, we have no disposition to cavil at the motives which induced him to adopt a disguise, or to exercise himself in an accomplishment which few Englishmen possess. The interest which these Letters are so well calculated to excite has not been confined to England. In France, where the details of most branches of our jurisprudence are, of necessity, not very generally understood, they have been read with avidity; the best proof of which we have in the recent appearance of the edition now before us, (a circumstance which brings the work within the boundary of our critical jurisdiction,) at Paris, under the superintendence of M. P. Royer Collard, (nephew of the President of the Chamber of Deputies.) It is accompanied by notes and an Appendix by Mr. Cooper, and is preceded by an Introduction from the pen of the editor, the object of which, and the reasons which have impelled him to his task, M. Royer Collard explains in his Preface:—

“ The necessity for a reform is so universally felt in our own country, and, besides this, a spirit of inquiry has been so generally roused amongst us, that Frenchmen cannot fail to receive gladly a work in which the most important questions of universal legislation are discussed. The exposition which it makes of the judicial calamities of England—a picture which, distressing and incredible as it may seem, is nevertheless perfectly sincere and true—ought to induce us to consider our own forms of procedure and our judicial organization. We shall perceive

that there exist in them defects and disorders, for which it should be our most earnest endeavour to provide remedies."

In pursuance of this design, M. P. Royer Collard casts a hasty glance at the judicial constitution of France, composed of the *justices de paix*, the *tribunaux de première instance*, the *cours royales*, and the *Cour de Cassation*; of those peculiar tribunals, in which affairs relating to commerce are disposed of; and of that exercise of the administrative authority which pronounces upon certain questions of disputed jurisdiction. The description of these several tribunals is at once so clear and so concise, that we shall owe no apology to our readers for extracting it.

"The *justices de paix* are at the same time ordinary tribunals, and *tribunaux d'exception*. They hold cognizance of all questions relating to personal matters, the subject of which does not exceed in value 50 francs, and of appeals where the value does not exceed 100 francs. Their special authority extends to questions of simple possession, to the infringement of patent rights, &c.

"The *tribunaux de première instance*, in like manner, dispose of *causes de premier et de dernier ressort*. They form courts of appeal from the decisions of the *justices de paix*, they pronounce *de premier degré* upon other causes, and decide conclusively upon questions not exceeding in value 1000 francs. The *tribunaux de commerce* also possess the power of passing a conclusive judgment to the same amount, and beyond that their sentences are subject to appeal.

"The *cours royales* are courts of appeal from the decisions of the *tribunaux de première instance*, and the chambers of commerce where the value of the subject exceeds 1000 francs, or is uncertain.

"The *Cour de Cassation* decides causes of every description, as to the questions of law which may be involved in them, but neither inquires into, or pronounces upon, matters of fact. The purpose of their institution is to maintain an uniformity of jurisprudence, and to watch over the sound interpretation of the laws. If the judges below have either infringed or misapplied them, the decisions are quashed. The *Cour de Cassation* passes conclusive sentence on all judgments of *dernier ressort*.

"The questions which arise from the contemplation of this organization are, whether it is perfect, and calculated to satisfy parties litigant; or whether it contains certain essential vices against which society ought always to be on the watch? If parties suffer, if justice is dilatory, if the costs are burthensome, at the same time that suits are not satisfactorily concluded, there must be some defect to which it is necessary that some remedy should be applied."

He then proceeds to examine in detail the several parts of the judicial institutions he has before enumerated, and discusses the evils which he points out in the course of his inquiry with great moderation, but with not less firmness, and justifies the censures which he is obliged to apply by reference to the sound and indisputable principles of universal jurisprudence. He animadverts

Then were created the officers of *conseillers auditeurs* in the courts, and of *juges auditeurs* in the *tribunaux d'arrondissement*; a sort of subalterns, who thus formed themselves for the duties of their profession, and passed their time in watching the vacancies that occurred in the ranks above them. The immovability of the judges disquieted the power of the master, and therefore a *senatus-consultum* declared such immovability not to be acquired until after five years of service.

"The necessary effect of such an organization will be easily comprehended. A person called to the discharge of the judicial function at the age of two-and-twenty cannot have evinced any proof of capacity. If he is invested with authority, it is simply because he is the son, the nephew, or the protégé of some powerful man, or perhaps of the functionary who has the care of transmitting to the minister the list of candidates. Thus it is that the nursery of the judicial order is formed. Mediocrity may be admitted there, and its advancement is certain: he who is unfit to plead is permitted to become a judge. Nay, we see instances daily in which a member of a family is destined to the judicial functions because his intellectual powers are too limited for any other pursuit."

Some observations on the disputes arising from questions of jurisdiction, and on the *appels comme d'abus*, conclude the introduction of the editor. The decision of the first he proposes to take from the Crown, of which it is at present one of the prerogatives; and the others, which relate solely to matters of church discipline, to confine to the ecclesiastical authority. He adds—

"The reflections which I submit to the public are neither suggested by personal interest, nor by a spirit of system. I have observed every where considerable defects in the administration of civil justice in France, and it has occurred to me that the public attention is often diverted from the consideration of them by those warm discussions which the spirit of party too often engenders. I have therefore endeavoured to present these topics to the contemplation of honest and thinking men, by whom they are worthy of being seriously entertained. A pure and prompt administration of justice is the greatest benefit that can be conferred by a government upon a people; while that which is defective and burthensome brings with it most deplorable calamities, and is beneficial to no one."

We now return to Mr. Cooper's Letters. They are written in that familiar tone which properly belongs to correspondence, and which is its chief charm. They are somewhat desultory, a feature which is produced by the loss of some of them, as the author says; or, as it seems more probable, by his having never written, or having suppressed such as would be occupied with the least important of the details comprised within his plan. The information which they contain is, however, highly valuable, and often very amusing. The author's description of the Court of Chancery as he found it one morning before Lord Eldon's arrival (it will be

observed that these Letters were written when that nobleman held the Seal) is extremely good;—lively, and somewhat satirical, but still true to the very letter. Mr. Bentham compared that noble personage, not inaptly, to the Old Man of the Sea who rode upon the shoulders of Sinbad the Sailor. The “Old Man” is shaken off, but the evils of which he was, if not the cause, the fostering parent, remain; and since there are among the partisans of the Chancery, as it is, some individuals who affect to have loved him while he was on the judgment-seat, and to venerate his memory now that he has quitted it, we extract the description we have alluded to, and which now belongs to history.

“I have seen Lord Eldon. Even if I could believe that the energies of any one man would be sufficient to enable him to discharge the laborious duties which are confided to this functionary, I am quite convinced that his Lordship's great age renders him incapable of fulfilling them. Besides, there appeared to me, as well as I could judge from a first impression, to be so much indecision and so little method in his conduct, that I no longer wondered at the delay which takes place in causes that are pending in his Court. The causes of those delays are to be sought for elsewhere than in the number of causes before him, and in the variety of his occupations.

“The Lord Chancellor entered Lincoln's Inn Hall at half-past ten, having kept the counsel and solicitors some time in waiting for him. He began his sitting by putting off several decisions which he had promised a thousand times; and the confusion which prevailed was really very amusing. In one corner were solicitors imploring the counsel to mention to his Lordship the causes in which they were engaged, which had long been in arrear, and which he had not yet decided, and the counsel in most cases replied, that they were quite tired of repeating applications which they had often before made in vain. Some of the younger counsel asked the seniors with what business it was probable the Chancellor would begin on that day; whether with cause petitions, or lunatic or bankrupt petitions, or with motions. The seniors, whose experience had taught them the uselessness of such questions, smiled at their simplicity, as if it was possible to know beforehand what the Chancellor might choose to do; and one of them replied ironically, that as this was not the day which had been fixed for motions, it was most likely his Lordship would hear them. After the Judge had taken his seat, a cause was called on; but his Lordship had lost his notes of the argument. He then asked some of the counsel about a case which had been argued so long ago that they had all lost sight of it, and had forgotten on which side they were engaged. The business to which it had been announced this day would be devoted was the hearing of petitions in lunacy, as I saw by the paper affixed in the Court; but after having discussed for a full hour what he should begin with, he took up some matters wholly different from those which had been expected. Before three o'clock the Chancellor rose, having advanced nothing, but having, nevertheless, promised much.

equitable jurisdiction. Their importance and their intimate connection with the dearest domestic interests of society, are too obvious to need enforcement; nor is it necessary to point the attention of the reader to the indispensable necessity that such subjects should be guarded with the most scrupulous care, and that the administration of justice in each of the cases arising out of them, should be effected with as much speed and as little delay as possible.

The causes of delay, and the expense, which now, to the shame of the government, are permitted to intervene, are demonstrated with great force in the work before us, and the remedy is pointed out with equal perspicuity. The author ascribes the causes of the evils, in the first place, to the increased jurisdiction, while the means of meeting that increase have remained nearly the same as at those periods of our history when it had not taken place; to the unnecessary length of proceedings; to the inefficiency of the subaltern departments of the courts, and the corrupt practices which prevail there; to the distracting duties which the supreme judge is called upon to perform; to the want of a proper court for deciding appeals, and to the imperfections and confusion of the statutes relating to this branch of law. The remedies for these evils we shall notice hereafter. The author says, speaking of the increased jurisdiction :

“ It was about the beginning of the last century that the business of the Court of Chancery underwent a great alteration. The causes then began to increase so rapidly, and their number and importance became so great, that there was scarcely any period at which the Chancellor, with the assistance of the Master of the Rolls and the Masters in Chancery, was able to despatch them. It was about the same period too, that after much discussion, the jurisdiction of the House of Lords in appeals in civil causes was established; and soon afterwards, the number of appeals grew to be so great that they alone took up a considerable portion of time in the House of Lords, and the Chancellor was compelled to preside there, the necessary consequence of which was, that the business of the Court of Chancery was very much neglected. Then came the increase of business in bankruptcy, which has now become so considerable, that latterly it has occupied one-fourth of the whole time that the Court has sate during the year.

“ You will have observed that all the changes which have taken place have had a tendency rather to augment than to reduce the duties of the Chancellor. When the House of Peers established its right of appeal in civil cases, instead of taking that opportunity of making the Chancellor a permanent and fixed judge in the court which they then constituted, and placing another judge at the head of the Court of Chancery, it decided that the same person could fill both offices, and might dis-

charge them alternately, leaving the principal court in the country with no other judge than the Master of the Rolls. When the business in bankruptcy increased in such a manner that it formed enough to occupy an exclusive tribunal, the duty of presiding over that also was added to the Chancellor's other charges. As however it was impossible to manage all the details of the latter jurisdiction, he was permitted to create nearly a hundred officers (commissioners of bankrupt), which measure has nevertheless done but little to relieve his burthens.

"From the beginning of the present century, various propositions have been suggested for the purpose of reducing the functions of the Chancellor. Lord Eldon, however, who was resolved that neither his influence nor his emoluments should be diminished, has constantly opposed every expedient that has been proposed. The office of Vice Chancellor indeed owes its creation to his mere will, and he resorted to it for the purposes of silencing the loud complaints of the public, at the same time that he sacrificed only a small portion of his income. Since this office was filled by Sir John Leach, it has doubtless been a considerable assistance to the despatch of business, but less than might have been expected from it, because an appeal lies from the decisions of this judge to the Lord Chancellor, and afterwards to the House of Lords, which is found to be a great hardship upon the suitors of the court. \* \* \* It must be observed also, that a great portion of the Vice Chancellor's time is taken up with hearing bankrupt petitions: so that if at any future period, two of the three judges who now sit in the courts, either from their hesitation in deciding, or by reason of their want of experience in the practice and principles of equity, shall display less capacity than Sir John Leach, the inevitable consequence must be, that business will be more than ever retarded, and even more than it would have been without the appointment of a Vice Chancellor."

The obvious remedy for the evil which is here pointed out, is in the appointment of other judges, and in withdrawing from the Chancellor some of the burthensome and discordant duties with which he is at present loaded. The reasons for this measure, and the means by which it might be effected, are enforced with great clearness and intelligence, and are sufficient to convince every man who has not an interest, and therefore a determination, to think otherwise. Nothing can be more absurd than to talk about retaining such an office because it is the highest gift the royal prerogative can bestow, or because it is the great prize for which the most distinguished members of the profession labour. The best and most dignified exercise of the prerogative is to promote the welfare of the community; and the more eminent members of the profession might as well envy the talents of the man who can ride upon two horses at once, as seek to fill an office the duties of which they cannot discharge so as to satisfy the proud feelings of a great mind, or the scruples of a conscientious one.

.. The prolixity and cost of proceedings is admitted to be one of the great evils of the practice in equity. The author says—

“The prolixity and tautology of the proceedings caused by the numerous legal fictions, and by means of which the dishonesty and chicanery of unworthy suitors are too often enabled to retard, and even sometimes to evade justice, are as forcibly felt by the suitors in this country as they were formerly by those of Italy.” And unfortunately there are to be found in this country attorneys, and even counsel, who do not scruple to degrade their talents and ingenuity by resorting to all the delays and all the contrivances which the most strict forms of the courts enable them to employ, not to accelerate justice, but to baffle it.”

He adds, what is not less true than the disgraceful and notorious fact above stated, that these evils, great as they are, appear of little importance when compared with those which originate in the defective organization of the tribunals themselves, of which, too, it might be observed, they are the offspring. This leads naturally to the consideration of those departments of the Court in which the greatest source of the mischief, next to the insufficient number of judges, exists. To trace them through all their dark labyrinths would be impossible; but there are two subjects so glaringly injurious and absurd, that they must not be omitted. Our readers will anticipate that we mean the Commissioners of Bankrupt, and the Masters in Chancery.

Much has been made public of late respecting the former, of these functionaries. Mr. Montagu, whose experience entitles all that he says on this subject to great respect, has designated the court, if it may be so called, of these commissioners, as “a tribunal in which the *minimum* of justice is administered at the *maximum* of expense.” Lord Eldon long ago called them nuisances. The common council of the city of London established a commission to inquire into their practices, the report of which contains a mass of information which verifies both those opinions, and the daily newspapers too frequently contain accounts of their violent injustice or their rapacity, while their negligence and insufficiency, though not so often exposed, do not less certainly exist. Their great safety consists in the nature of the business

\* “Ora non si può dire, quante invenzione, remore, e sutterfuggi, abbia trovate, et metta tutto di in pratica quella scienza, che è destinata per ministrare, o far ministrare la giustizia, affinché questa o non si faccia mai, o si faccia il più tardi che si può.” — *Memorie, Dei difetti della Giurisprudenza.*

† Lord Lyndhurst has more than once lately ordered Commissioners to refund fees which they had improperly exacted; and in a recent trial in the Court of King's Bench a verdict of £750 was recovered by a merchant of London against the Commissioners of the 14th list, for having, in their potential insolence, unjustly committed him to Newgate. This person's offence was, that he had objected to read, at the bidding of the Commissioners, an entry in an account which he had produced to them.

they have to perform. The estate of a bankrupt is looked upon by almost all who are connected with it, from the Commissioners downwards to their messenger, in the same light as the honest natives of some parts of our sea-coast look upon the cargo of a vessel that a storm has wrecked upon their shores. The only struggle is, who shall have the largest share of the plunder; and it never occurs to any one of them that common justice requires they should abstain from that which is the property of others, and of persons too who have already suffered loss enough. The description which the author gives of the individuals who compose this extraordinary tribunal is true as far as it goes, but it is rather milder than justice requires.

"Such of these functionaries," he says, "as were appointed by the Chancellor, are for the most part old men, or else very young ones, and whose only pretensions to the office with which they are entrusted consist in the recommendation of some of Lord Eldon's friends, or of other persons connected with the government. As they are all either attorneys or counsel, their sole object is to gain as much money in as little time as possible. Some of them understand the art of accomplishing this so well, and have put it in practice so successfully, that they have sometimes ventured to boast of having pocketed thirty guineas each in one day. In my opinion such a vaunt is as disgraceful to those by whom it is made, as it is to Lord Eldon, by whom the system has been encouraged."

The Masters in Chancery are officers upon whom very important duties devolve, and who, if they discharged those duties properly, might do much to remove the greater part of the evils complained of. In the offices of the Masters are conducted the investigation and adjustment of accounts, the establishment of claims, the proof of facts which are in dispute between parties, or which must be ascertained in order to enable the Court to proceed to a decree, and where those matters which in courts of common law are proved before a jury are inquired into, and which the Chancellor has neither time nor the means of ascertaining satisfactorily in his own court. The Masters are entrusted also to superintend the management of all property which comes under the disposition of the Court, to check and pass the accounts of receivers, guardians, executors, and trustees, to direct the allowances to be made to claimants of all kinds, and the maintenance of infants, lunatics, &c. They have no share in those evils which

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A motion was made for a new trial, at which the Commissioners had the good taste to present themselves, and Lord Tenterden is reported to have said to them on that occasion—"If there are any individuals now present who think that a request to read an entry is asking a question, I can only say that the sooner such individuals correct that opinion, the sooner will they qualify themselves to execute the duties of Commissioners of Bankrupt." The other judges concurred.



arise from the delay in hearing causes when they are ready for hearing, (that springing, as we have before noticed, from the want of a sufficient number of judges,) nor with those which belong to the bankrupt system; of all the other delays and expense they are the chief authors and encouragers; and it is in their department, whenever the work of reform is entered upon in earnest, that its most useful exertions must be made. The short statement we have given of some of their principal duties will suffice to show how important it is that officers, to whom such weighty charge is given, should be of unquestionable capacity and great activity. The author, making an observation to the same effect, adds—

“ But this is by no means the case. For many years past, with very few exceptions, persons either of small ability or of no experience have been appointed. Sometimes they have been counsel who have grown grey in the courts, and whose only recommendation to this office was that they had nothing to do in their vocation. The public having thought them unfit to be trusted with the management of business, they have therefore been thought qualified to become judges. Others of less advanced years have obtained the appointment for no merit of their own, nor for any other reason than that they have been the friends of the Chancellor, or of some of the ministers. And although there may be some among them who are qualified for the post they hold, they have not owed it to those qualifications. The building in which they hold their sittings has been called *The Refuge for the Destitute*, an appellation which is derived from the circumstances I have indicated.”

It was one of the charges in the impeachment against Lord Macclesfield that, besides taking money for the purchase of these places, he had admitted to them insufficient persons, “ men of small abilities.” Of the first part of the charge Lord Eldon stands wholly guiltless; on the latter, he has quite as much to answer for as Lord Macclesfield. The great expense to which suitors are put in these offices is occasioned by the parties being compelled to make innumerable attendances before the Masters, all of which incur heavy charges, and to take and pay for office copies of every proceeding that takes place in the course of the inquiry. Each Master has a clerk, who manages the receipt of fees, none of the Masters actually, we believe, receiving the money with his own hands, whatever participation he may have in it. Solicitors who are really desirous of having the business in which they are engaged despatched with due celerity, can only effect it by propitiating these clerks—far more important personages and sometimes more useful than the Masters—either by paying for copies of proceedings which they neither want nor take, by submitting to gross impositions, or by gratuities under the

name of expedition-money, or under no name at all; while such practitioners as find their greater profit in procrastinating the inquiries in these offices, receive no interruption in so laudable a design from the same clerks, whose gains increase in proportion to the duration of such inquiries. The following passage occurs upon this subject.

"In the fragment of another letter which has not been published, after having observed that the enormous incomes of some of the inferior officers of the courts of justice in England exceed those of the presidents of the greater part of the tribunals of France, the author adds on the subject of the clerks of Masters in Chancery, 'Nothing more urgently requires to be rectified than the emoluments of these clerks. It is notorious that they enjoy incomes which rival those of the Masters themselves. The greater part of their gains arises from long and unnecessary copies of proceedings which they have made, and compel the unfortunate suitors to buy at the price they fix, and from presents in money which the parties are obliged to make them to induce them to despatch their causes. On a recent occasion these abuses were mentioned in the presence of Lord Eldon, who, in that strain of jocularly of which he is so fond, only observed, that since the profits of these clerks were so considerable, he should like, if he were not Chancellor, to be a clerk to a Master in Chancery. The suitors might have forgiven his jest, if at the same time he had provided a remedy for so gross an abuse.'

Excepting Louis XI.'s executioner, there is no man upon record who jokes at the wrong time with such invincible perverseness as Lord Eldon; and his tears—at shedding which he is, or rather was, monstrously prompt—are as misplaced as his mirth. The remedies for the above mentioned abuses are obvious; the abolition of the office of Commissioner of Bankrupt, and the appointment of a court composed of three or more judges, would insure the despatch of that branch of justice, and be an infinite saving to the parties, who at present pay so enormously for having their business very indifferently performed. If able men were appointed to the offices of Masters, if they sat in public, if they were paid by salaries instead of by fees, and if their clerks were deprived of the improper influence and the immoderate and unearned emoluments they now enjoy, the just complaints against that department would at once cease.

The author's plan for the establishment of a supreme Court of Appeals, for the discharge of the duties at present so inadequately performed by the House of Lords, is worthy of consideration, and is in these terms:—

"This Court ought to be composed of judges who have already sat in the Courts of Equity and Common Law, and who, after having discharged their functions there for a certain number of years, have retired before their great labour has wholly weakened them or rendered them

useless to their country, to a post of greater elevation, but the duties of which are less onerous. A court so constituted, sitting at the same time with the other courts, would possess a weight infinitely beyond that of the House of Lords sitting as a Court of Appeal, and would be perfectly competent to dispose of all the cases that could come before it.

"Besides its ordinary judicial functions, this tribunal might be occupied with the superintendence of the general body of law, and might propose from time to time to the legislature such ameliorations as time and circumstances should render necessary. The legislature might also, in my opinion, entrust to this tribunal, rather than to their own Committees, the task of drawing up bills for altering the general and permanent laws of the land. At present such bills are commonly prepared by persons who are unacquainted with the operation and effect of the laws which they propose to alter, and the result is, that enactments being made, the practical consequences of which have not been foreseen, it becomes necessary to repeal or amend them almost as soon as they are passed.

"I shall be asked whether the Chancellor ought to be a member of such a court? But when the great number of divorce causes, of claims to peerages, &c. which come under discussion in the House of Lords is considered, together with the other duties which will remain to the Chancellor even after he shall be relieved from the ordinary functions of his own Court, the inexpediency of making him a member of such a Court of Appeal as I have proposed will be obvious."

The establishment of a Court of Appeals from the colonies is also suggested; and the author, foreseeing that the proposition he has made for withdrawing from the House of Lords that jurisdiction which it possesses (but which is in fact a mere modern usurpation) will be considered as an innovation, replies, by anticipation, to that objection.

"The peers of the realm possess a privilege which is granted to them by statute, and which they may render much more useful to the country than the right of deciding appeals. An ancient Act of Parliament enjoins them to appoint, every session of parliament, a commission composed of members of their own house, to inquire into the delays which may exist in the administration of justice, and to provide a remedy; and for this purpose, the same statute gives them the power of compelling the production of the records of the various courts, and of requiring the attendance of the judges.\*

"Let the peers then relinquish a privilege as inconvenient to themselves as it is injurious to the perfect administration of justice; but let them resume another function which, moderately and prudently exercised, may lead to that improvement which has been so long desired, and which is absolutely necessary in the judicial organisation of the country. Let them not forget that a change, the object of which is to effect the speedy despatch and to diminish the expense of suits, instead of being an inno-

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\* Vide Coke's Institutes of the Laws of England, part iv. c. 6; and Selden's Privileges of the Barons of England when they sit in Parliament, c. vi.

vation on the constitution, would, on the contrary, be to carry into effect that provision of the Great Charter, by which the King has promised that there shall be neither denial nor delay of justice.\*

The design which the author recommends of revising, classifying, and abbreviating the statutes, leads him to consider at some length the question of codification in general. Our readers know that the opinions of many eminent jurists of the present day are divided upon this nice and speculative point. Mr. Bentham in this country, and M. Meyer in Holland, (whose elaborate work on the Judicial Institutions of Europe was reviewed in a former number), names of great weight on such a subject; are strenuous advocates for the formation of codes, in all countries which do not already possess them. MM. Hugo and Savigny, of not inferior reputation to those we have mentioned, have taken the opposite side of the question; our author ranks himself with the latter, and avows himself Anti-Tribonian. We are unable at present to enter upon this part of the subject, which deserves indeed a more full consideration and greater space than we can at present devote to it. We perceive that M. Meyer has announced a work on Codification, which it is possible may afford us an opportunity of examining the principles contended for by the champions on either side. For this time we dismiss it, observing, however, that the author has displayed much learning and ingenuity in the argument he has advanced against the proposition for forming a code in England, where, it must be admitted, that the reasons which have influenced other countries in adopting such a measure do not exist.

The author's remarks on the English bar, and more particularly on the king's counsel, and their unreasonable and pertinacious opposition (with some exceptions) to all reform, are written with so much spirit, that we should be tempted to give some extracts from them, but that the length to which this article has already extended admonishes us to bring it to a close; and we cannot do so more conveniently and properly than by the recapitulation which Mr. Cooper makes of his plan of improvement.

"Let the work of reform, then, in the judicial system of England, be proceeded in without further delay; or, at least, as soon as that system shall be relieved from the presence of Lord Eldon" (this consummation, so devoutly wished, has at length arrived): "let that reform tend immediately to the correction of those evils, the existence of which has been confirmed by time, and let the most simple and easy method of effecting it be resorted to in preference to any other. To accomplish this object, I am persuaded that the measures I have proposed for the successive amelioration of the judicial organization, and, above all, for the administration of justice more promptly and at less cost, are well adapted:

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\* Nulli negabimus aut differemus rectum vel justitiam.

that new equity courts, competent to the despatch of all suits which may be brought before them, as soon as they are set down for hearing, should be established: \* that a new and exclusive tribunal should be created, to consist of three or four judges, for disposing of the business relating to bankrupts and insolvents: † that a supreme court, which shall sit constantly, in the same manner as the other courts, shall be established for hearing appeals instead of the House of Lords, and that appeals from the colonies shall be heard in the same court, if it shall be found impracticable to decide those appeals finally in the colonies themselves: that the number of judges in the ordinary courts be increased, ‡ and that these courts be so constituted that whenever there shall happen to be an arrear of causes in one of them, they may be transferred to the others: that there be no intermediate appeal, but only a direct appeal to the supreme court: that the administration of justice in the principality of Wales be put upon the same footing as in England: that the judges of the courts at Westminster extend their circuits of *Nisi Prius* assize to that principality, and that the courts of equity there be abolished: that the circuits of these judges be so arranged and divided, that there shall be no necessity for leaving *remnants* in the cause papers, for want of sufficient time to despatch them: that all the courts of equity and common law shall be held in the same place: that all these courts shall sit at once, and in the morning: that none of the Judges or Masters in Chancery shall be members of the House of Commons: that the monopoly of serjeants at law and king's counsel be extinguished, and that such rank shall be conferred on any one who, being qualified, shall think fit to solicit for it: that the statute law be consolidated, classed, and completed: that the process of each court be simplified and made uniform, and legal fictions abolished. If measures such as those which I have here rapidly sketched shall be adopted, the complaints which are now so frequent, of the interminable delays and of the ruinous expense which are the inseparable attendants of the legal proceedings of this country, will be heard no more: and if the people still complain, it will at least not be against the judicial system, nor on account of the numerous collections of decrees and treatises and commentaries on the laws,—nor of the confused mass of statutes—nor because the common law is unwritten—nor because, after years of expectation and anxiety, the parties who gain their causes lose at the same time a large portion of their fortunes."

The value of several of these suggestions has received a most striking confirmation since they were published, by the Report of

\* It appears, that so long ago as the reign of James I., the design of increasing the number of equity judges had engaged the attention of the legislature. Vide *Commons' Journals*, vol. i. p. 596.

† The efficacy of this recommendation has been sufficiently proved in the existing Court for the relief of Insolvent Debtors. There is, perhaps, no tribunal in the country in which business is conducted with greater intelligence, decorum, regularity, and dispatch, nor one in which the conduct of the judges gives more universal satisfaction.

‡ One of the propositions made to Cromwell by Shepherd, (author of the *Touchstone*), was, "that there be enough of courts of justice; rather too many than too few; and that they be not overburthened with business." Vide *Shepherd's England's Balance*, p. 20.

the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the practice and proceedings of the courts of Common Law, in which all those which are connected with that subject have been adopted and recommended to be carried into execution. All that relates to the Court of Chancery yet remains to be done. The great obstacle to reform is removed in the removal of Lord Eldon. Lord Lyndhurst has the power—he ought to have the ambition—to effect so useful and requisite a work as that which invites his labours. He has pledged himself in the face of the peers of England, that he will do so; and if he fulfils that pledge, he may earn the brightest renown that ever yet was associated with the name of an English judge.

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ART. X.—1. *Geschichte der Kreuzzüge, nach morgenländischen und abendländischen Berichten*; von Friedrich Wilken. (History of the Crusades, from Eastern and Western authorities. By Frederic Wilken.) Leipzig. 1807—1826. Vol. I.—IV. 8vo.

2. *Histoire des Croisades*. Par M. Michaud, de l'Académie Française. Quatrième Edition, revue, corrigée, et augmentée. Paris. 1825—1829. 6 tomes. 8vo.

3. *Bibliothèque des Croisades*. Par M. Michaud. Paris. 1829. 4 tomes. 8vo.

THE most extraordinary phenomena beyond question which the history of the world presents, are the Crusades to the Holy Land. In no other instance have large bodies of men acted from causes so purely moral. When tides of Kelts, Germans, Scandinavians, and Huns rolled in on the Roman empire, it was the pressure of necessity or the love of spoil which urged them on; it was the lust of conquest and of booty which in all ages has poured the Turkish hordes over the East, and even the Arabs were led as much by the hope of gain as the zeal for proselytism. But it was genuine religious enthusiasm, (fanaticism if we choose to call it so,) and the passion for military fame, which impelled all orders of men to abandon their homes in the West, and undergo toils and dangers without number, for the sake of conquering and retaining a piece of land in the East, which religious associations had hallowed in their eyes. The warriors of the cross (we mean of course the great majority) drew their swords, not for themselves, but for their Lord, whose favour they aspired to gain by rescuing his heritage from the hands of those who unjustly held it; and he who reads or writes the History of the Crusades with feelings of contempt or aversion for those who engaged in them, may be satisfied that he is yet far from possessing that calm comprehensive spirit of

philosophy, without which history can never be read or written to advantage.

The Crusades are the real Romance of History. If romance requires that its heroes should act from motives which are not merely selfish, what men were ever less self-seeking than Godfrey of Bouillon and most of his companions?—than Louis VII. and Louis IX., Cœur de Lion and Barbarossa? No history records more daring deeds of valour than that of the Holy Wars; yet it is, we apprehend, a capital error to mix up chivalry, in its usual acceptation, with the Crusades. They had little save valour in common. Of the various parts that form the compound idea of chivalry, which are so well summed up in the two lines of the poet of the *Furioso*,

“ Le donne, i cavaglier, gl'armi, gl'amori,  
Le cortesie, gl'audaci imprese,”—

only one-half are applicable to the Crusades. It was not till the holy wars were over that chivalry rose in its splendour; its noon was not till the fourteenth century, when courts and castles were filled with

“ ladies whose bright eyes  
Rained influence and judged the prize;”

in the days of Crécy and Poitiers, when hostile warriors vied with each other in courtesy; and when Froissart, the chronicler of chivalry, gaily rambled from castle to castle, enjoying the smiles of ladies and the applause of knights. Chivalry no doubt co-existed to a certain extent with the Crusades; they were both scions of the same stock—feudalism; they were both effects, neither of them a cause; their principle was materially different. The crusader acted from higher motives than the *preux chevalier*, who displayed his valour to become worthy of *le don d'amoureuse merci*, and suspended an embroidered glove from his casque; and it is from the operation of these more elevated motives that the Crusades derive a large portion of their interest.

No history embracing the same extent of time introduces to us so many various nations, or brings so many distinguished personages on the scene. In our progress through it we encounter almost every nation of Europe, and almost every name of note which its annals present for a space of two centuries, eminently prolific of great names. We meet the Greek empire at one of its most interesting periods; we mix with Turks, Saracens, and some of their most distinguished princes and warriors; and we even hear in the distance the sounds of the hoofs of the countless cavalry of Genghis Khan and his descendants, as they issue from the deserts of the remote East to spread desolation to the shores of

the Baltic and the Mediterranean. The Crusades present to our view that extraordinary junction of the monk and the soldier in the religious military orders which arose at that time; the murderous union of the Assassins enters into their history, which also includes the origin of the Mameluke power, whose extinction, like that of the Knights of St. John, has been among the events of our own days. Battles and sieges of the greatest variety and interest, marvellous deeds of valour, miracles, every thing in short which can contribute to give to true history a tinge of romance—are to be found in the History of the Crusades; and numerous narratives of both Eastern and Western eye-witnesses, afforded a rich harvest of materials to whoever would undertake the agreeable task of presenting them in one view to the public.

It may naturally therefore be asked, how so promising a subject has been allowed to lie so long neglected? How is it that till of late no History of the Crusades was to be found in any modern language, except the French one of the Jesuit Maimbourg, and the quaint and sententious but superficial "Holy War" of our countryman Thomas Fuller? In answer to this question it may be replied, that it was only about the middle of the last century that the English and French began to write with any care and philosophy the history of other nations and events not immediately connected with their own, and that then many subjects of apparently more immediate interest presented themselves; that the Italians wrote only Italian history; and that as the Germans were just beginning to write, their labours naturally began at home. These, however, are rather specious than solid reasons;—perhaps a far more potent cause was the authority of Gibbon, who, having considered the subject rather superficially, and regarding, as was natural for *him*, the crusaders as a pack of brutal, ignorant, fanatics, hinted that a consecutive narrative of their deeds would present nothing more than a succession of the same causes and effects, little relieved by variety,—an idea, the falsity of which we trust we shall demonstrate before we conclude.

In the present century, however, the subject of the Crusades has been taken up almost at the same time in France and Germany, and the works to which it has given birth have been followed—*sed non passibus æquis*—by an English one. The interest of the subject has been fully proved by the success which has attended these histories; for both the French and English ones, although neither of them possesses any extraordinary merit, have already reached a fourth edition.

The History of the Crusades which stands first in our list and is undoubtedly the best, (although still unfinished,) is the German one of Frederic Wilken, formerly Professor of History in the



University of Heidelberg, at present a Professor in that of Berlin; Royal Librarian, and Historiographer of Prussia. Mr. Wilken is a man of extensive learning, familiar with the Oriental as well as Occidental tongues, indefatigable in the pursuit of every aid towards the illustration of the Crusades, whose history he has made the business of his life. He carefully consults all the chronicles of the middle age from which any information is to be hoped; and with equal assiduity he explores all accessible Oriental manuscripts. He has with this view visited the libraries of Germany and France, and last summer he was in this country, investigating our manuscript treasures. The style of Mr. Wilken is grave, simple, and perspicuous; fully penetrated with the extraordinary nature of the events which he records, his aim is less to produce a striking effect, (the bane of ordinary writers,) than to tell the wonderful tale of the Crusades, as it was delivered by those who were spectators of its scenes; discussion and reflection he but sparingly introduces, and never but when called for by the nature of the subject. Perhaps it might have been better if he had condensed his materials a little more than he has done; his work already forms four very thick octavo volumes, and as yet only comes down to the end of the third Crusade, so that unless he uses greater compression in the subsequent part of his narrative, we doubt of his being able to complete it in two more volumes, its promised extent. He has neither the prejudices of a philosopher, nor those of a religionist, and therefore neither Moslems nor Christians are exclusively patronized; he is equally removed from affected contempt of either; if he can be accused of any partial feeling, it is in favour of the crusaders against the Greeks, on whom we think he bears a little too hard.

The work of M. Michaud first appeared in 1811, and as we have already observed, is now in its fourth edition, which has been carefully revised, and enlarged one-half beyond the preceding one. M. Michaud, like his German rival, seems to have devoted his life to his subject. He too has extended his reading over a vast surface, and has employed Oriental as well as European authorities. He has even in a separate and truly valuable work given an account of all his authors, with numerous extracts translated from their works, in order to throw every possible light on the subject. This originally formed the three last volumes of his History, under the title of *Bibliographie des Croisades*, but he has now extended it to four, under that of *Bibliothèque des Croisades*. Of this by far the most valuable portion consists of the copious extracts from the Arabian writers, which form the fourth volume. For these M. Michaud (who it would appear is unacquainted with the Eastern languages,) is indebted to the

collection originally made by Dom Berthereau, a member of the Benedictines of St. Maur, which have been translated for the present work and enlarged by M. Jourdain, and after his decease by M. Reynaud. The *pieces justificatives* and *éclaircissemens*, which are appended to each of the volumes, are also of great interest and value.

M. Michaud's entire labours form, therefore, ten goodly-sized volumes, and the number of original writers analyzed by him amounts to four hundred. To such zeal and industry it would be unjust to deny the meed of praise which they deserve, and we most heartily wish that we could extend our commendations to the style and tone of the work; but unfortunately our author is one of the many instances which serve to prove that industry and learning, combined with skill in rounding and polishing sentences, suffice not to form the true historian, a gifted being, who we fear must—like the poet—be born, not made. M. Michaud betrays no deep insight into the heart of man; though conscious of the moral dignity and importance of his subject, he evinces little skill in the disposition and extent of its various parts, passing lightly over periods of the deepest interest, and occupying with trite—and not unfrequently puerile—reflection, spaces which might be much more profitably filled. He is constantly falling into the besetting sin of the inferior sort of French writers—affected sentiment and straining after effect. His style seems to have been modelled on that of Florian in his *Gonsalve de Cordoue*, and similar works; consequently it falls far short of the sober and simple dignity becoming the language of the historic muse. Another fault we have observed in M. Michaud, and which we have always regarded as indicative of the inferior writer; namely, a want of perspicuity and accuracy in description. There is a vagueness in his accounts of battles, sieges, and such events, which strongly contrasts with the distinctness and lucidity of his German rival. With all these drawbacks, however, the *Histoire des Croisades* is a work of very considerable merit, which will amply repay the historical reader the time bestowed in its perusal. We shall give a short extract from each of these writers in confirmation of what we have here advanced; the passages which we have selected are those describing the death of the Danish Prince Sveno, which has furnished Tasso with one of his most beautiful episodes, as to the truth of which Gibbon was perhaps unnecessarily sceptical. The tale is thus briefly told by Wilken, after Albert of Aix and William of Tyre.

“ In the midst of these sufferings the intelligence was by so much the more painful which reached them of Sveno, son to the King of Denmark, and fifteen hundred valiant Danish Crusaders, having been slain,

after a gallant defence, by the swords of the Turks, in a deep wood in Romania. Florina, daughter to the Duke of Burgundy, and widow of the Prince of Philippi, who accompanied them, shared their fate."

Such brevity was not at all to the taste of M. Michaud, and he has accordingly thus amplified the narrative.

"They learned at the same time the tragic death of Sveno, son to the King of Denmark. This young prince had taken the cross and led to the Holy Land fifteen hundred Danish pilgrims. When he had pitched his tents among the reeds which cover the shores of the Lake of Fiminia, the Turks, informed by the perfidious Greeks, descended from the mountains and attacked his camp amidst the darkness of night. He defended himself a long time, and his sword immolated a great number of Saracens; but at length, overpowered by fatigue and by the numbers of the barbarians, he fell, covered with mortal wounds. The chronicles add, that a daughter of the Duke of Burgundy, named Florina, accompanied the unfortunate Sveno in his pilgrimage. This princess had conceived a chaste love for the Danish hero, and was to have espoused him after the deliverance of Jerusalem, but heaven did not allow so dear a hope to be accomplished, and cruel death alone could unite these two lovers, who had assumed the cross together, and together journeyed to the Holy City; animated by the same devotion and braving the same dangers, they fell in the same field of battle, after having beheld all their knights perish at their side; and being left without a single attendant to receive their last words and give them the burial of Christians."

We almost expected this pretty piece of sentimentality to conclude with a

"Fortunati ambo! si quid mea carmina possunt,  
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo."

The origin of pilgrimage is very simply and naturally accounted for by the fact which every day meets our view, of the sight of objects vividly calling up ideas associated with them. Thus, when the lover presents his mistress with some keepsake, a jewel, a ring, or other token, every time the fair one gazes on it she thinks of him who perhaps is then far away; past scenes rush on her mind with all the freshness of reality, and her active imagination surrounds the image of her absent lover with various incidents and adventures which may have befallen him. Let a person well versed in the history of England, and of lively imagination, enter Westminster Hall for the first time, what a crowd of images immediately appears before him!—the forms of our kings, their banquets, their coronations, the great councils of the nation, the important state trials, the violence, the intrigue, the justice, the injustice, which its walls have witnessed—all rise to view, and a feeling of deep awe and veneration possesses his mind. Similar must have been the effect on the early Christians when they came to tread the

soil of the Holy Land, reviewed the spots consecrated as the abode of prophets and patriarchs, or as the scenes of miracles;—and more than all, when they visited Bethlehem, where the Saviour of the world saw the light,—Calvary, where he gave his life for the sins of men,—bathed in the Jordan where he had been baptized,—and gazed, like him, from the Mount of Olives over the once hallowed towers of Salem. Who among ourselves could even now view these scenes without emotion? and should we not pause ere we condemn in the mass the feelings which led the western Christians to undergo the toils and dangers of a pilgrimage to Jerusalem?

We would not be understood to say, that the early Christians acted directly from the principle which we have here stated. It is far more probable that the proximate cause of these journeys of devotion lay in the obligation imposed by their law on the Israelites, of going three times in each year to the place where the ark of the covenant rested; this obligation the Jews, in their dispersion, (though it was then, of course, no longer binding on them,) continued to observe, and thus the festivals of the Passover and Pentecost annually witnessed the conflux of worshippers from all parts of the Roman empire to Jerusalem. As the first Christians were chiefly Jews, and conceived themselves still bound to obey the old law, they annually went up to Jerusalem, and thus the pilgrimage to the Holy Land became a part of the practices of the Christian church.

It would have been well if the matter had stopped here, but unhappily it soon became a prevalent opinion, that a pilgrimage to Palestine sufficed to efface the guilt of sin. Many of the most eminent of the fathers earnestly raised their voices against this pernicious notion; but little do they know of the human heart who think that reason, scripture, and authority combined, would avail to overthrow so comfortable a doctrine. The church itself finally acquiesced in it, and began to enjoin pilgrimage by way of penance. The seizure of the Holy Land by the Saracens added to the merit by increasing the danger and difficulty of it. The great value which began to be set upon relics, of which those connected with our Lord himself were naturally regarded as possessed of most sanctity, and fetched the highest prices, infused the hopes of gain as an additional motive to pilgrimage. Each pilgrim laid out his stock of money (often acquired by begging) in a little venture of these holy wares for the home market; the brethren of Palestine, when their stock of genuine relics—if ever there were such—was exhausted, made no scruple to fabricate counterfeit ones. The pieces of the true cross which were scattered over the Christian world, would, as has been often said, have sufficed to build a first-rate man of war; the nails of the cross would have easily

supplied all her iron-work, anchors (bower, sheet, and kedge) included, and the pieces of linen and woollen which had been sanctified by contact with the person of Christ, would have easily furnished the sails. Locks of hair, clippings of nails, drops of blood, augmented the sacred stores. The pilgrims found a ready vent for their holy commodities on their return, as the possession of relics was deemed of essential importance to every church or monastery which was erected. Reputation as well as profit also rewarded those who visited Palestine; the pilgrims, like the Mohammedan hadjees, enjoyed great personal consideration, though, as is the case with the hadjees, they were, in general, by no means conspicuous for their strict adherence to the practice of the moral virtues.

The rivulet of pilgrimage increased in volume as it advanced; and when the Fatemite khalifs obtained possession of the Holy Land, though they were as tolerant as those of the House of Abbas, they saw no reason why some advantage in a financial way might not be derived from the annual conflux of western pilgrims to the Holy City. Accordingly a tax of a bezant a head was levied at the gates of Jerusalem, but no other impediment was thrown in the way of pilgrimage; and, except in the reign of that extraordinary maniac Hakem, the Christians had no reason to complain of the conduct of the khalifs of Egypt. Matters, however, took another turn, when in the middle of the eleventh century the Turks of the tribe of Seljook, who had left their abodes in the north at the invitation of the feeble khalif of Bagdad, poured their hordes over Anterior Asia and Syria. Jootoosh, brother of Sultan Malek Shah, became master of Syria, and Jerusalem and its district was assigned for the support of a rugged chief named Orthok and his tribe. The rude Turks, strangers to the refinement and civilization of the Saracens, did not imitate their tolerance and moderation. They were more-over animated by a more fanatic spirit; they received the Christians with greater aversion, offered every insult to provoke, and every violence and cruelty to extract money from them. Unluckily, too, this was the very time when pilgrimage was most in vogue. The strange idea that the end of the world was at hand sent numbers to Palestine, to wait, like dutiful servants, the coming of their Lord to judge the world in that place; and though the time, apparently fixed by prophecy, had passed away without the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven, the impetus given continued to operate, and every Easter saw crowds of pilgrims before the gates of Jerusalem. The church, as we have observed, had made pilgrimage a portion of her penal discipline, and criminals were ordered, by way of penance, to go and

pray at the tomb of the Redeemer. Like the reluctant pilgrims, who annually leave our shores to try the effect of the Antarctic air on their moral habits, they often only proved the truth of the poet's

"*Cœlum non animum mutant qui trans maria currunt,*"

and following their primitive evil ways, they not seldom suffered by the sentence of a *cadi* the punishment which they should have undergone years before at home. There was also something so agreeable in the rambling careless life of a pilgrim, picking up news here, telling it there, narrating true or coining false accounts of the "moving accidents by field and flood" which they had undergone, that numbers of idle vagabonds, (just as is the case at this very hour in Catholic countries,) became pilgrims by profession, visited every hallowed spot of the East and the West, and were continually inflaming the minds of their auditors by their tales of the wonders of Palestine, and the countless benefits of pilgrimage. Seeing, therefore, what various motives were in operation, we need not be surprised to find the numbers of the pilgrims increasing so much as to be designated in the eleventh century *the armies of the Lord*.

As a specimen of the manner in which pilgrimage was performed by the really pious in those days, we shall briefly relate that of Robert Duke of Normandy, father of our Conqueror. In the year 1035 this prince, as a means of expiating his sins, adopted the resolution of making a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Taking his son William, whom he designed to be his successor, to Paris, he made him do homage to King Henry I. Followed there by "great plenty" of knights, barons, and other men of Normandy, he set forth barefoot, clad in the pilgrim's frock, with his wallet hanging from his neck, and his *bourdon* or pilgrim's-staff in his hand. When they entered any town, he sent his train before him, himself humbly following last of all, and patiently enduring the mockery and insults of the rabble. As they were early one morning leaving a town on the other side of Besançon, where they had passed the night, one of the rude gatekeepers gave the duke a blow on the back with his stick. The Normans would have slain him on the spot, but the duke forbade them, and mildly said, "it is but right that pilgrims should suffer for the love of God, and I prize this blow more than the best city I possess." He thus journeyed on through Burgundy, Provence and Lombardy to Rome, where, as was usual, he received a cross from the Pope. He thence proceeded to Constantinople, where his piety and generosity won him the affection of the emperor and his court. The emperor would have made him rich presents, but the independent spirit of the Norman duke rejected them.

The Greeks were forbidden to take payment for any articles from him and his train, but Robert gave his people orders to pay for every thing that they got. To force him to accept something, the emperor ordered that no wood should be sold to the pilgrims, thinking that he must condescend to receive a supply from the imperial stores; but even that device did not succeed, for the duke ordered his people to buy nuts, and to cook their food with the shells. He fell sick as he journeyed through Asia Minor, and was obliged to have himself carried in a litter by some Saracens. A Norman pilgrim who met him, asked if he had any message to send home by him: "Tell my people," said the duke, "that thou didst meet me, borne to Paradise by devils." He at the same time gave him money to relieve his wants. Arrived at Jerusalem, he found many pilgrims, who were unable to pay the entrance-fee, standing outside the gates, anxiously expecting the coming of some wealthy pilgrim, who, as was commonly done, would pay for their admittance. The generous duke gave a golden bezant for each, and was followed by all to the holy sepulchre. His piety gained him the esteem even of the Mahometans. An emir having directed that all the money which he had paid for the pilgrims should be returned to him, Robert instantly divided it among his followers, and gave rich gifts to the Moslems. The good duke died on his return, at Nice in Bithynia, in consequence of taking some unwholesome drink. The relics which he had collected were brought safe to Normandy, and deposited in the Abbey of Cerisy, which he had founded. In this manner piety, genuine however impure, led even the most potent princes to abandon their dominions and journey barefoot to the Holy Land; and we may lay it down as an established truth, that in the eleventh century no Christian, whatever his rank, had the slightest doubt of the merit and the efficacy of pilgrimage in the sight of God. The idea, too, of the duty of rescuing the heritage of the Lord out of the hands of the infidels had long been entertained; the facility of access to the holy place had, however, hitherto contributed to render it inert; but the intelligence of the cruelty and brutality of the Orthokite Turks made men begin to think more seriously of the deliverance of Zion.

When the materials are ready prepared, a spark suffices to kindle a conflagration. France was at the close of the eleventh century full of ardent and restless spirits; many a brave knight had a score of murder, robbery, adultery, and similar sinful deeds to rub off. Sincere repentance was a troublesome and a tedious process; a pilgrimage, sword in hand, to the wealthy regions of the East, of which he had heard so many marvels, and where riches might, perhaps, be obtained into the bargain, was far more

to his inclination. The love of change and variety influenced others. The monk of active mind was anxious to quit the monotony of the cloister. The lower orders of the people, ground to the earth by the oppressions of feudalism, and reduced to the very extreme of misery by the failure of the crops for several successive years, seized with avidity an occasion of escaping from wretchedness, and, at the worst, of obtaining instant admission to heaven, by dying in the service of their Lord. Every motive was in favour of, few against, assuming the cross. Wherever Peter the Hermit appeared, and told his tale of the insults offered to the Saviour; he found an audience animated with zeal. And when Urban II. called, in the depth of winter, the council to Clermont, "the towns and villages of the neighbourhood were filled with people, and many were obliged to pitch their tents and pavilions in the midst of the fields and meads, though the season and the country were full of extreme cold." And the cries of *Dieu le volt! Dieu le volt!* which interrupted the pontiff's harangue, prove how well prepared were the minds of his auditors.

There must have been something farther, however, to justify the Crusade in the minds of men of sense, piety and wealth, such as Godfrey of Bouillon and Stephen of Chartres; men unstained by crime, and, as their subsequent conduct proved; who sought not for riches or domains. This was, in our opinion, the spirit of feudalism—a cause which we have not seen dwelt upon by any of our writers on the Crusades. The entire of a man's ideas, it is well known, take their tinge from the political institutions under which he lives; his religious ones are affected by them equally with the rest. In Homer, the sovereign of Olympus and his family live precisely after the same fashion as King Priam or Agamemnon; and the fancy of the Hindoo places in the abodes of his gods the dancing-girl, whose lascivious motions are his own delight. At the period of which we treat, feudalism was the governing principle, the very spirit of the age; it pervaded all the relations of life; lord and vassal in all their degrees; it ran through the whole order of society. Every man had his reciprocal obligations; the hierarchy itself was viewed in the same light, and it was a very natural consequence that Jesus Christ, who was the Lord of all the kingdoms of the earth, should be regarded as holding a relation to his faithful servants similar to that held by a feudal monarch—the German emperor, for instance—to his vassals. Palestine was his domain, (the crown lands, as we may say); it had been usurped by his enemies, and was it not then the bounden duty of his faithful vassals to recover it for him? That this supposition is not mere fancy, the following passage



from M. Michaud's sixth volume, which we had not perused at the time we had come to this conclusion, will show,

"We may conclude, from the facts which have been stated, that the usages of the feudal system had been applied to the holy wars, just as in the primitive ages the Christian religion had adopted for its ceremonies and practices some of the customs of Paganism; so the religious spirit of the crusades had mingled itself with the usages and the institutions of the contemporary societies. In the preaching of the holy wars, the crusaders were frequently styled the vassals of the Son of God; a troubadour of the 12th century speaks of Jerusalem as of a fief of Jesus Christ. Pope Innocent III. compares those who do not fly to the relief of the Holy Land to disloyal vassals, who refuse to their captive king or lord the aid of their arm, their treasure, or their weapons. When a baron or a knight was taking the cross, he considered himself as entering into the service of God, and that a reciprocity of obedience and protection was established between him and heaven. This explains those strange complaints which the crusaders at times addressed to the Deity, when actuated by despair. 'O mighty God!' cries one of them in the day of calamity, 'if thou dost thus abandon those who serve thee, who are the Christians who will remain in thy service?' A chronicle tells us, that when the crusaders slain beneath the walls of Antioch appeared before the throne of the Eternal, in the white robe and the crown of the martyrs, they addressed these words to Him. 'Why hast Thou not avenged our blood which has been shed to-day for Thee?' Is it not thus that under the feudal government a vassal would have complained of his lord who had deserted him? Another chronicle, when speaking of the miraculous aid which heaven used to send to the crusaders, fails not to add, that this aid was justly due to them for their zeal in defending the cause of Christ, and for their constancy in the service of God. Thus the traditions and the usages of Europe accompanied those who went to Asia to fight for the heritage of Jesus Christ, or for the kingdom of heaven, or followed the kings and princes as the great vassals of the Lord of Hosts; and such was the strength of habits brought from the West, that the feudal government established itself as it were spontaneously in all the countries conquered by the arms of the crusaders."

It appears to us that this principle will suffice to explain all that appears wonderful and incredible in the Crusades, and we think that it was this also which gave birth to many of those strong assertions of merit to be found in some of the devotional works of the middle ages, which give such great offence to pious Protestants, who are but too ready to charge them on the Church of Rome of the present day.

Voltaire was, we apprehend, the first historian who set the fashion of regarding the crusaders as mere cut-throat vagabonds, whose only motives for visiting the East were the hope of plunder and the love of blood. In these opinions he was followed by our

own Gibbon.\* Of French writers of the present day, two who rank justly high have in their public lectures assigned what they regard as the causes of the Crusades. M. Guizot discovers two, a moral and a social cause; the first the spirit of animosity engendered by the long-continued struggle between the two hostile religions, the second the state of restless activity produced by the influence of the feudal system. These causes, though they doubtless did exist to a certain extent, are not sufficient to account for the great effect; and it might not be very easy for M. Guizot to show that the English, the Normans, the Flemings, &c. had any very great knowledge of the Mohammedan religion, or enmity to its professors. M. Villemain, the other writer to whom we allude, expressed in a late lecture his opinion, that the cause of the Crusades was political, and that they were undertaken with a view to checking the Mohammedan power, which menaced the destruction of the Christian states of Europe. M. Villemain thinks that this plan was defined and matured in the minds of some of the leaders, though it was unknown to, and incomprehensible by, the multitude. All we shall say on this is, let any one read the original historians of the first Crusade, and find, if he can, the slightest trace of such deep views having entered the minds of any of the leaders. Yet we would not by any means venture to assert, that the comprehensive mind of that great and daring pontiff, Gregory VII. had not conceived the project of uniting Christendom for the overthrow of Islam; but if he had, it certainly died with him, for his successors, instead of being the excitors of the Crusades, were in general only carried along by the torrent, and deemed the emperors of Germany much more dangerous foes to Christianity (that is to the papal power) than all the khalifs and sultans of the East. Whatever importance, however, may be attached to this opinion, it cannot be called an original one, the self-same having been advanced and developed at some length by Mickle, in a note on the seventh book of his truly poetical but unfaithful translation of the *Lusiad*. It will, perhaps, provoke a smile to read the apprehensions expressed at so late a period of the dangers likely to arise to Christendom from the great power of the Ottomans, and the wish that Russia might succeed in setting barriers to it—a wish that has been accom-

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\* Mr. Mills, the recent English historian of the Crusades, has adopted the same views as Voltaire and Gibbon, and pushed them to the farthest extent. Having taken Gibbon as his model of style and sentiment, we are much more frequently struck with the imitation of the obnoxious peculiarities than that of the redeeming qualities of that great writer, which his *History* presents. The work is, moreover, characterized by a want of research, the absence of an enlarged philosophical spirit, and by mistakes as to Oriental matters, which we should hardly have expected to have been committed by the author of the "*History of Mohammedanism*."

plished with a vengeance in our own days—so that the crusade which the poet seemed half inclined to preach is become altogether needless.

X No age of the world ever presented such a spectacle as did France for some months after the Council of Clermont. Everywhere were to be heard the sermons of the clergy, exhorting the people to take the cross; all who hesitated to do so, from whatever motive, were branded as infidels and traitors; wives stimulated their husbands to abandon their families and their homes; for this cause the monk deserted his cell, the priest his church, the artisan left his workshop, the peasant his fields; women put on the dress of men to share in the glory and the gain. A ruddy cross on the right shoulder designated the wearer as a warrior in the sacred cause. The Crossed (*Croisés*), as they were named, poured from all quarters to the appointed places of rendezvous; with the arrival of spring some came down the rivers in boats, some on foot, some on horseback. Here might be seen a peasant with his wife and children and household goods, in a cart drawn by oxen shod with iron, the children crying out at the sight of every town or castle, *Is that Jerusalem? Is that Jerusalem?* There a knight with hawk and hound prepared to take the pleasures of the chase, as he journeyed towards the *terra incognita* for which he was bound. Few had any clear notion of where Jerusalem lay, what was the distance to it, or what countries were to be passed through to reach it. Books were rare, and few could read; maps were nearly unknown, and since the Turks had seized Asia Minor, the pilgrims had mostly gone by sea to the Holy Land, and the land track had fallen into oblivion.

The assemblages of the pilgrims also presented a motley aspect. Pavilions, tents, booths, huts, rose around the towns and castles; old and young, women and children, warriors and clergy, were mingled in the strangest confusion; the *crossed* robber or murderer became the associate of the *crossed* saint or eremite, the virtuous wife or maiden was contaminated by the proximity of the pilgrim-courtezan. Hard by the spot where the priest had erected his altar and celebrated the divine mysteries, the pilgrims of either sex abandoned themselves to sensual gratifications. Each day a tale of some sign or wonder sent or wrought by heaven awakened the attention of the pilgrims, and assured them of the divine favour. Now it was a report that the glorious Charlemagne would rise from the dead, and visit, as erst, the holy sepulchre, at the head of the sacred bands. Again, they heard how a priest had seen in the sky, at the ninth hour of the day, two men on horseback fighting, one of whom smote the other with a huge cross, and after a protracted conflict overcame him; or how a

priest, as he walked with two companions in a wood, saw a sword carried by the wind through the air; or shepherds beheld a great city in the sky. Comets and northern lights of unusual brilliancy appeared, and previous to the Council of Clermont, the stars had fallen in showers from the sky. Men lived by faith, and not by sight; heaven, it was firmly believed, would, as of old, miraculously supply the wants of the chosen people. Europe was thus, as the Princess Anna Comnena expressed it, about to precipitate itself upon Asia. Everywhere lands and other possessions were offered for sale or pledge,—

“ They sold the pasture now to buy the steed.”

Arms, military equipments, and solid money were alone in request; the market was so glutted with lands and houses that purchasers could only be obtained at low prices; and those who had money, and were wise enough to stay at home, got dead bargains in abundance.

The experienced leaders, such as Godfrey of Bouillon and Raymond of Toulouse, who had some conception of the difficulties to be encountered, deemed it no want of confidence in heaven to attend to the suggestions of prudence; and they agreed, on account of the difficulty of obtaining food for such myriads as were under their guidance, to march by different routes. The Duke of Lorraine was to proceed through Hungary and Bulgaria; the Count of Toulouse through Lombardy and Dalmatia; the Duke of Normandy, the Count of Vermandois, and the other leaders through Apulia; all were to re-assemble at Constantinople. But multitudes of the lower sort who were rejected by these chiefs, or who thought the original author of the holy war must be the fittest leader of it, put themselves under the conduct of the Hermit, and rolled away over Hungary and Bulgaria towards the imperial city. Their excesses drew on them the hatred of the people through whose country they passed, by whom great numbers were massacred. When they reached Constantinople they were intreated by the Emperor Alexius to wait for their brethren, but they insisted on immediately passing over to Asia to destroy the infidels; they did pass over, and only 3000 escaped the Turkish arrows. The disorderly multitudes, led from the banks of the Rhine by the monk Gotschalk and others, were destroyed and dispersed by the Hungarians, exasperated by their excesses.

The armies of the crusaders gradually arrived at Constantinople, and filled Alexius with dismay for the safety of his empire, more especially when he found that Bohemond, son of Robert Guiscard, had taken the cross, for he knew that it could not have been mere motives of piety which actuated that chief. In

fact, a crusade was so much for the interest of Bohemond, that many suspected the whole project to have originated with him, and that the Pope and the Hermit were only his tools. This supposition, however, is altogether devoid of probability; no one could possibly have anticipated the effects of the Hermit's preaching. Alexius and his subjects could with difficulty conceive that the Latins could be actuated by the lofty motives which they alleged, and had undertaken so toilsome a journey solely for the deliverance of the Holy Land. The religion of the Greeks was of a different hue from that of the warriors of the West; no feudal ideas entered into it, and so far from enjoining war for the sake of heaven, it regarded as impure those who had shed the blood of their enemies in open fight, and enjoined a penance for the deed. They therefore were persuaded that the Franks could only be actuated by the love of conquest, and from the specimen they had had of the Latin warriors under Robert Guiscard, who had made them tremble for their independence, they judged that the fertile plains of Thrace and Greece would be quite as acceptable to the crusaders as those of Asia, and their leaders as soon reign in Byzantium as in Jerusalem. These ideas excited an invincible distrust in the minds of the emperor and his subjects, and Alexius, though a man of many noble qualities, instead of dealing openly and fairly with the western princes, adopted a crooked, dubious line of policy, which, persisted in by his successors, completely alienated the minds of the Latins, and led eventually to their possessing themselves of Constantinople. He succeeded in making all the princes acknowledge themselves his vassals, and engage to put him in possession of their future conquests in Asia Minor; but for several years his life was a scene of annoyance from the rude manners and the loquacity of the Franks who visited his capital on their road to Jerusalem. His daughter, Anna Comnena, feelingly deprecates his state, and from her Mr. Wilken thus describes his grievances.

"To avoid all occasions of offence to the Latin knights, Alexius complied with all their whims, and their not unfrequently unreasonable demands, even with great bodily exertion, at the time when he was suffering under the gout, which eventually brought him to his grave. No crusader who wished to speak to him was refused access; the Emperor listened patiently to the long harangues with which their loquacity or energy wearied him, without expressing any impatience; he endured the unbecoming, rude, and haughty language which they permitted themselves to employ towards him, and severely rebuked his officers when they undertook to defend the dignity of their Emperor; for he trembled with apprehension at the slightest dispute, lest it might be the occasion of greater evil. The Emperor held his peace, though the counts often appeared before him not with a suitable train, but with an

entire troop, which completely filled the royal apartment. He listened to them at all hours; he often seated himself at sun-rise on his throne to attend to the wishes and the requests of the crusaders, and at sun-set he had not left it. Frequently he was not even allowed the time to refresh himself with meat and drink; nay, many nights he could not get any repose, and he enjoyed only a short unrefreshing sleep on his throne, resting his head on his hands, and it was speedily broken by the appearance of some newly arrived rude knights. When all the courtiers, wearied out by the efforts of the day and by night-watching, could no longer keep themselves on their feet, and sank down exhausted, some on seats, others on the ground, Alexius still rallied his strength to listen with attention to the wearisome chatter of the Latins, that they might have no occasion, no pretext for discontent. In such a state of fear and anxiety, how could Alexius comport himself with dignity and like an Emperor? It was only by dignified, firm, and frank behaviour that he could secure his throne against these dangers; his anxiety, which as strongly exhibited weakness as it appeared to betray the consciousness of evil designs, rendered him as contemptible to the crusaders, as his generally secret counteraction of their enterprises made him the object of their hatred. Even the pilgrims who came without enmity or suspicion to Byzantium, were filled with the more violent animosity, the less they considered themselves to have merited the anxious distrust with which they who had devoted themselves to so holy a work were received by the Greeks. The opinion that the Turks and the Saracens were not such inveterate foes to the Latin Christians as the Emperor Alexius and the Greeks, was communicated from one pilgrim to another, and became general. The oath of fidelity which the Emperor took from the Latin knights could little avail to protect his empire; it only gave them a new pretext for war, whenever they thought the eastern Roman Emperor guilty of breach of faith to them."

Were we to believe the testimony of an eye-witness, the number of the crusaders, when all their divisions had arrived, and they sat down before the city of Nice, in Bithynia, amounted to 100,000 horse, 600,000 footmen, able to bear arms, besides the priests and the monks, the aged, the women and the children, making a total equal to, or even greater than, the present population of Paris. 300,000 is stated as the number of those who had set forth previously with Peter the Hermit, Gotschalk and others, and perished; and 6,000,000 is given as the total number of those who had assumed the cross; the gross exaggeration of these statements is self-evident. We may ask what means had Fulcher of Chartres of ascertaining the exact numbers? the crusaders were not regimented, nor were their names inscribed in regular rolls like a modern army; and to an unpractised eye nothing can be more difficult or more deceptive than the estimate of numbers of men, when they pass a certain limit. From the estimate of Fulcher, it is clear that the foot pilgrims very much exceeded in number

those who served on horseback;—they were perhaps six to one. But we cannot admit, with Gibbon, the possibility of the large amount of this last body, though we agree in that historian's opinion, "that a larger number had never been contained within the lines of a single camp than at the siege of Nice." When we speak of huge multitudes of men and horses, we should always recollect that they require a proportional quantity of food. Constantinople then, as now, drew the greater part of its supplies from a distance, and these supplies were of course proportioned to the annual demand. It does not appear that Alexius had any accurate conception of the number of the pilgrims who were coming, or, if he had, that he was very anxious to fill his magazines with provisions for their use. London is as well, or probably better, supplied with provisions than ever Constantinople was; yet suppose a host of nearly a million, or the whole population of Paris, to be for some months quartered in its neighbourhood, how would it be possible to feed them? And we must observe, that even the camp before Nice drew the greater part of its supplies from the imperial city. Perhaps if we set the pilgrim-army at one half of the supposed amount, we shall not be far from the truth, and for this we are not without some data. The princess Anna, though language fails her to express the numbers of the pilgrims, and she is obliged to have recourse to the stars of heaven, the leaves, flowers, and locusts of earth, and the sands of the sea, states the forces of Godfrey of Bouillon at 10,000 horse and 70,000 foot. Now this body was confessedly one of the largest of the whole, and it suffered less in its march to Byzantium than almost any other. Might we not therefore fairly take it as a fourth, or perhaps a third of the whole? That of Raymond of Toulouse, which suffered greatly in its passage through Dalmatia, cannot justly be rated higher than that of Godfrey; and the circumstance of the Count of Vermandois, the Duke of Normandy, the Count of Flanders, leading their troops the whole length of France and Italy to embark in the ports of Apulia, would seem to indicate that their numbers were moderate. Albert of Aix rates the forces of Bohemond at 10,000 horse and very numerous foot. Making every allowance for the enthusiasm which then prevailed, (in which, by the way, the Italians were not conspicuous,) and for the personal influence of Bohemond, this number must be greatly exaggerated; for when his father, Robert Guiscard, after a preparation of two years, and supported by all the influence of the Pope, embarked for the conquest of the Greek empire, he mustered but 1,300 knights, and about 30,000 soldiers of every description; yet he was master of the prettest kingdom of Naples, while his son had only the petty

principality of Tarentum. All western Europe was drained of soldiers to form the host with which Napoleon hoped to achieve the conquest of Russia; it was spread over a large extent of surface, and never could be congregated into one camp; we think, therefore, that we do not underrate the amount of the Christian warriors who sat down before Nice, when we would about equal their numbers to the French invaders of Russia; we also think we may venture to assert that this was the largest army which was ever collected for the purpose of the crusades. The armies of Conrad III. and Louis VII., in the second crusade, were doubtless numerous, yet the ninety myriads of the Greek Cinnamus, and the 900,556 of the Latin Odo de Diogilo, (at which they rate the force of the German monarch,) pass all belief, and are only to be placed with the millions of Xerxes. The army of Frederic Barbarossa, in the third crusade, counted but 20,000 knights, (although stated by one writer at 600,000,) and perhaps we should be justified in saying, that no Christian host in Asia, after the siege of Antioch, ever exceeded 200,000. Moreover, if the pilgrims at Nice were so exceedingly numerous, it is scarcely credible that the Turkish sultan, Kilij Arslan, could either have hoped to assail them with advantage, or collected troops sufficient for the enterprise. His army, we are told, consisted entirely of cavalry, and was consequently exclusively Turkish, and the Turks surely could not be very numerous in a country which they had entered for the first time about twenty-five years before. The East is the native land of exaggeration, and every thing which comes in contact with it seems to be affected by this characteristic; writers set down, without reflection, hundreds of thousands of men and horses, quite forgetting that they stand in need of food; and though from their pastoral habits, we might allow that the Tartars could—and have—put larger bodies of men in motion than almost any other people, we should hesitate to give our assent to the assertion, that the host of Timour, which Bajazed and 120,000 Ottomans engaged for the length of a summer's day, on the plain of Angora, counted 700,000 warriors. We think, therefore, that we are not much below the mark when we estimate the first crusading army at from 300,000 to 400,000 souls, women and children, monks and priests included.

The pilgrim army was continually diminished by desertion; many became weary of the unexpected hardships which they encountered, and slunk away home; others were seduced by the promises of the Grecian emperor and entered his service; some even were seen, when pressed by hunger, to go over to the Turks, renouncing their faith and their country.

Few of the Frank warriors had ever engaged the Orientals, or



were acquainted with their mode of fighting, for the Moors in Spain differed little in their military tactics from their Christian opponents. It was in the valley of Gorgoni, near Dorylaeum, (the modern Eski Shehr) that the first regular conflict between them and the Turks—the strongest and most valiant of the Orientals—took place. They had, on arriving here, divided, for convenience, their army into two bodies, one of which, guided by Bohemond, Tancred, Robert of Normandy, and other chiefs, marched on the left—the remainder of the army marched at some distance to the right. Kilij Arslan, the Sultan of the Seljuks, summoned to his standard all the tribes of his countrymen, (to the number of 960,000 according to most writers, of 150,000 according the most moderate;) and fell on the first division. Early on the morning of the 1st of July, 1099, the pilgrims heard in the distance the tramp of the numerous Turkish cavalry, and their loud cries of war. The aged, the sick, and the women, were placed behind the baggage, on a moist bottom, overgrown with reeds. They had hardly time to set themselves in array, when the Turks poured in on them a shower of arrows. The Christians charged them, but the Turks retired, and shot as they fled. The Christians, wearied out, were at last driven back on their baggage, among which some concealed themselves, as well as in the reeds, where they were shot by the Turks; others fell on their knees before the priests, to make confession, and receive absolution in *articulo mortis*; while the women, as an historian assures us, preferring slavery to death, arrayed themselves in their best, and advanced towards the conquerors, hoping to subdue them by their charms, and gain a mild captivity. In this moment of despair the appearance of the glittering spears and shields of a large body of horse, led to their aid by Godfrey and Raymond, raised their hopes. The Turks, after an obstinate resistance, were put to flight, and their well-stored camp fell into the hands of the victors, who now beheld camels for the first time. It was then resolved that the army should not separate any more.

The mode of fighting of the Turks and Franks was widely different. The former were almost exclusively composed of cavalry, and used no lances till they adopted them from the crusaders; their arms were bows and scymetars; they never advanced in a line of battle, their mode being to put forward the wings, and throw back the centre, so as apparently to form three divisions. If one of the wings was attacked, the centre came to its aid; if the centre, the wings closed on the enemy. If one of the wings could not hold out till the centre came to its support, it fled; and enticed the enemy to pursue; then turned when it saw the other wing ready to fall on the enemies' flank or rear. They fought in

effect just as the Parthians (their ancestors probably) did of old. A large portion of the Christian army consisted of infantry, wearing no armour, and only furnished with wooden bows; he among them who possessed a good sword or a cross-bow attracted some consideration. The knights wore a shirt of mail, (plate-armour did not come into use till long afterwards,) a plain helmet covered their head; they bore a shield of iron or plated wood, adorned with gold and silver, or various colours, and ashen spears, with sharp iron heads, usually bearing pennons. Their armies were generally divided into different corps, each of which successively advanced against the enemy. As the Turkish arrows rebounded from, or stuck in the mail of the knights, the Moslems soon learned to aim at the horse instead of the man. When the Christians afterwards became better acquainted with the Turkish mode of fighting, they avoided pursuing them when they feigned flight, and placed the knights within the armed infantry, so that their horses were secured against the arrows which always fell like hail. The battle of Dorylæum inspired the Turks and Franks with the highest esteem for each other's valour; they fancied that they were akin, and despising the more unwarlike Saracens, and the cowardly Greeks, they pronounced themselves to be alone worthy of the name of warriors.

The pilgrims had, comparatively speaking, as yet endured little hardship; but when, leaving Bithynia, they entered the arid region of Phrygia, their sufferings commenced in reality. Kilij Arslan had wasted the country; no water was to be found; the pilgrims died at the rate of five hundred a day; the beasts of burden and the horses of the knights perished; the knights, enfeebled by their sufferings, might be seen mounted on oxen; and dogs, sheep, and swine, we are told, were laden with part of the luggage. On no occasion, however, did the pilgrims appear animated by a better spirit; their patience and their confidence in heaven continued unbounded; each was willing to aid his fellow, and an unbroken harmony reigned among them.

On the 18th of October, 1097, the crusaders sat down before the famous and strong city of Antioch, the capital of Syria. They counted now, we are told, but 300,000 fighting men, so much had their numbers been reduced in their passage through Asia Minor. Yet their loss before Nice had not been great; in the battle of Dorylæum but 4000 fell, and taking the deaths on the march through Phrygia at 500, or even 5000 a day, (after which they experienced no extraordinary hardships,) how are we to account for a diminution of nearly half a million of persons? It was, in fact, during the siege of Antioch itself, that the great mortality prevailed among them, and it is by no means impro-

bable that from 200,000 to 300,000 pilgrims encompassed about that city. We have not space, nor is it necessary, to enter into the particulars of the siege, one of the most memorable in history. The hardships endured by the pilgrims during a severe winter, after they had most improvidently wasted the abundant supplies of provisions which they had obtained on their arrival, and their defeat of Korboga, the emir of Mosul, who led a large army for its recovery, must be familiar to every one at all acquainted with the history of the Crusades. We shall merely notice a few of the circumstances which contribute to render it remarkable.

First, for the benefit of our poetic readers, we must observe, that this is the siege at which most of the events which Tasso transferred to Jerusalem really occurred. That of Jerusalem was trifling in comparison, and it is very interesting to examine and observe with what skill that admirable poet called the most striking events and circumstances of this, and other sieges, to form one grand picture, of which the siege of Jerusalem was made the subject. Even the idea of the battle in the last book of his poem, before the capture of the town, seems to have been suggested by that with Korboga at Antioch, for the battle at Ascalon against the Egyptian vizier, Afdal, (the Emireno of the poet) did not take place till a fortnight after the taking of Jerusalem, and was fought at a considerable distance from the Holy City.

In the second place, it is here that we first find a notice of any pre-eminence being given to any prince of the pilgrims. Hitherto, each had commanded his own subjects, or those who had joined his standard, and received his pay. The pilgrim-army, therefore, formed an armed confederacy, all the members of which were independent and actuated by separate wills, although councils of the leaders were necessarily held from time to time to arrange measures of mutual co-operation. But now, aware of the difficult task which was before them, and the absolute necessity of a closer union and stricter discipline, the princes came to a resolution, that one of them should be always chosen by the rest to be commander in chief and president of the council, *pro tempore*. We find this dignity sustained during the siege, by Stephen of Chartres and Raymond of Toulouse, both men of great wisdom and experience, but we do not recollect meeting any mention of it being borne by Godfrey of Bouillon, though the high consideration which he enjoyed in the army makes it almost certain that he must have done so in his turn; yet there is no opinion more prevalent than that of his having been permanent commander in chief of the pilgrim army. Even Mr. Heeren, who should have known better, says, in his *Essay on the Influence of the Crusades*, "Such (a pre-eminence) was that exercised by Godfrey of Bouillon. But was

this celebrated chief any thing more than the first among his equals, the Agamemnon of an army, who had in the Tancred, the Raymonds, the Bohemonds, his Achilles, his Diomedes, and his Ulysses?" It is beyond a doubt the poem of Tasso which has fixed this notion in people's minds, and this is the great evil which results from poets and romancers taking their subjects from real history, and giving, for the sake of effect, false views of characters and events, which, on account of the poetic beauties with which they are invested, and the elegant language in which they are expressed, fix themselves almost indelibly in the mind of the reader. Those who derive their knowledge of the first Crusade chiefly from the "*Jerusalem Delivered*," believe, of course, that the crusaders passed their winter at Tortosa, and in the spring advanced against Jerusalem; whereas the history makes hardly any mention of Tortosa, and describes the march as nearly direct from Antioch to Jerusalem. We sometimes tremble when we reflect on the ideas of the Crusades which young persons are likely to acquire from the splendid pages of "*Ivanhoe*" and the "*Talisman*," though we confess the character of Cœur de Lion to be on the whole tolerably fair. But the grave, sober, religious Saladin is, in truth, most unjustly turned into a mere knight of romance; and we will take this occasion of observing, that Richard and Saladin never met, although the English monarch almost meanly sought an interview on different occasions. All his conferences were with Malek-el-Adel, the sultan's brother, and all the courtesies were on the side of the Moslems; but in truth there is little of what we usually understand by *chivalry*, even in the third Crusade.

Lastly, the siege of Antioch was the period when the pilgrims began to see miraculous visions, and knavery or policy brought heaven on the scene, to inspire confidence into the people, exhausted by long toils and privations. One of the most remarkable of these devices was the *invention* (a very apt term) of the Holy Lance. As Mr. Mills, in his supreme contempt of the brutal fanatics, disdains to relate it at any length, we shall present it to our readers in the words of Mr. Wilken.

"While the strength and courage of the crusaders were broken by their previous sufferings, and hope of deliverance had fled from every bosom, a priest of Provence came to Count Raymond, and spoke to him to this effect:—That the Apostle Andrew had appeared to him four times; first, during the earthquake at the siege of Antioch, as he was reposing alone by night in his tent, and through terror of the violent shock could cry nothing but *God help me!* he had seen two men, one of whom was an aged man of middle size, with reddish hair now turned grey, black eyes, long and broad grey beard; the other younger, larger,

and handsomer. The elderly man asked him what he was doing, and, on his inquiry, informed him that he was the Apostle Andrew, and then desired him to wait on Count Raymond, the Bishop of Puy, and Peter Raymond of Altopullo, and ask them why the bishop did not exhort the people, and sign them with the cross which he bore; that he took him in his shirt as he was, through the air, into the church of St. Peter at Antioch, which was then a Saracen mosque; that there, by the light of two lamps which shone brighter than noonday, the Apostle set him by the pillar close to the steps by which they ascend on the south side to the altar, while the young man stood afar off, near the steps of the altar, and then descended into the ground, and brought up a lance, which he gave into his hands, with the information that this was the lance which had opened the side whence had flowed the salvation of the whole world. That he had then, with tears of joy, implored the Apostle to suffer him to deliver it to the Count, but that St. Andrew again concealed it in the earth, and comforted him by telling him that when the city was won, he should go with twelve men and dig the lance up again from this place. That the Apostle had then brought him back to his tent, but that he had not ventured to deliver the Apostle's message to men of such high rank. That St. Andrew and his companion had again appeared to him as he was gone out of the camp to look for food, and reminded him of his commission; but that he had requested him to choose some one else; that thereupon a severe disorder of the eyes had fallen upon him, which he regarded as a punishment for his disobedience. That the two men had appeared to him a third time when he was gone with his master, William, to St. Simeon; that his master, who lay in the same tent with him, had heard the words of the Apostle, and his repeated entreaty to take the commission from him, but had not seen the Apostle himself; that on that occasion the Apostle commanded him to say to the Count that he should, when he came to the Jordan, not bathe in it, but cross over in a boat, and then, clad in a shirt and linen breeches, sprinkle himself with the water of the Jordan, and preserve these clothes, when they were dried, along with the holy lance; that when he came back to the camp, various things occurred to prevent his speaking to the Count and the Archbishop together; that the Apostle had appeared to him for the fourth time at the port of Mamistra, whence he was about to sail for Cyprus, and had added threats to his admonitions; that he had, notwithstanding, by the persuasion of his companions, gone on board the ship in order to proceed to Cyprus, but had been driven back to Mamistra by a storm; that this had moved him to come back to Antioch, and at last to execute the commission of the Apostle. The Bishop of Puy looked on the discourse of the priest as an idle tale; Count Raymond, foreseeing what an advantageous use might be made of it, gave credit to his words, and directed his chaplain, Raymond, to take charge of Peter.

Count Raymond himself, with the Bishop of Auresy, Pontius of Badun, Ferrand of Thoart, and his chaplain Raymond, made part of the twelve who, a few days afterwards, made search for the lance in the church of St. Peter. They dug from morning till evening without

finding it. When Count Raymond was gone to his post, others wearied out had departed, and those whom they had sent in their places were now also tired; Peter jumped without his shoes and with nothing on him but his shirt, into the pit, and prayed to God to bring the lance to light, for the strengthening and the victory of his people. Suddenly they beheld the sought-for lance-head, and Raymond the chaplain was the first who kissed it. An indescribable joy seized the minds of all the people when the holy lance was exhibited to them in the church, enveloped in rich purple. The Syrians and Armenians sang *Kyrie Eleison*, and extolled the felicity of the Franks, on whom the lance of Christ had been bestowed. Then St. Andrew and the youth appeared once more to Peter, and directed that Count Raymond, on account of his persevering piety, should carry the lance, and that the day on which it was found should be observed as a festival by all Christendom, according to a regulation which St. Peter gave, and which St. Andrew delivered to the priest. Peter now learned for the first time from St. Andrew, that the youth who accompanied him was THE REDEEMER, and he recognised him by the marks of the nails on his feet."

"The only question which can arise respecting the holy lance is, whether Peter devised the scheme alone, or if Count Raymond was cognizant of it. That is however a matter impossible to decide. Poor Peter, (who by the way was no paragon of moral perfection,) when the genuineness of the sacred weapon was afterwards impugned by Arnulf, felt himself bound in honour to maintain it by the ordeal of fire, and died in consequence of the injury he sustained in passing through the flames. Count Raymond asserted its genuineness to the very last, and he and his Provençals continued to put their trust in it, after all the other pilgrims had become sceptics. The character of Raymond is, however, the most enigmatical among the crusaders, and we shall presently devote a few lines to the consideration of it.

While on the subject of signs and wonders, we cannot refrain from giving the following, which has furnished Tasso with a splendid fiction, and which M. Michaud alone, of the historians, has had sufficient taste to retain. Mr. Wilken's first volume, we must however observe, is more concise than any of his succeeding ones.

"One day (we follow the narration of Raymond d'Agiles) Anselmo de Ribeauumont saw young Angelram, son of the Count of St. Paul, who had been killed at the siege of Marra, enter his tent. 'How is it,' said he to him, 'that you are full of life, whom I saw lying dead on the field of battle?' 'You must know,' replied Angelram, 'that those who fight for Jesus Christ die not.' 'But whence,' resumed Anselmo, 'comes that strange brightness with which I see you surrounded?' Then Angelram pointed to a palace of diamond and crystal in the sky. 'It is thence,' said he, 'that the beauty which surprises you comes to me; that is my dwelling; a still finer one is prepared for you, which you will soon come to inhabit. Farewell!—we shall meet again to-morrow.'

With these words, adds the historian, Anselm returned to heaven. Anselmo, struck by the vision, sent the next morning for several ecclesiastics, received the sacraments, and, though full of health, bade a last adieu to his friends, saying to them that he was about to leave the world in which he had known them. A few hours afterwards, the enemy having made a sortie, Anselmo went against them, sword in hand, and was struck in the forehead by a stone which, say the historians, sent him to heaven to the fine palace prepared for him."

It is to legends of this kind that the History of the Crusades owes much of its romantic character, and the historian who superciliously passes them over, never can hope to give an adequate idea of the *spirit* of those times.

We find a most extraordinary assertion in Mr. Wilken's history; for which he gives no authority, namely, that after the immense losses sustained by the pilgrim army, from the sword, famine and pestilence, it was, owing to the accessions it continually received from Europe, still more numerous when it left Antioch than when it sat down before it. In a note, in the same page where this occurs, he quotes one of the original writers, to show that the number of those who died of the pestilence alone was *ducenta millia armatorum*; when we add to this all the *unarmed* who died of it, all who perished during the siege, and all who deserted, what number remains of the original 300,000? Reinforcements from Europe could not have been of the magnitude he seems to apprehend; and the plain, and we think indubitable, fact, that seven months afterwards but 40,000 pilgrims (of whom only one-half were capable of bearing arms) appeared before the goal and object of their pilgrimage, amply refutes all such exaggerated statements. Supposing, however, our estimate of the number of the pilgrims before Nice to be correct, and deducting those who broke their vow and returned home, or who remained behind in Antioch, Edessa, and other places, the loss of human life between Nice and Jerusalem cannot be estimated at much below 300,000 persons.

It seems not a little remarkable that, after the capture of Antioch, none of the chiefs, not even Godfrey, exhibited any impatience to march against Jerusalem. They had, in fact, now learned by experience what difficulties were to be encountered, what toils and privations to be undergone in marching through a mountainous and hostile country, in an adverse time of the year; and the obstinate valour displayed by the Turks in the defence of Antioch, had also taught them that with their diminished numbers they might possibly fail of success if they laid siege to Jerusalem. It was in reality the zeal and the enthusiasm of the people which increased in intensity as they drew nearer to the object of their wishes, which dragged along the princes, who followed ra-

ther than led them. We cannot justly impute selfish motives to any, except Raymond, who took a prodigious fancy to the territory of Tripoli, and would fain have detained the impatient pilgrims till they had conquered it for him. As for Baldwin and Bohemond, they had already settled themselves, the one in Edessa, the other in Antioch.

It is needless to pursue the march of the pilgrims to Jerusalem, and to relate the capture of that city; but the sudden change which took place in the conduct of the crusaders on the day of the capture, and which to some has appeared so incredible, admits, we think, of an easy solution on the principle of feudalism, which we have already pointed out as the great originating cause of the Crusades. As the loyal vassals of Jesus Christ, the crusaders felt it to be their duty to exterminate those who were his enemies,\* and who had so long unjustly withheld from him his rightful property; the Saracens were therefore slaughtered without mercy: but again, their Lord had in this place done and suffered so much for their salvation, that even the very act of destroying his enemies might have tended to set more vividly before their minds the immense debt of gratitude which they owed to Him who had gained heaven for them, instead of leaving them in the power of hell, like the infidels whose mangled bodies lay before them. Hence then arose the sudden change of mood which converted ferocity into humility, and exhibited as meek and contrite penitents those who a few hours previously had made the hills and vallies of Jerusalem resound with their war-cries, and had plunged, without remorse, their swords into the bosoms of their unresisting victims. Their conduct will be found to have been in perfect harmony with the principles of human nature, the peculiar turn of their ideas being taken into the account.

The erection of the kingdom of Jerusalem was, in fact, the establishment of a colony of Europeans in the East; and it almost looks as if the most favourable period for such an undertaking had been expressly selected. Had the Crusade been undertaken in the time of Gregory VII. while the powerful Seljookian Sultan Malek Shah wielded the forces of all the nations from the confines of China to those of Egypt and the Byzantine empire, the chances of success would not have been very great; as it was; had the Turkish army which engaged them at Antioch been commanded by a vigorous monarch, who would have controlled the emirs and rendered their jealousies innocuous, the pilgrims must infallibly have been destroyed. Or, had the crusade occurred some years

\* For a somewhat similar view of the influence of the principle of feudalism, see the reflections of Sismondî on the murder of Thomas à Becket, at the commencement of the 19th chapter of his *Histoire des Français*.



later, when Sanjar ruled over the Seljuckian dominions, an overwhelming force might have been brought against them at once. But it happened at the very time when the children of Malek Shah were at war with each other for his inheritance; the emirs in Syria, as well as every where else, had taken opposite sides, or were endeavouring to secure their own independence; they viewed the success of the Christians with indifference, and some of them even sought their alliance. Jerusalem also now belonged once more to the Fatemite khalifs, and though the two parties into which the Mohammedan world was then split, were political rather than religious ones, (for it was not, we believe, until the sixteenth century, when the Saffave family mounted the throne of Persia, that the *adim theologium* and the *adim politicum* became united, and Sheahs and Soonees condemned each other to the flames of hell,) yet the Turks, the staunch adherents of the house of Abbas, viewed with satisfaction rather than otherwise the pretenders to the khalifat stripped of a portion of their dominions. On the other hand, the Egyptian power had already fallen into decrepitude; the vizier Afdal gave it a momentary vigour, but the khalifs were feeble and inefficient, and the supreme power was continually a subject of contention among the viziers. Their subjects, we may add, did not equal the Turks either in physical power or in mental energy, and had the garrison of Jerusalem consisted of Turks instead of Saracens, we may safely assert, that they would never have suffered a force of one-half their number to take the city by storm, and themselves to be massacred in its streets.

Of the great princes who had led the pilgrims from Europe, only four were present at the taking of the Holy City; these were Godfrey of Bouillon, Raymond of Toulouse, Robert of Normandy, and Robert of Flanders. Hugh of Vermandois and Stephen of Chartres had fled from the famine at Antioch and returned home. Baldwin, brother to Godfrey, had fixed himself at Edessa, apparently unmindful of his vow; but he amply redeemed his character, when the death of his brother placed the sceptre of Jerusalem in his hand. As for Bohemond, though Gibbon says that all the crusaders were animated by religious enthusiasm, we must declare that in the whole of his conduct from the day he took the cross to the day of his death, we can discern nothing which should lead us to ascribe any such feeling to him. On the contrary, every act of his life shows him to have been animated by as pure selfishness as actuated Napoleon, or any other hero who ever carved out empire for himself with the edge of his sword. It should be observed, that Bohemond scoffed at the holy lance from the beginning, and that he never seems to have put any faith in

the visions which were so frequently narrated. The piety, zeal, and disinterestedness of three of the above-named princes there is no reason to question; but the character of the count of Toulouse has always appeared to us most ambiguous. Raymond had in early life fought against the Moors in Spain; he was one of the first to assume the cross, and certainly enthusiasm was among his motives, but he was advanced in years; he was one of the most powerful and wealthy princes of the west, and we might therefore suppose that he could hardly expect to make any conquest in the East equal in value to what he left behind. Yet his obstinate refusal to take the oath of vassalage to the Emperor Alexius, looks as if he had some project of independent dominion. It was with difficulty that he could be dragged away from the territory of Tripoli, which he afterwards acquired, and though he is said to have rejected the proffered crown of Jerusalem, it was but after the fashion of the young lady who says no which she would rather say *yes*, only desirous of a little pressing. This his subsequent conduct showed. But what is most extraordinary is, that when the election of Godfrey deprived him of all hopes of the kingdom, he declared his resolution of remaining in the East; the acquisition of Tripoli seemed his darling object, to attain which he became subservient to the court of Byzantium, and, at last, lost his life in the conquest of it. Enmity to Bohemond, with whom he had already had a dispute relative to Antioch, seems the most probable motive that can be assigned for his conduct. The Emperor Alexius, who feared and hated the prince of Antioch, must have doubtless rejoiced to see one who partook of his feelings stationed as a watch over the Norman; and have encouraged Raymond by magnificent promises to remain in the East.

To the philosophic student the portion of this history which is, in reality, the most worthy of attention is that of the half-century which intervened between the capture of Jerusalem and the loss of Edessa. Here we have the animating picture of the struggles of a handful of brave knights, (for the number which remained in the East was very small,) against the hosts of Egypt and of the Turkish states; here, if ever, "one chased a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight." Each spring brought the renewal of hostilities, for the brave pilgrims who came at Easter were not reluctant to draw their swords against the infidels for a short space, and advantage was usually taken of their presence to lay siege to the towns on the coast which were still held by the Saracens. But in their conflicts with the emirs of Aleppo, Damascus, Hama, and Mosul, and other places beyond the river, the militia of the four states which composed the Latin dominion in the East had to fight unaided, and their feebleness was increased by continual discord and enmity among themselves. Their subjects were

Syrian and Armenian Christians and Saracens, all of whom were disaffected, owing to the harsh, insulting, and tyrannical conduct of their masters, whose victories were due to their greater physical power, the superiority of their arms, and the enthusiastic reliance on the aid of heaven, which the supposed true cross, always borne before them to battle, inspired. Here also we can trace the gradual union and consolidation of the Turkish power, till in the hands of Zenghi and his son Noor-ed-deen, and, finally, of Saladin, it became irresistible. Yet all this is huddled into 50 pages by Mills, and Michaud devotes to it but 140. Wilken, on the contrary, allots to it his whole second volume of 735 pages; rather too great a space, perhaps, but still what every one must read with interest.

Of the effect of the holy cross on the minds of the Christian warriors, and their mode of commencing a battle, Mr. Wilken gives the following description.

“How could the crusaders march to battle otherwise than joyful! For the conflict with the infidels was a holy and a meritorious work; the war which the people of God waged against Turks and Saracens a holy war. Devout prayer and contrite confession of sins preceded the battle; after the victory humble thanksgivings were rendered to God as the author of all victory. Usually, before the faithful marched out of Jerusalem to battle, when a hostile army threatened danger to the kingdom, the patriarch assembled the whole Christian population, Syrian and Greek as well as Latin Christians, to a solemn procession, with naked feet, through all the holy places, to implore the aid of God for the battle. Amidst tears and pious hymns the supplications of the Christians rose to heaven; and they rendered themselves worthy of the divine grace by so rigid a fast, that the breast of the mother was withheld from the sucking child. Alms also were distributed among the poor and the sick, that God might show mercy to the warring crusaders, even as they showed mercy to the suffering brethren. Or when the knights and footmen were engaged in conflict with the heathen, the brethren who remained at home prayed, amidst pious works, processions, self-mortifications and alms-giving, for the victory of those who were fighting. The crusaders gladly selected Sunday for battle against the infidels, as being the day on which the Redeemer, by his resurrection from the grave, sealed his victory over death and hell. When battle against the heathen was resolved on, the Christian warriors came to their priests, confessed their sins, and received the holy sacrament. They were then blessed by the priests; the patriarch, bishop, or abbot, who bore the holy cross, went round the whole army, showed the sacred wood to all the warriors, who fell on their knees; he extended it to them to kiss and devoutly salute, promising them victory and forgiveness of their sins with God, if they would fight with cheerful minds, and faith in Christ, against the heathens. What knight or footman could help going joyfully to meet death for the Saviour who had, on the wood of that cross which his lips had just touched, submitted to death for him? Then the knights mounted

their war-horses, the squadrons were arranged, and the Holy Cross adorned frequently the first, sometimes the centre corps. The horns and trumpets resounded, and the Christian heroes rushed inspired to the fight. While the war-cry of the Musulmans, Akbar Allah! (*God is great*), rose in deep hollow tones, and the intolerable braying of their trumpets and the thunder of their drums deafened the hearers, the Christian warriors, in their animated attack or courageous defence, were more gratefully reminded of the aid of God and Christ by a pious and encouraging war-cry, appointed by the chiefs, of *God wills it*, or *Christ Jesus*, or *Christ conquers*, *Christ rules*, *Christ reigns*."

A peculiarity in the manners of these colonists in the East, was their marriage with Greek, Syrian, Armenian, and even Musulman wives; these last, however, being previously required to receive baptism. The children of these marriages were called Pulani (*Poulains*); and the picture given of their manners by the Cardinal de Vitry, shows that they had learned to unite the manners and the vices of the East and the West. They hated the pilgrims who came from Europe, whose ardent zeal used to break the truces which they had concluded with the Moslems, and then leave them exposed to their vengeance. All their desires were confined to the wish of living peaceably with their infidel neighbours; their aid to the pilgrims was therefore cold, and these last always accused them, justly or unjustly, of a treacherous communication with the enemies, and of selling to them the faithful servants, of Christ.

These marriages with native women commenced early, for Baldwin of Edessa, the brother of Godfrey, married the daughter of an Armenian prince. His example was followed by his cousin and successor Baldwin du Bourg; and the following anecdote of him, related by Mr. Wilken, after William of Tyre, is too characteristic of manners for us to omit it:—

"He once, while he was still Count of Edessa, with an insolent levity, took advantage of the reverence of the Orientals for the beard, in order to get from his wealthy father-in-law aid to a considerable amount, at a time when he was in extreme want of money. He came to Melitene with a numerous train of knights, where he was splendidly received and entertained. After a few days, just as the Armenian prince and his Frank son-in-law were engaged in confidential discourse, Baldwin's knights, as had been previously arranged, entered the apartment, and one of them, in the name of the rest, began thus to speak. 'You know, Sir Count, how faithfully we have served you this long time, and have shrunk from neither toil nor night-watching, hunger nor thirst, cold nor heat, to defend your person and your land against all and every of your foes; but it is not less known to you how often we have to no purpose put you in mind of discharging the pay which you owe us. We are now quite weary of our poverty and want. Pay us then our arrears, or give us the pledge which you promised us.' When this bold address had

been interpreted to Prince Gabriel, who was already very much astonished by the unmannerly entrance of such a troop into his apartment, he eagerly demanded of the count what the pledge was which he had promised his knights. Baldwin blushed in confusion, and was silent. At length one of the knights boldly declared that it was the count's beard, which was to be cut off without mercy if the pay due to them was not discharged against a certain day. When Baldwin had confirmed this, the Prince Gabriel was quite horrified; he clapped his hands together over his head, and severely reproached the count for having pledged so precious an ornament of his visage, with which no man could part without great disgrace. Baldwin consoled him with the assurance that on his return to Edessa he would make every effort to release the pledge, and that he was sure his knights would be induced to have a little patience. But the knights feigning to be in a tremendous rage, not only repeated their former threat, but insolently declared that they would instantly put their threat in execution if their demands were not satisfied on the spot; and Gabriel resolved to pay Baldwin's debt sooner than to let such a disgrace come on the husband of his daughter. He gave him 30,000 bezants, and then made him give him his word of honour never again, in any need, be it ever so great, or to any person whatever, to pledge his beard. Baldwin and his knights rode back to Edessa with their bags well filled, and laughing at the ridiculous veneration of the Orientals for the beard."

By the introduction of anecdotes of this kind, the historian will seek to relieve the monotonous detail of wars and negotiations which necessarily occupy so large a portion of his pages, and to give a character and individuality to his work. Mr. Wilken, by a judicious use of this principle, has made the portion of history comprised in his second volume highly interesting, and peculiarly valuable as exhibiting a picture of manners and of a state of society to which history presents nothing precisely parallel.

We shall here stop for the present. Our object in this article has been to characterise the different historians of the Crusades, and to exhibit the true *causes* and the *spirit* of these holy wars. When the appearance of Mr. Wilken's remaining volumes shall give us an opportunity of recurring to the subject, we shall make it our task to investigate the *influence* of the Crusades, and show what the effects of them may have been on the mind, the manners, and the social and political relations of Europe; in which inquiry we shall take a middle course between those who, like Mills, allow them no beneficial influence whatever, and those who, like Heeren and Michaud, are for ascribing almost every thing to them. The Crusades, as we have already stated, were an effect rather than a cause, and much of what is ascribed to them is to be attributed rather to the source whence they sprang. It would be absurd, however, to deny that their influence was considerable, and we shall endeavour to estimate accurately what was the real extent of it.

- ART. XI.—1. *Enseignement Universel*, par J. Jacotot, Chevalier de l'Ordre du Lion Belgique. *Langue Maternelle*. 3me édition. Louvain: 1827. 8vo.
2. ———— *Mathématiques*. Louvain: 1829. 8vo.
3. ———— *Musique*. Louvain: 1829. 8vo.
4. *Journal de l'Emancipation Intellectuelle, destiné aux pères de famille, rédigé par plusieurs disciples de J. Jacotot*; et publié par F. Jacotot, avocat, et H. V. Jacotot, Doct. Med., fils du fondateur. 1re Année (1er Cahier au 13me Cahier). Louvain: 1829. 8vo.
5. *Considérations sur les résultats importants qu'obtient en Belgique le nouveau mode d'Education, inventé par M. Jacotot*. Par E. Boutmy. Paris: 1829. 8vo.
6. *L'Enseignement Universel; mis à la portée de tous les pères de famille*, par un disciple de J. Jacotot. *Première partie; Lecture—Ecriture—Langue Maternelle*. Paris: 1829. 8vo.
7. ———— *Deuxième partie; Langues Etrangères—Dessin—Peinture—Droit—Danse—Emancipation Intellectuelle*. Paris: 1829. 8vo.
8. ———— *Troisième partie; Musique—Mathématiques—Théologie—Exercice Militaire—Histoire—Géographie—Egalité des Intelligences*. Paris: 1829. 8vo.
9. *Enseignement Universel, et Traité Complet de la Méthode Jacotot, rendue accessible à tous les intelligences, où Manuel pratique et normal, &c. &c. &c.*, par M. A. Durietz, &c. &c. Paris: 1829. 8vo.
10. *De la Méthode Jacotot*, par Joseph Rey de Grenoble. Paris: 1829. 8vo.
11. *Lettres sur la Méthode Jacotot, dite Enseignement Universel*, par M. le Duc de Levis, Membre de l'Académie Française. Paris: 1830. 8vo.

A SYSTEM of education which boasts the names of "Intellectual Emancipation" and "Universal Instruction," which counts numerous adherents, points to its prodigies performed, and, at all events, possesses a founder and father who perseveres for many years in propagating his doctrines, and appears actuated solely by love of his plan and his kind, deserves at least the attention of those who prepose themselves over the literature of Europe, whether as judges or intelligencers.

The system of education invented and established by M. Jacotot of Louvain not only lays claim to high pretensions, but these pretensions have been so extensively allowed in the Netherlands, and have excited such a high degree of interest in France, that we feel it our duty to make the insular world acquainted with some of its

demands upon the attention of all who interest themselves in the well-being of mankind.

Already are schools after the method of Jacotot spread over France and the Netherlands,—already does almost every town and province in the north of these countries possess either an establishment upon the principle, or one or more instructors. The sale of M. Jacotot's own publications is immense, and the number of explicatory pamphlets in the French language, published in France and other places, almost incredible; and yet we believe we are the first, or all but the first periodical that has broached the subject on the neighbouring shores of Great Britain.

The favourite tactics of M. Jacotot is to proceed by the force of facts; and, in accordance to this theory, he prefers to convince by means of the miracles which he works on the minds of youth. The method is slow, but sure, and we confess that we might have held out against his reasoning, but that against the facts which have come within our knowledge, and which, indeed, are within the reach of every individual in the north of France and in Belgium, no candid person can long maintain any vigorous resistance. The government of the Netherlands, impressed with the value of M. Jacotot's system, has made overtures to him to superintend its universal adoption in that realm; but the founder, as his disciples love to call him, seems not to be an accommodating person: he will make no compromise with the old and erroneous plans of instruction, and thus refusing to barter a part of his plan for the prosperity of the rest, we believe that this negotiation has fallen to the ground. Like other great projects and other systems of knowledge, it must work its way by the force of its own beauty and utility, and trust to individual efforts for making its characteristic features duly known to the world at large.

The grievous loss of time in the present system of scholastic education has long been acknowledged, though but few effects have flowed from the conviction. Nevertheless it is true, that about one-seventh part of a man's life (from eight to seventeen) is absolutely sacrificed to an adherence to absurd but venerable notions respecting the proper modes of instituting youth in the principles of knowledge. We are not fitted for after-life at school: we learn but little, that little we forget, and the time destroyed is irrecoverable. These are truths too well known to be enlarged upon: every living man, who can be quoted as having truly contributed to the improvement of his fellow-creatures, will acknowledge that it was not at school that he gained this information. It has become proverbial that all great men give themselves a second education: the meaning of which is, that finding but few traces of the first remaining in their minds, and

that little of small value, they set to work to make up for the lost time. And they who give themselves no second education, are mostly beings who go to the grave without any at all.

We should not so much quarrel with our schools that they teach nothing but Latin and Greek, (necessary languages when learning was solely directed to scholastic occupations, and monopolized by, or rather abandoned to, a particular class as their peculiar craft,) provided they taught those languages well, for that would be something at least. All the world, however, knows, that these languages, as taught between seven and seventeen, only serve as excuses for *feruled* hands and *pulled* ears; they blind the eyes of ignorant parents, and afford comfortable livelihoods to silk-stockinged upper masters and worsted-stockinged under masters. Were they really well taught, they would undoubtedly give the student a complete command of all that noble, but, as far as knowledge goes, confined, library which time has left us of the principal writers of Greece and Rome; a man who knows a dead or foreign language well can skim a page with the same ease that he runs over a vernacular paragraph, he can not only read it with facility, but he can write and converse in it. If we were to take, as an example of the proficiency given by schools, the very best of the scholars they turn out, we should see how very far they are from answering these conditions; but take the generality of boys sent home from seven or ten years' study of Latin and Greek, and it will be found that they can make nothing even of a casual line of Virgil, if it be taken from a book beyond the mark of their daily thumbs, and that a verse or two from the Epistles or Satires of Horace is an infallible stumbling-block. We have been present, and indeed an insignificant portion of a large lecture-room, in the first college, in perhaps the first University of Europe, amidst fifty or sixty of the best pupils, selected from all the chief schools of the country, and we will answer for it, that though each and all had spent the best part of their existence in the study of Latin and Greek, *one year alone* after any tolerable (tolerable at *this day*) plan of teaching, would have sufficed to give any one of them *double* the instruction he already possessed in Latin or Greek, or both. It is a curious mystery in the organization of society that such absurd practices should have been so long tolerated, nay, venerated. To spend the most ductile years in learning those things which contribute but in a very slight degree to the future happiness or utility of the individual, is a strange anomaly, supposing that the things taught were learnt; but still stranger is it, that when the methods used are found to be clumsy, expensive, and inefficacious, they should still continue to be applied, and to be revered.



The system of Jacotot is not however simply applicable to the study of languages: its founder maintains its universal applicability. The principles of it are as general as the materials of knowledge. We conceive that this general extension of the plan is the most original portion of the whole; for we are far from conceiving that there is any very great novelty in the more striking features of the method of Jacotot. The great discovery of the founder is in the boldness with which he has applied his principles, the ingenuity of the details which he has invented for bringing them into play, and the skill with which he has combined a vast number of scattered hints respecting education and the conduct of the human understanding, into one harmonious whole. Perhaps this is as much as an inventor ever does: loose facts lie about barren and unproductive: he may be said to be the discoverer of them who puts them together and makes them fructify. All that man can do seems to begin and end in juxtaposition.

We will endeavour to explain the peculiarities of this system as well as it can be explained in a small compass, and without the aid of practical examples, in a matter which depends so much upon minute practical details. It is not improbable that the reader may be surprized at the small air of novelty which the plan assumes, the reason of which may be found in the very minuteness of the details of which we have spoken; the real novelty of the system may perhaps be best tried by the surprisingness of its results. Of the novelty of them, when we come to report them, no doubt will be entertained for a moment.

First, of the application of the system of Jacotot to the learning and mastering of the vernacular tongue.

M. Jacotot employs neither primers nor grammar: he puts a page of *Telemachus* into the hands of the merest infant. The child who is learning to read takes the first word of the book, it is pronounced for him, and he repeats it; he is made to divide it into syllables, to pronounce the syllables separately, to distinguish the letters, and in short, to *know* the word, to recognise it wherever he sees it, and immediately to distinguish it and all its parts from any other word. The lesson is learnt—one word is gained; and the first word of *Telemachus* being *Calypso*, he has also learned seven letters of the twenty-four. The next word is not commenced upon till the first has been repeated and found to be firmly fixed in the memory; in the second word the same process is gone through, and the child is desired to distinguish what letters are common to the two words—his new acquisitions: a third is only begun upon when the others are thoroughly possessed: repetition is the soul of the method: even in this early stage no

fresh step is taken until the former one is firmly assured, and at every moment the child is thrown back upon his first acquisitions, until reference is as easy and as quick as thought. No restraint is used in the Jacotot system: his course alone is fixed: the child takes his lesson when he pleases, and finishes it as he likes; the first steps are so thoroughly well learnt, or he stops till they are, that there is no pain in retracing them, and the steps in advance are so gradual that there is no pain in taking them. Writing is similarly taught: and both writing and reading are thought such easy tasks in the Jacotot establishments that these accomplishments are obtained as it were unconsciously. Those who enter ignorant of them, in fifteen days' instruction, frequently of one hour per day, take their places on the benches with the other pupils, just as if they had spent years upon them after the old method. The first sixty lines of Telemachus, when gone over after this plan, enable the student to read perfectly. This is all the explanation we can give of this important but preliminary branch of instruction: the details may be found in many of the publications placed at the head of this article. Moreover the same principles are applicable as those which will be more developed in the description of the exercises necessary to attaining a full mastery of the native tongue.

Here, as in reading, the synthetical method is strictly observed: grammar is the last thing pointed out to the attention of the student. The book—the model-book—is put into the hands of the student *entire*, and he sets to work upon it in such a manner that at the end of a period of moderate application he finds himself in the possession of words, phrases, style, expression, sentiments, notions of every description which he has made his own. Jacotot's motto is “learn something well, and refer every thing else to it.” That which is fully and completely stored in the mind becomes a peg upon which other knowledge may not only easily be hung, but easily be found when wanted. Jacotot has a phrase which has made a sort of war-cry against the system, *tout est en tout*: which, as it stands, is certainly not over and above intelligible: we apprehend, however, that the dogma is tenable enough. Whatever piece of knowledge is attained *thoroughly* may be used as a link or connection with others, so that to be really the master of any one thing gives the possessor as it were the end of the thread; he may connect every thing else with it, and find his way through all the mazes of knowledge. Thus, all knowledge is not in one book, but there are at least the beginnings of all knowledge in it, there is something to which knowledge of every description may be referred, and the great advantage in learning is to have a good starting point—a safe an-

chorage. In putting a model-book into the hands of the learner, as for instance Fenelon's *Telemachus*, there are two things to be considered, the advantages attendant upon the perfect possession of *one* work, and next the means by which it is to be attained.

In language, every thing is arbitrary: there is no previous calculation which can show how the phrases of any given language will be formed, or, when formed, what is their precise value. This being strictly the result of usage, memory is necessarily the faculty chiefly called into play. If the memory be well stored with a large collection of well-chosen words and phrases applicable to almost every circumstance or mode of action, and their meaning securely fixed in the mind, the language may be said to be learned. If a book of various narrative, written in a copious and elegant style, abounding in moral reflections, in observations on the conduct of life, on government, on society in general, and interspersed with disquisitions on character, which is moreover distinguished for the sagacity and profundity of its remarks,—if such a work as this can be found, and means be taken to become fully master of it, to have every line, every phrase, every turn of thought imperiturbably imprinted in the mind, language will not be the only thing gained. A free and copious expression will certainly be the first thing attained, besides which, we shall have acquired a habit of arranging our ideas after the manner of our author, have imbibed a great store of knowledge, and a vast fund of the materials of reflection. M. Jacotot conceives that *Les Aventures de Telemaque* answer this description, and it would certainly be very difficult to fix upon another work which so nearly approaches the *beau ideal*. It is an old proverb, that he who reads many books does not read much; and it is true, that there is more improvement to be had from thoroughly mastering any one work, than in reading any number whatever. That which is read is not necessarily retained, and that which is retained is not necessarily reflected upon, and digested into nutritive aliment. The complete possession of any piece of knowledge whatever is the fruitful generator of other knowledge; for it affords the constant *point de départ*, or in other words, becomes a kernel or nucleus about which all other facts naturally adhere and collect. The complete possession of any book, therefore, must imply the fact of having many thousand of these *nuclei*, all presenting points of contact to other pieces of knowledge—constant materials of contrast or comparison—upon which the faculty of association of ideas seems to be formed or founded. In our own history, and indeed in the experience of some religious sects at present existing, we may perceive the effects of confining the attention for a series of years to one book; but then that book is the BIBLE. In the covenanted of Scotland

and the various sects preceding and during the Commonwealth, and in the Methodists and other religionists of the present day, we may detect the influence of a single book. It supplants all other habits of language and phrase, it colours all the ideas, it supplies perpetual motives to action, and—by stirring the memory—with a never-failing spring of eloquence, which it is remarkable that M. Jacotot assigns as one of the accomplishments easily attainable by his method, although we have no doubt he is utterly ignorant, as most continental people are, of the history of the reign of the Bible in England. All the materials of eloquence, phrases, figures, illustrations, authorities, all being not only in the memory, but ready at instant call, the orator, urged by a sense of the importance of the cause he advocates, is prepared with all kinds of weapons for its defence. In the history of sectarian religion there are many curious instances of the extraordinary perfection to which a familiarity with the contents of the Bible has been carried. Examples of individuals who have made themselves perfect walking Concordances will occur to the minds of most men who have lived in parts of the country where sectarianism prevails. It is needless to observe that the sacred character of the Scriptures materially aids in operating the effects which we have attributed to the entire mastery and possession of *one* book; but when due allowance is made for the influence derived from this source, enough will be left to bear us out to the utmost extent of our views. If persons are disposed to make an experiment, it may be done in any department of knowledge. Let the young political economist take up *Smith's Wealth of Nations*: let him not desert the study of it till every phrase, every paragraph, every doctrine, every assertion of fact, every chain of reasoning, is perfectly impressed upon his mind by the methods hereafter to be indicated, and producible on the instant, no matter in what order demanded. Taking this as his ground-work, the profit derived to him by the force of his own reflection and observation, and by any other reading, however miscellaneous, or irregular, will be of that magnitude, of that striking description, that will undoubtedly create him a reputation for no small share of knowledge. Reflection, judgment, comparison, calculation, and every other process of thought, bear no tax of labour when the materials by constant attention and exercise may be called into play without effort. We would ask metaphysicians to examine into the nature of the labour of thought: we predict the conclusion, that it will be found to be in proportion to the comparative ease or difficulty of bringing up and marshalling the materials which are to form the ground-work of that mental operation.

In the means of attaining to a perfect mastery of the model-

book, the system of Jacotot has this merit, that the same principle which applies to the whole applies also to the parts. The principle under which the entire book works its effects with relation to all other knowledge is, the same that acts between one part of the book and the rest. The student commences with a very small portion, which he masters thoroughly under the practical precepts of the founder. The next portion to be acquired is gained with continual reference to that already mastered: all the points of contrast and comparison are sought out and applied; so that this becomes the first atom which adheres to the nucleus, and which in its turn becomes the nucleus or connecting link of others.

The use of the model-book may be considered as the framework of the system of "Universal Instruction." The principles which apply to the process of acquiring the contents of the model-book are the real and vital principles on which knowledge is most surely gained, and are not merely applicable to the learning of the model-book, but to the acquisition of every species of information whatever. They have been exceedingly well analyzed by M. Rey, of Grenoble. We shall take the order in which he arranges them.

A great and distinctive principle of the method of Jacotot consists in putting in motion the *native intelligence* of the pupil, instead of simply exercising his faculties in receiving the directions and explanations of the master. The tutor, according to the system of Jacotot, communicates nothing, he requires nothing, he insists upon nothing: he simply examines, and directs the manner in which he is to proceed to learn:—he is a guide, and not a master. This will be seen when we come to the practical steps. The effects arising from the operation of this principle are both moral and intellectual in the highest degree. The effect on the pupil's mind may easily be comprehended: instead of his being overawed and oppressed by dictatorial instruction, which he but half understands, and probably does not remember even a third of, (but which perhaps he is required to reproduce, and is often even punished for not being able to do so, though had he been able, it must have been by something only short of a miracle,) the pupil is simply led to the conception and repetition of the passage: he knows what he has to do and is confident in his own powers: he is master of something at least. That, moreover, which we learn by our own efforts is far better understood and retained than that which is imposed upon the mind by another; in fact, than that which is *told* us.

The second principle, according to the division of M. Rey, is, that Jacotot follows the *synthetic* method in place of the *analytic*. Instead of beginning with dry abstractions, which are frequently

beyond the comprehension of the student, and always disagreeable, an *entire* object, a complete fact is presented to his mind; and it is only when he has taken entire possession of the gross idea, that he is made to decompose it, to find out its different parts and different bearings. Another principle of the system is, that the learner proceeds from the *known* to the *unknown*. This may be illustrated by saying, that in the common system of teaching there is generally very little difference in the pupil's knowledge between the lesson he learned last week and the lesson he is to learn next week. But by means of a certain and complete knowledge of the portion gone over, the pupil is immediately in a condition to seize all the analogies that may subsist between it and that which is now for the first time presented to his observation. The object in the first instance is not to proceed fast, but surely. Every thing depends upon being *well grounded*, to use a phrase of the school-master, though with a very different application. The systematic combination of both memory and judgment is another feature of the plan; for although it is absolutely imperative upon the pupil to learn a part of the work put into the student's hands *imperturbably* by heart, no method calls for a more constant exercise of the judgment—a consequence which may be deduced from the operation of all these principles, but more particularly the two first. The frequent repetition of the lessons assumes in this system the importance of a principle. It is this which gives that facility to the pupils which has astonished every person who has been a witness of their efforts. The last principle we shall point out is the cultivation of the *attention* to the highest possible pitch. This flows out of the very nature of the exercises; they cannot be performed without some *attention*, nay, close attention, but for so short a time together that the mind applies it without pain; and the never-failing success which attends the exertion, forms in its turn a powerful attraction. The attention is moreover stimulated by many ingenious little methods which are employed in the carrying on of the different exercises, and which constantly keep the pupil on the alert.

It may be said, and with truth, that none of these principles are new; that they have all of them, more or less, been employed in other systems of education. But who before Jacotot has combined them into a whole? who has so rigorously exacted their just employment, and with so much sagacity invented a system in which they are all successfully employed in co-operating? There may be many masters who have produced good scholars, and who follow a more rational method in teaching Greek and Latin than is established in most of our Greek schools; but what are these solitary and isolated exertions, compared with the

benefits arising from the establishment of a system which, if it be, as we think, well founded, must save from absolute destruction so much of the life of man, or serve to anticipate, perhaps by ages, the general enlightenment of mankind. It is not Latin and Greek that Jacotot teaches; he does not dismiss his students with a certain familiarity with living or dead languages, and at the same time send them forth to the world, perhaps incapable of writing three lines of their vernacular tongue with freedom and correctness. He shows an example of bestowing a real education upon the mind through the medium of the native tongue; by which not only are the faculties highly disciplined, but all that a command of language can give obtained; correctness and ease of expression, fluency of speech, and elegance and copiousness of style. By the extension only of the same principles, the desired Latin and Greek are acquired in far less time than is ordinarily given to them, and the acquisition made with far more completeness. The system, however, would be unworthy of its name of "Universal," if its utility was not still more widely extended.

We will now take up the first and most instructive of Jacotot's own books on his system; it is that entitled *Langue Maternelle*. It is here that he enters most freely into the practical directions for carrying on instruction according to his plan. We have slightly sketched the method in which he recommends reading and writing to be taught. This takes him to the seventh lesson. Of the lessons after this we will put down a hasty abridgement, in order to give the reader an insight into the working of the principles which we have endeavoured to point out as the foundation of the system.

*First Exercise.*—The pupil gets off by rote a part of the first book of *Telemachus*, and continues till he has completed the first six books. Every day he repeats *all* that he has previously learned, until the length of it renders the repetition impossible; it is then gone over twice a week. This incessant repetition is a matter of vital importance. During the repetition, and from time to time, the pupil is asked to spell various words, which are always taken from the part he is repeating; if he spells incorrectly, he is made to compare his mode with the book. His attention is afterwards directed to the signification of the words; he is shown that some, such as *Calypso* and *Grotte*, are signs of things, others of actions or doings, as *n'osaient lui parler*—*Elle se trouvaît malheureuse*. In order to ascertain whether the pupil has thoroughly learnt the paragraph or book by heart, he must be able instantly on demand to continue any phrase the master commences. For example, the master begins *où Telemaque fut surpris de voir*—the pupil goes on—*avec une apparence de sim-*

*placite rustique*, &c. This exercise is absolutely necessary, and must be continued entirely through the book.

**Second Exercise.**—In order to be sure that the pupil's attention is alive, he is asked a variety of questions, such as,—“Why could not Calypso console herself?” “On account of the departure of Ulysses.” “Why did she walk alone?” “Because she was sad,” &c. &c.

The pupil now begins to define certain words—such as *printemps*; in such exercises it must always be exacted that the definitions are formed from a comparison of passages, and derived wholly from the model-book.

“Examiner—What is the meaning of the word *printemps*?”

“Pupil.—I observe the word *printemps* in the following passages : *Gazons fleuris, dont un printemps eternal*; &c.: p. 1. l. 1. *Tous les fruits que le printemps promet, et que l'automne repand sur la terre*, &c. (*Repos de Calyp.* l. 1.) *Il chantait les fleurs dont le printemps se couronne et la verdure qui naît sous ses pas.* (*Thermosiris*, b. iii) &c.: &c.”

“Well, says the Examiner, what reflections do these passages cause you to make. Ans.—I see that *printemps* (spring) is the season of the year in which the earth, after being benumbed by the cold of winter, re-produces its verdure and flowers.”

This process has the advantage of exciting the attention of the pupil, of exercising his memory and his judgment, of habituating him to reflection; it teaches him neither to speak nor compose without weighing the value of the ideas and phrases which he employs.

Another exercise of great utility is also employed with effect. The pupil is accustomed to *relate* all he retains of his reading in his own language. This he is taught to do rapidly, and without hesitation.

Numbers give facility to the practice of these instructions. In the first place, boys more readily commit a book to memory, when they hear the same thing continually repeated around them. Next, repetition is rendered more lively, as well as better carried on, when the examiner can suddenly stop a pupil, and fix upon some other to go on instantly, taking up the broken sentence. This practice ensures attention. In the exercise of *relating* also, a boy may be directed to narrate his reading on a large scale, and then in a more abridged form, until at length the last pupil may be desired to express in a word the bearings of the whole, as in sorrow, joy, anger, &c. No questions must be asked, the answer to which is not in the book.

**Third Exercise.**—As the pupil proceeds, the questions multiply: every word and phrase ought to be the subject of perpetual investigation, every new character is to be compared with former



ones, the same with the facts and the groups of facts. The master, by his continual solicitude, stimulates the pupil without ceasing, and forces him to instruct himself by reflecting on the facts of his book, by associating them, by combining them with each other, with others in other parts, by asking his reflections, by putting them to him again to examine if they are just; if they may not be considered unsound, &c. &c. Every remark, expression, or quotation of the pupil must be verified. He must not be permitted to use phrases, or to give meanings of phrases which he cannot justify.

That which Jacotot calls *imitation* is one of the most general methods of instruction. A subject is given to the pupil, or he chooses one himself: out of his book he selects an analogous subject, and in the words of his author sets to work to clothe the new topic with expression. As for example, the grief of Philoctetes may be described in pretty nearly the same words as the sorrow of Calypso for the departure of Ulysses. Such necessary changes as are to be made exercise the judgment of the pupil. All these changes, however, must be made from other parts of the book, and must be proved on its authority. The drawing of portraits and sketches of characters, after those found in the model-book, is another form of instruction. We wish we could enter into the details of this exercise; the space required, however, for that purpose compels us to refer to the publications: in particular, to a very pretty application of the first paragraph of Telemachus, where the grief of a daughter for the loss of her mother is described on the model of the sorrows of Calypso, in *Durietz's Traité Complet*, by a young pupil at the institution of Mme. Dumay, in Paris, p. 46. The *Fourth Exercise* is that of making reflexions on passages or phrases in Telemachus. This is something like theme-writing, with this difference, that a poor empty-headed boy has not to worry himself to death for ideas he does not possess. If for instance the reflexions are to be made on the subject of Telemachus's combat with the lion (b. ii.), courage being the topic, the memory of the pupil affords him a view of numerous phrases of valour which he has only to consider and arrange. The production is always *put to the question* by the tutor, and defended or verified by the pupil.

The *Fifth Exercise* is an examination of sentences from Fenelon himself, showing that he himself composes as the pupil is wished to compose: that is, with propriety of expression, where every word and phrase is necessary to the meaning, is required in its place, and may be justified by its use elsewhere. The *Sixth Exercise* is upon synonyms, and the slight differences between words of nearly similar signification: for instance, *augment-*

ter and *ajouter*. Authorities must be given in every instance. The *Seventh Exercise* is called by Jacotot—the making of *traductions*, or translation. It is similar to *imitation*, with this difference, that *imitation* means the describing one set of facts on the model of another: whereas *traduction* is generalizing the subject: for instance, on the model of the sorrows of Calypso, are *traduced* the “regrets of an ambitious man.” The examples must be sought in the books.

The *Eighth Exercise* consists in discovering proper subjects for *traduction*, for there must be an analogy between the facts chosen and the subject. For instance—*La douleur de Telemaque dans la tour*, may be *traduced* into, *L'ambitieux persécuté par la fortune*. We must enumerate the other exercises very briefly. The *Ninth* is upon synonymical expressions. The *Tenth*, on synonymical thoughts. The *Eleventh*, to change one thought into another. The *Twelfth* is upon developements of thoughts, or in another word, paraphrases. The *Fourteenth*, the selection of synonymical facts. The *Fifteenth*, portraits and parallels. The *Sixteenth*, the art of narrating events, and feigning imaginary letters. The *Seventeenth*, the detailing and expounding the relation that may be found between a sentence taken at random from any other author and the model-book. The *Eighteenth* is the art of *improvising*. The *Nineteenth*, synonymical specimens of composition, in which the author's manner in treating similar subjects is compared with himself. The *Twentieth*, and last of all, is *grammar*, the beginning of all other systems, and which, as is justly observed to the pupil of the method of Jacotot, is mere play. It is possible that some of these exercises may appear difficult to a young learner. Experience, however, has shown that this is an erroneous supposition. It will be perceived, even from a hasty and imperfect enumeration, that the due performance of these exercises depends simply upon memory and observation: repetition will secure a fruitful supply to the first, and the very process recommended secures the second. Nothing is demanded of the pupil in this system which he is not in a condition to perform; this is invariably secured beforehand.

The principles and method, which apply to the perfect mastery of the vernacular tongue, are equally applicable to the acquisition of Latin and Greek and other languages, as will be obvious on the slightest reflection. The medium of a translation into the native tongue of the student is alone necessary in addition. The original and the translation are studied together until the meaning of each word, or at least each phrase, is ascertained, and then the process of repetition and questioning commences. Jacotot does

not mention the plan of interlinear translations, but we see no reason why they should not be considered as useful auxiliaries.

It would require a space which we cannot at present command, to show the application of the method to all other species of instruction, more especially music and drawing; if, however, the reader will not take the trouble to work it out himself, which is not difficult, he may easily refer to the books. A similar reason induces us to withhold the extraordinary examples of proficiency in a short space of time in the various studies and accomplishments, on the part of numerous pupils of the different establishments conducted under this system, in France and the Netherlands, as we had fully designed. We must take it upon our own authority to state that surprising instances have come within our knowledge, and moreover refer to the many facts stated, and compositions given in M. Boutmy's Pamphlet, and in his Letter to the Duke de Levis on the progress of the system. The pamphlet, containing the letters of this nobleman to M. Jacotot and others on the system, will show an example of one of the acutest and ablest opponents of M. Jacotot's doctrine at length subsiding into the conviction of its merits, as at least greatly abridging the time devoted to scholastic instruction. We have said nothing on the main subject of the Duc de Levis' letters. M. Jacotot's dogma respects the equality of human intelligence; but though the founder has, with an eccentricity from which he is far from being divested, placed this in the very front of his system, and has even maintained it as a corner stone, we hold it to be utterly unconnected with, and uninfluential over it. It is, moreover, a question of great difficulty, and if solved at all, the result would most probably differ materially from the doctrine of the Jacototians.

ART. XII. — *De l'Empire Grec et du Jeune Napoléon.* 8vo. Paris: 1830.

We have placed the title of the above Pamphlet at the head of this article, not because we intend seriously to discuss the merits of the extraordinary proposition which it contains, of creating a Greek empire for the young Napoleon, but because it affords us an opportunity of adding some explanations and remarks to the article in our last Number on the subject of "the Greek Revolution and European Diplomacy." Indeed, we have never heard of the administrative talents of the young Napoleon, and can conceive no other reason why he should be proposed for the king of Greece, except that he is no longer as formerly king of Rome. If it were absolutely necessary to provide for him a classical empire some where or other, this reasoning might have its weight, but our

author does not attempt to prove such necessity; and this nominee of the Paris liberals, who from his situation and connections must likewise be the pupil of Prince Metternich, would be the very last person whom we would select to fill the newly-erected throne. During the progress of the French revolutionary armies in Italy, his father received a letter from the bey, or chief of Maina, (who had heard in his mountain recesses the cannon of Marengo,) asking assistance from the victorious general to break the Turkish yoke, and offering admission into his ports for French vessels. Bonaparte replied to "the chief of the free people of Maina" as to a descendant of the ancient Spartans, and professed a desire of cultivating the new alliance; but he never, so far as we have heard, carried this republican comedy further, and certainly never acquired over these "Spartans" any rights which he could transmit to his son. Even, however, though some obsolete claim of the kind might be set up in favour of young Napoleon, the magnificent imagination of his present advocate would reject it. The Greek Empire, which he dreams of constructing for the young prince, is not limited to the territory of the free, (or rather free-booter,) Laconians, or to the Morea, continental Greece, and the Greek islands, but embraces the whole of Turkey in Europe and all Asia Minor, giving him the throne of Constantinople, with the numerous western nations still subject to its sway. Such a project is not fitted for the present time. It comes twenty years too late or too early; and can only suit the era of a conqueror, who can make nations defile before him like disciplined battalions at a review—*incedunt victæ longo ordine gentes*.

In the article on the Greek Question in our last Number, we thought it our imperious duty to lay before the British and European public a connected view of the events of the Greek revolution, and of the diplomatic proceedings of the contracting parties to the treaty of London, in as great detail as our very confined limits would admit. In so doing we scrupulously adhered to the statement of facts of which we had official or authentic evidence, and carefully abstained from every extraneous remark which could offend the feelings or injure the character of those whose conduct came under our notice. Resolved to be strictly just and impartial, we allowed no consideration of country or of faction to bias our judgment, and detailed a course of negotiation (parts of which had hitherto remained generally unknown) without any reference to the result of our statement on those whose policy it described or disclosed.

The reward of our intrepid honesty has been more flattering to our pride, and more satisfactory to our cause—the cause of truth—than we could have anticipated. Every leading journal of Europe

—English, French, and German—has alluded to, or quoted our statements.\* A new and higher degree of interest has been attracted to the subject, by more intelligible reasoning and more correct information than the public had hitherto possessed; and we hope that it will be thought no presumption to add our belief, that our efforts have not even been without their influence on the result of the negotiations which are now so happily concluded, by having shown to ministers and statesmen that their movements were watched and their proceedings recorded, that they were amenable to public opinion for what was done at their private conferences, and that they could not dispose of the destinies of a celebrated people with closed doors, as a select vestry disposes of a parish job.

But, though essentially correct in all our statements, we find that from the necessary brevity and indistinct development of that part of our narrative which related to the naval and diplomatic proceedings of Admiral Codrington in execution of the treaty of the 6th of July, some unintentional mistakes have been committed, of which we are happy to avail ourselves of the gallant commander's own correction. As his name was necessarily mentioned in the article, connected with very arduous undertakings and delicate negotiations, we ordered our publishers to send him a copy of the Review, in consequence of which we received the following letter:—

“EATON SQUARE, 3d January, 1830.

“SIR,—In returning my best thanks for the *Foreign Quarterly Review* which you were good enough to send me, on account of its containing an article in which you justly concluded I should feel much interest,—it is due to myself, whilst avowing that the perusal of the article in question has given me very great satisfaction, that I should point out some errors relative to the share which I had in the measures referred to.

“It would appear by the terms in which you mention (p. 293) my receiving the instructions on the 10th August, 1827, that I had then power to act on them; whereas the fact is, that I was not empowered to carry those instructions into execution until the 7th September, when I received further instructions to that effect from Mr. Stratford Canning, whilst waiting for them off Hydra with the English squadron only.

“Further on, in the same page, you state that the Protocol of the 4th of September ‘warranted the allied fleet in stopping hostile coast expeditions from one port to another.’ The Protocol of the 4th of September did not give this power: the question only arose on the 13th of

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\* Such of the readers of this article as have perused the report of the debate in the House of Peers, on Friday the 12th inst., must have observed that Lord Holland drew the whole of his reasoning, and all the material statements of his speech, from our pages. We say this with no desire to detract from the merits of his very clever, dexterous and spirited address—but we think that he might have alluded to the source of his information.

September, when I mentioned to the government the deficiency of my instructions on this point; adding, that I was disposed to consider it in accordance with the Treaty of London that I should prevent all such hostile movements. That power was consequently given in the instructions from England of the 16th of October, 1827; but not being received by me until the 8th of November, at Malta, it was not until then that I received any official sanction of the responsibility I had taken upon myself, of forcibly driving Ibrahim and his fleet away from Patras. The Protocol of the 4th of September did, however, as you state, give us the power of guaranteeing the retirement of any part of the Ottoman force from Greece; and this also was in answer to a question put by me to Mr. S. Canning on the 11th of August, 1827.

"In page 295 you say,—'On receiving the latter instructions, the English and French admirals (previous to the arrival of the Russian squadron) sent notice to the Ottoman admiral in Navarin, that they had been ordered to prevent any hostile movement,' &c. I arrived off Navarin on the 11th of September, with the English squadron only. On the 19th of September I was led by certain indications in the Ottoman fleet, to address a letter to the officer commanding it, informing him of the treaty,—of my being directed to prevent any hostile movement against Greece,—and of my determination to enforce it to the utmost. Admiral de Rigny, with the French squadron, did not arrive until the 22d of September, when a joint letter, in French, repeating what I had before said, was again delivered to Ibrahim Pacha. Now, as I did not receive the Protocol of the 4th of September until the 23d of that month, you will see that step arose solely from the treaty and the first instructions of the 12th of July, 1827.

"At the bottom of the same page you should have added the Dartmouth frigate, and said *three*, instead of 'only two smaller vessels.'

"In page 297 the important fact is omitted, that before deciding to enter Navarin, a warning letter, signed by the three admirals was taken in by Colonel Cradock, but was brought back again unopened in consequence of Ibrahim's dragoman persisting in a declaration that nobody knew where he was to be found.

"As you mention in the same page, 'eluding the admirals,' it is right again to remark, that the power to act was not received by me until the 7th of September, when off Egina; and the Ottoman fleet reached Navarin on that same day.

"In page 303, it is stated that the Treaty of Alexandria was found to be 'a piece of useless paper.' It was by no means useless. Ibrahim and his army evacuated the Morea peaceably, without a battle, under that treaty, and at the expense of the Pasha of Egypt. The march of the French army was actually stopped, in consequence of Ibrahim's declaring that he would not fulfil the provisions of that treaty if they advanced. The *fortresses only* capitulated to the French army; and they were not even summoned until Ibrahim had sailed for Egypt, and thus left the troops at liberty to act. On this point I would refer you to Marshal Maison's despatch from Navarin, of the 11th of October, 1828. And although there are some minor points which it might otherwise have

been satisfactory to me to have touched upon, I will no longer occupy your time by dwelling upon matter which merely concerns myself personally. In conclusion, therefore, I will only again assure you of the great gratification I have had in the perusal of the article to which you have called my attention. I remain, Sir,

Your very obedient servant,  
EDW. CODRINGTON."

"To the Editor of the Foreign Quarterly Review."

We have inserted the above communication with the utmost pleasure, and shall leave the gallant admiral in uncontested possession of all the benefit which he can derive from it. As our narrative of his important proceedings, and our estimate of his professional conduct, were written in no spirit of hostility to his merits or his fame, we shall be glad if his own explanations can do him more justice than we have been able to do him, though they cannot do him more than we wished and intended. We shall even go farther, and though subject to his animadversions on our own errors, shall relieve him, on the best authority, from a calumnious insinuation in the November number of the *Quarterly Review*, that in fighting the battle of Navarin he was the dupe of Admiral Heyden, who even drew up the plan of the attack.\* The fact adduced in support of this statement, as well as the malignity with which it is tinged, sufficiently indicates the source whence it proceeds. The infliction of an injury must be often justified by the invention or propagation of a falsehood, and because the gallant admiral has hitherto been denied the reward of his gallant exploits at a certain board, he must therefore be made to suffer the additional penalty of defamation also. The reason why the *plan* of the battle was drawn on a *French* chart of the bay of Navarin, was—not that the Russian or the French admiral sketched the *plan*, but simply, because the British admiral found that the chart with which Admiral de Rigny was provided was a more accurate and complete one than that which he himself possessed.

Having thus found an opportunity of giving the only explanation which our duty called upon us to make respecting the conduct of our squadron at a most interesting period, we might here stop;—but to those who have already paid attention to the subject, probably a few further observations on the events which have occurred since the publication of our last article, may neither appear displaced nor unwelcome.

The treaty of Adrianople, as we formerly mentioned, was the

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\* "That impolitic attack, to give it no harsher name, on the Turkish fleet in Navarin, planned, as it would now seem, by a Russian admiral, and for Russian objects," &c.—*Quarterly Review*, No. 82, p. 401.

first act that decided the fate and the freedom of Greece. No negotiations succeed, or ever have succeeded, with the Turks, except those which are the consequences of a defeat, and as the triumph of Navarin (which, if properly followed up, would have liberated Greece two years ago) was pronounced an "untoward event" by the conquerors, it was necessary that the Russians, by an unequivocal and unrepented success, should be able to negotiate with the flaming image of victory placed in the hall of conference. The sultan *capitulated* for the evacuation of Greece, as he did for the demolition of the fortresses on the Danube, but he would not *treat* for either except at the point of the sword. This result had so completely falsified the calculations and defeated the hopes of those who relied upon the reasonableness of the Porte and the powers of diplomacy; it appeared such bitter irony on all previous attempts to obtain concessions by the eloquence of embassies, the child's-play exchanges of trinkets and shawls, or the mummerly of court ceremonies and introductions, that the tenth article of the treaty which declared the consent of the Turkish government to the stipulations of the treaty of London, was almost as offensive to two of the contracting parties to that treaty as the seventh, which made "our ancient ally" a mere vassal of the Czar. These two immediately represented to the master of the armed negotiator at Adrianople that the execution of the treaty of London was not the separate affair of Russia alone, but was to be a joint concern of the three allies; and after some diplomatic pouting at the arrogance of the autocrat, it was agreed that the conferences on this point should be transferred to London, and that the Sublime Porte should *not*, in terms of the article referred to, be authorized or required to appoint plenipotentiaries for its settlement.

I. The obstinacy of the Sultan in lending a deaf ear to the diplomatic instances of the English and French cabinets even at the eleventh hour of his fate, and in exposing their simplicity to the ridicule of Europe, had not only released them from all obligation to consult his wishes, but had produced against him in their minds a sort of irritation, which disposed them to go farther than they at first intended, or than they were likely to have been led by any regard to the principles of an enlightened policy. Till that time the absolute independence of the new Greek state had scarcely entered into the range of their calculations, though pressed upon them by every respectable publication in Europe, and by every regard to the stability of their own work, or the credit of their own interference. They seemed even to view the word *independence* with the same horror which is expressed against it by the author of a history of the independent faction who overturned the church



and the monarchy of England in the time of the Stuarts; and who, to a question, *quid sit independentia?* thus answers, "*est genus generalissimum omnium errorum, heresium, blasphemiarum et schismatum.*" This error, heresy, blasphemy and schism against the faith of Mussulman supremacy over a Christian state, was declared in the Protocol of the 2d of March,—the last allied resolution submitted to the sultan,—which enacted the continuance of tribute-money and feudal *suzeraineté*, converting the government of Greece into a new and modified species of hospodarship.

But when the Sultan had refused these favourable terms, when the "sect of the independents" had been strengthened by public discussion, and when a Russian general had given a throne to dispose of, the ideas of our diplomatists underwent a change. The new French premier, who had been so complaisant to the English Government while ambassador in London, feeling now, when at the head of French affairs, the responsibility imposed upon him by the co-operation of his predecessors with Russia in Greek affairs—seeing that the French nation would require at his hands an explanation of what had been the fruits of the French expedition to the Morea—whether great expenses had been incurred in a military armament, and considerable subsidies expended on a provisional Greek Government, that a Hospodarship might be ultimately established at Athens, when it had been abolished in the provinces beyond the Danube;—the new French premier, we say, observing the new turn of affairs, and apprehending a day of reckoning, agreed at once with the English Cabinet to adopt the long-resisted heresy of Greek independence. Accordingly the Duke de Laval-Montmorency, coming from the Court of Vienna to London, brought with him positive instructions to treat only on that basis. As the English Government had come to the same conclusion, and the Porte was not consulted, this point, of course, encountered no resistance. Indeed, had there been any other termination to the affair, we might with justice have suspected that the high contracting parties who engaged in this modern crusade had, like the swarm of Peter the Hermit, adopted as their leaders a goose and a goat.\*

II. The subject of the boundaries to be allotted to the new state encountered greater difficulties. The protocol of April 22 had determined its limits on the North by a line drawn across the mountains, from the Gulf of Volo to that of Arta or Ambracia. This limitation, besides being only provisional, and therefore subject to future revision, proceeded on the supposition that the Turkish tribute and feudal superiority were to make parts of

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\* See Gibbon.

the final arrangement. As the latter had been abolished, the Porte claimed a compensation for the loss in a slice from the larger boundary. After a good deal of discussion at the conferences, with maps, charts, plans, and compasses before them—after examining the course of this mountain and that river—after reading the reports of the ambassadors who inquired into the matter at Poros—after trying to ascertain how many Turkish souls inhabited this town or that village, and how many Greek robbers or shepherds were posted in this valley or that mountain fastness,—the arbiters of the Greek destinies—the political geometers or land surveyors of the Greek state, decided that the limits of the new sovereignty should be restricted, and that it was entitled to have no portion of Thessaly or Acarnania. Instead, therefore, of passing across the mountains between the Gulfs of Volo and Arta, the new line of demarcation is to commence on the North-East, at the Gulf of Zeitun, and to proceed North-West till it reaches the Vrachori, on the course of the Achelous or Aspropotamos, and to follow the vale of that river till it falls into the sea North of the Gulf of Patras, near Cape Skrophia, to the West of Missolonghi. It thus leaves in possession of the Turks the province of Acarnania, a great district of level and fertile land on the West—the town of Vonizza and an extensive tract of level territory opposite Santa Maura or Leucadia, Ithaca, and Cephalonia.\*

When we first heard of the intended restriction, we suspected that the island of Negropont, or Eubœa, was to be the sacrifice offered for the independence of the rest of Greece. In a memorial presented by Prince Polignac to the conferences at London on this subject, his Excellency stated, as reasons why it should remain in possession of its Turkish masters, “that though it had risen in 1821, the insurrection had been entirely extinguished in 1824; that the whole island now obeys the sway of the Sultan, and that its Turkish population bears a greater proportion to its Greek than is to be found on the Continent, the Ottomans being in Eubœa as one to six, and in Roumelia as only one to ten.” This no doubt is an argument of considerable force, while the allies profess to make no conquest for their Greek friends, and only to guarantee the conquests which they themselves have made—but on the other hand, if their interference is to be of any value, it should enable them to obtain a boundary by which the Greeks may be able to protect themselves. Now the possession of the island in question is indispensable to the security of Greece.

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\* For a description of the district thus left out of the Greek state between the Ambracian Gulf and the mouth of the Aspropotamos, see Strabo, book x. chap. 2.

Without it the coasts of Attica and Boeotia could have no line of defence, as the communications between the different sides of the Euripus are so easy, that the possessors of the one coast would be perpetually liable to annoyance from the masters of the other. Oriental Greece (or the eastern coasts of Attica and Boeotia) would thus see its navigation interrupted, and its direct intercourse with the islands and the other parts of the Continent by sea entirely cut off.\* It might appear pedantic to refer to ancient authority on such a plain subject, were it not desirable to show that the necessity has always been felt of preserving the possession of these two coasts in the hands of the same people. The classical reader will find the fact acknowledged in the third oration of Demosthenes against Philip, where the dangerous encroachments of that conqueror on Greek independence are measured by his subjugation of Eubœa, αἱ δ' ἐν Εὐβοίᾳ πόλεις, ἐκ ἧδη τυραννύται, καὶ ταῦτα ἐν νήσῳ πλησίον Θηβῶν καὶ Ἀθηνῶν. The Turks were so sensible of the necessity of a common rule for the island of Negropont and the opposite continental districts, that they joined them under the same Pashalic. Though, therefore, we have not yet heard of the evacuation of Eubœa, we have now no doubt that the infidels must soon leave that island to the new state. The Greek territory thus rescued from Oriental despotism, though curtailed of districts with which its security required its union—though no longer possessed of any portion of Thessaly on the east, and though on the west it ceases to behold the Achelous winding his course to the sea through a fertile valley, exclusively its own—though, as of old, after his fabled defeat by Alcides, this river divinity is stript of one of his horns, and obliged to hide his mutilated front from the barbarians on his banks†—though thus, we say, a needless and impolitic concession has been made to the Grand Sultan for his obstinate resistance to the question of Greek independence—still we feel happy that, in the first instance, so much has been gained—that the almost sacred ground of Thermopylæ and the tomb of Leonidas—that Athens and the Parthenon—the ruins of Missolonghi and the grave of Mark Botzaris—

\* Pliny thus accurately describes the position of Eubœa and its relation to Eastern Greece:—"Eubœa et ipsa avulsa Boeotiae, tam modico interfuerente Euripo ut ponte jungatur, a meridie promontoriis duobus, Geresto ad Atticam vergente et ad Hellespontum Caphareo insignis, a septentrione Cœneo nusquam latitudinem ultra 40 millia passuum extendit, nusquam intra 20 millia contrahit: sed in longitudinem universæ Boeotiae, ab Attica Thessaliam usque prætenta in 110 millia passuum circiter vero trecenta sexaginta quinque."

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Vultus Achelous agrestes

Et lacrum cornu: medius caput abdidit undis.

See the combat beautifully described in the beginning of the ninth book of the Metamorphoses.

the most glorious monuments of modern Greek valour and patriotism—are still to be included in Greece.

Till very lately we were threatened with a different result. Till the Russians passed the Balkan, some of the parties to the Treaty of London would have been satisfied with the liberation of the Morea; and, had the calumniated President of Greece consented to recall the national forces last summer within the isthmus of Corinth, at the command of our Consul-General, they probably never would have again passed it, except to engage in new combats with their old masters. The new commonwealth would thus have been inadequate in extent, and unfitted by natural frontier, for any purpose of security, of defence, or of national improvement. A great body of the most active part of the race would have been torn from their homes,—hunted within the Morea like wild beasts,—or driven to the mountains to continue their predatory warfare on their everlasting oppressors. The allies would thus have seen as the fruits of all their interference and remonstrances—of all their threats and demonstrations—of their expeditions to the Morea and their missions to the Porte—of the battle of Navarin and the treaty of Alexandria, the assassination or expulsion of two hundred thousand of the helpless and unarmed countrymen of Pericles and Epaminondas, by the supporters of twenty thousand armed barbarians. A Greek state would have been formed without Athens, the “eye of Greece,” for more than half a century the head of Greece, and not only of Greece, but of civilized mankind—the only city of Greece, where eloquence was studied—the seat of arts and letters—the *omnium doctrinarum inventricis Athenæ*—the birth-place of those philosophers, orators, and artists, whose taste has refined and whose genius has delighted the world. Had such an offence against public opinion and classical recollections been perpetrated,—had it been decided by the allies that Athens was no longer to be considered in Greece—that Greece itself was to be omitted in the formation of a Greek state, we could only have exclaimed, with bitter regret and overwhelming shame, in the language of one of the earlier travellers, who visited it on the revival of learning: “*Fuit quondam Græcia: fuerunt Athenæ; nunc neque in Græcia Athenæ, neque in ipsa Græcia, Græcia est.*”

But the classic land,—now, and we trust for ever, rescued from the barbarism of the Turks,—though more limited than we could have wished, is sufficient to compose a respectable state, and comprises nearly all the territory which properly could be called Greece. No doubt has for a long time existed respecting the final liberation of the Peloponnesus, with its five celebrated provinces, Argolis, Elis, Arcadia, Sparta, Messenia. On the com-

tion north of the Isthmus, the new state can boast of Attica, Boeotia, Phocis, Locris, and a great part of Ætolia. To the east it has the long island of Eubœa, divided from Eastern Greece by a narrow strait, and covering the whole of its coast from Cape Sunium to the confines of Thessaly. In looking towards the south-east, at no great distance from its shores, we find likewise guaranteed to the Greek commonwealth, the celebrated cluster of the Cyclades,

“ Which like to rich and various gems inlay  
The unadorned bosom of the deep”—

and to which the new government, like their ancient-fabled Protector, will “give leave,” without any fear of a plundering visit from the capitan pasha—

————— “ to wear their sapphire crowns  
And wield their little tridents.”\*

This limitation of the Greek state excludes the great island of Candia, or Crete, together with the important and celebrated islands on the coast of Asia Minor, of Chios, Samos, and Rhodes. On the policy or impolicy of this arrangement we shall not at present enlarge. We may only remark by the way, that where the population is chiefly Greek, and where the insurrection had taken such deep root as only to be extirpated after years of struggle, or suppressed by a repetition of massacres, it would seem to us that the same powers which liberated continental Greece might have interposed to save the Greeks of the islands, without any extension of the principle of interference, or any hazard of additional warfare. In respect to the island of Candia, we fully agree with those who have argued for the policy and expediency of annexing it to the new Greek state. It is not more than sixty English miles from the south-eastern promontory of the Morea, nor so much as fifty from the island of Cythera, on the coast of that Peninsula. Its chief population is Greek. It was the last possession added, in those seas, to the barbarous empire of the Porte. In the hands of an enemy to the Greek commonwealth, it would furnish, both from its proximity and resources, abundant means of annoyance and even of danger. It is now in a state of insurrection, and being thus for many years lost to the Turkish empire for all purposes of revenue, while it is useless for every object of strength or defence, its final separation could not be severely felt, amid the humiliations to which “our ancient ally” has recently been subjected. Nor are its attempts to shake off the Turk of a recent date,† or owing to foreign excitement, as has been ignorantly pretended. The insurrection began in

\* *Comus.*

† See *Histoire de la Revolution Grecque*, par Alexandre Soutzo.

Candia in the spring of 1821, not many weeks after it had broken out in Continental Greece, and some of the most brilliant displays of patriotic valour were exhibited by its Greek inhabitants to recover from the barbarians the kingdom of Minos. The insurrection was subsequently repressed, but was never completely subdued. It required only the sight of a Greek flag, or the landing of a few Greeks on the coast, to recommence with double violence. It is no doubt true that some of the subsidies granted by France and Russia have been employed to kindle opposition or to maintain resistance in Candia; but this fact, so far from proving that the insurgents ought now to be abandoned to their fate, furnishes us an additional reason why they should obtain their final independence, along with their countrymen of the Continent. Is the money of the allies to be employed in provoking the Greeks to rebellion, in order that the Porte may find a justification for the exercise of vengeance? It is no answer to this reasoning to say that the insurrection has not triumphed in Candia, and that the allies are not bound by their London league to make conquests for the Greeks, or to expel their Turkish masters by arms. What have they done in the Morea? What must they do at Athens, and in Negropont, before their work is completed? Was not the French expedition something more than an effort of peaceful mediation, and cannot the same influence which frees Eubœa liberate Candia? But after all, we must allow that the necessity of joining this island to the new commonwealth is not so urgent as with respect to Negropont, while the loss would be more severely felt by the Turks, and the compensation to be given by the Greeks for Turkish property would be more difficult and oppressive.

It would be of considerable interest to ascertain exactly the amount of population in the liberated provinces, in order to estimate the extent of their resources, their capabilities of defence, and their prospects of improvement. That amount has been variously stated by persons pretending to information on the subject, but would seem in general to have been very much exaggerated. It does not on a large calculation reach nearly a million. That of the Peloponnesus has been computed, by different authors, at 248,000,\* at 400,000,† at 600,000,‡ and at 710,000.§ Soutzo, the historian of the Greek revolution, makes the population of the Morea in 1821 amount to 460,000, divided into twenty-four cantons, and spread over 965 villages; the Turkish population being about 50,000. North of the isthmus

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\* Pouqueville.

‡ Mr. Homplercys, and some other English travellers.

† Raybaud.

§ M. Hussel.

of Corinth, the Greek population of the provinces which took part in the revolt has been computed variously, at 400,000, at 200,000, and at 180,000. The last is the estimate of Count Guilleminot, the French ambassador at the Porte, communicated in a memorial on the limits of Greece, submitted to the allied courts, and formed of course after a considerable extent of inquiry, and on several sets of data. The number of inhabitants in the Cyclades, and all the islands which declared for independence, with the exception of Candia, never exceeded 200,000. Probably the most correct estimate of the population proposed to be included in the new Greek republic, with the boundary of Arta and Volo, would not exceed 700,000 or 800,000.\* The Morea, which has borne the principal brunt of the struggle, was divided into about twenty cantons, containing more than a thousand villages. The islands of Hydra, Spezzia, and Ipsara, which supplied the greater part of the naval force of Greece, had not at the commencement of the struggle, fifty thousand inhabitants. Such an amount of population, however, though it may fall short of the exaggerated statements in circulation at different periods of the contest, must be allowed to afford no inconsiderable basis for a great structure of prosperity, fame, and dominion, when we reflect on the impression created in the world by Genoa, Venice, and Florence, in modern times, and by Athens herself, with her thirty or forty thousand citizens, at the period of her greatest glory. But be this as it may, and however high the future destinies of this once celebrated people may rise, their present extent of territory does not exceed that of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland; their amount of population does not reach that of the West Riding of Yorkshire; the whole trade of their nation is exceeded by that of Hull; and the whole revenue levied on their present exhausted resources does not equal the taxes paid by a couple of London porter brewers.

III. After the allied courts had decided on the limits of the Greek state, and declared its independence of the Turks, their next subject of deliberation was the nature of its government and the selection of its sovereign. In their former protocols they had laid down two important resolutions on this subject—that the government should be as near a monarchy as possible, and that the sovereignty should be hereditary in the family of a Christian prince, unconnected by blood with the reigning houses of the

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\* Col. Stanhope says, in a letter dated from Missolonghi, Jan. 3, 1824, "Mavrocordato lately informed me that the poll-tax of one piastre had been levied last year. From it the government had ascertained that the whole population now under their control, including the islands, amounted to about two millions of souls." How guile the crafty Greek must have supposed the blunt English soldier to be!

contracting parties. This latter "self-denying ordinance" saved them from many suspicions of partiality, and annihilated the separate interests which might have led to misunderstandings. A conclave of ministers possessed the disposal of a crown, and had to set about king-making. Different candidates crossed their hall of conference, and disappeared like the enchanted procession of Macbeth. Prince Paul, the brother of the King of Wirtemberg, and a prince of the family of Baden, both of them connected by blood or by affinity with the Emperor of Russia, thought themselves fit for reigning over the Greeks, and preferred their claims. But the imperial elector, to save himself the trouble of deciding between such conflicting interests or pretensions, surrendered his white ball into the hands of one of his allies. Having conquered and dismantled an empire, his imperial majesty could afford to abandon his stake in the disposal of a little fragment cut out of its ruins. It was enough for his vanity—perhaps for his glory—that one of his generals had been able to create a kingdom in one of the minor articles of a treaty of peace—that he had been able to reverse, by a stroke of his pen, the political slavery of four centuries—and that he could thus toss a crown among the bystanders to celebrate his triumph, like medals at a coronation. The proxy of Russia was therefore given to France, which, from her active co-operation in all the measures for the liberation of Greece—from her advances of money to support the provisional government, and particularly from her expedition to the Morea, had merited that mark of confidence. The power which the government of France thus obtained, was, we think, wisely, as well as impartially and generously exercised in favour of Prince Leopold of Saxe-Cobourg, to whom England lent her support.

It would be out of place here to enter into a narrative of the transactions that preceded and followed this nomination,—to detail the various obstacles which were encountered in the course of the negotiation, and the manner in which they were encountered and overcome,—to describe the jealousies of one party, the offended pride of another, and the timid hesitations of a third—in short, to produce a budget of political gossip on a merely personal subject, where no essential principle was involved, and no permanent interest was endangered. Suffice it to say, that after a difficult and delicate series of diplomatic proceedings, conducted on the part of the English government with great dexterity and ability, and displaying on the part of her allies much generosity and disinterestedness, a choice has been made of a sovereign for Greece in the person of Prince Leopold, which meets the wishes of her best friends—which dissipates many of our anxious fears respecting her future destinies—and atones for all our own past



errors in relation to her affairs. We are led to express this unqualified approbation of the new arrangement, and our gratitude to its authors, not because we expect that England will derive any peculiar advantages in power—in trade—or security, by having an English “pensioner” (as he has been called) on the throne of Greece—or because, under his reign, our allies will lose any of their relative influence; not because Malta or the Ionian Islands are insufficient for maintaining our preponderance in the Mediterranean, or because we dreaded the neighbourhood of a rival in these seas, if a nominee of Russia or France had been preferred—not, in short, because we hope to remove any real danger, or to promote any selfish interest by the appointment—because we expect that we can obtain a more favourable commercial treaty, that our merchants and sailors will enjoy greater privileges in the ports of Greece, or our travellers and antiquarians command more facilities in exploring its antiquities—on none of these grounds, we repeat, do we rejoice in this arrangement; but we do so, because we think it affords the best chance for the regeneration, moral instruction and good government of Greece itself; because it will remove the popular jealousies which would, (perhaps,) however unjustly, have existed in John Bull against the new state, had it been subjected even to an enlightened prince of French or Russian connection; because it will promote, for the advantage of the Greeks, a greater intercourse between them and their improving countrymen, under our protection, in the Ionian Islands; because it will attract English capital and enterprise to cultivate their wasted fields, and to revive their ruined trade; because, in fine, it will ensure a more direct and unreserved communication between them and the most enlightened nation of the world; a more steady interchange of the benefits of knowledge—of wealth—of the arts—of moral elevation and political improvement. Count Capo d'Istrias laid his countrymen of the Ionian Islands under an everlasting obligation when he exerted himself to obtain their transfer to England instead of Austria—not because an Austrian governor would perhaps have been more absolute than the late Lord High Protector, commonly called “King Tom,” but because the Austrian government would not have permitted Lord Guildford to establish an university at Corfu, or have encouraged that intercourse of opinion and action with an enlightened people, which must have its influence on every local administration with which it is established. A similar benefit may be expected for Greece under a prince so allied to English feeling and so imbued with English principles, even on the supposition of his most perfect freedom from English controul, and his unreserved devotion to the interests of his new country,

But questions have been started respecting the determination of a form of government, and the appointment of a sovereign for the new state, which deserve an anxious consideration and a solemn solution. The allies, it may be said, had a right to declare the independence of Greece, because the Greeks solicited their aid to free them from their chains. They had a right to fix the limits of the new state, because, having interfered to procure the consent of its late tyrant to the liberation of a portion of his territory, conquests or usurpations, they were entitled to stop in the demand of concession within whatever reasonable limits they chose. But the Greeks never commissioned a conclave of ministers in London to model their institutions, or to select their ruler; they never empowered them to exchange a Mussulman for a feudal system, or to hand over their government from Sultan Mahmoud to Prince Leopold of Saxe-Cobourg. If studious endeavours were at first made to disclaim all interference during the contest, why, it is asked, attempt this most direct and violent interference at its close? Why are not the Greek people consulted as to the prince whom they would choose to obey, and in respect to the institutions under which they desire to live? They have had some of the passing forms of independent sovereignty for nine years—they have met in four national congresses to settle their institutions—they have enjoyed for two years the benefit of a government which the allies themselves have acknowledged, by the mission of accredited agents to correspond with its president. They cannot, therefore, be considered a national mob—an insurgent anarchy—a rebellious chaos, incapable of listening to any proposal of deliberation, or uniting in any expression of consent. In a letter addressed by Prince Polignac to the chief of the Greek government, on the 7th of last October—after the settlement of Greek independence by the success of the Russians—the prince thus expresses himself to his excellency.

“His Most Christian Majesty hopes that the Greek government, henceforward free from any external fear, will be able to maintain itself with the resources which the country possesses, and which will receive from the establishment of peace, all the developments of which they are susceptible. This happy result *will be due in a great part to the ability and prudence of your administration*, and will add to the high esteem which the king for a long time professed towards your character and your talents.”

Here is an evidence that the Greek people might with safety be consulted, because it affords a proof that they enjoy a political organization.

That the Provisional President of Greece expected, in the name of the Greek people, to be consulted on their future destiny,

is evident from the whole tenor of his conduct for the last nine months. In August last, the fourth National Assembly, which met at Argos, among other important matters with which it was occupied, gave great attention to the foreign relations of the country, and empowered the Provisional President to treat with the allies on any definitive settlement of the Greek commonwealth.\* In an address which it presented to the President, the Congress thus expresses its confidence in the present chief of the state, and directs him to consult with the allies in the decision of their destinies.

"The Greek insurrection, the fruit of four centuries of despair, must necessarily have borne in its origin the impress of the violence and disorder which provoked it. But in the midst of the dangers which threatened her existence, Greece never ceased her efforts to give herself a government and laws suited to a Christian nation, demanding freedom, and desirous of tranquillity. She endeavoured from the commencement to establish order in the interior, because she knew that it would not only secure the means of defence against her enemies, but conciliate the good will and solicitude of the sovereigns of Europe. She could not attain her object so long as she wanted a guide of prudent mind, and a stranger to parties. Hoping for the attainment of this order, so long desired, Greece *spontaneously and unanimously* invited your excellency to steer the vessel of the state, agitated by the tempests."

The same address afterwards says—

"Greece did not obtain her wishes till she entrusted you with the reins of government. It was you whom the nation voluntarily called—it was you whom she proclaimed her President and guide, to watch over her interests—and it is you whom she invites to acquit her debt of gratitude to the allied sovereigns, the admirals, the French army, and all the generous friends of Greece."

At the conclusion of the same National Assembly, one of the

\* The following is the Decree in question:—

"The Fourth National Assembly of the Greeks decrees—

"1. The principles which his Excellency the President has followed in the just appreciation of the Allied Courts, in his Manifesto of the 23d of May, and his Note of the 5th of June, are approved in the fullest extent.

"2. Full power is given to his Excellency the President, J. A. Capo d'Istria, to take part in the negotiations to which the Allied Courts may invite him, to agree on the conditions of the execution of the Treaty of London: in this he shall abide by the principles laid down in Article I., and not on the bases which the National Assembly at Epidaurus agreed to, and according to which the instructions of the 26th of April, 1826, are drawn up.

"3. The conditions which may be agreed upon shall not be binding upon the nation till they are acknowledged and confirmed by its National Representatives.

"Argos, August 3, 1829.

"(Signed)—The President, Giorgi Sessini.—The Vice-President, J. Mauromati.—The Secretaries, Jucovaki Rizo, N. Chryngelo."—(Here follow the signatures of other members of the National Assembly.)

secretaries, affecting inspiration, exclaimed; addressing himself to the President—

"Greece! raise thine eyes. See thy children of all parties united. See in thy bosom the object of thy prayers—thy beloved son—him in whose person thou didst seek thy safety at the Congress of Trezene; when reduced to extremities thou didst fix thine eyes upon him."

That the official head of the Greek people has not been consulted, and that no appeal has been made to the Greek nation on the choice of their ruler, is evident from the speech delivered at Napoli de Romania, on the 8th of November, to the Senate, in which the President says to that body:

"Besides the intricate concerns of the internal government, which will be submitted to your deliberations, we do not doubt that the matters already subjected to discussion, and which have influence on the happiness of Greece, will be equally the subject of your attention, and of your unremitted care.

*"The allied powers have not as yet communicated any thing on these latter points to the Greek Government."*

"We, however, hope that our expectations will soon be realized, and that we shall soon be enabled to inform you that, thanks to the protection of our honoured benefactors, and under the shield of the rights of nations, Greece will be able honourably to reap the fruits of her long and cruel sacrifices.

"But the more the nation may desire and hope for that good fortune, it is the more necessary first to prove to the world, by the progress of its national regeneration, and by the establishment of internal order, that it is worthy of happiness."

Two facts must, therefore, be admitted from these quotations:—that the Greek people expected to be consulted on the arrangements for the final pacification of their country; and that the allies have settled these matters without any reference to the expressed opinions of those whom they most affect.

In almost any ordinary case we are ready to admit that such interference in the affairs of a people might be an indication of great oppression, and exposed to the charge of great injustice. But such an imputation will be removed in the case of the Greeks, when we consider the tyranny from which they have been rescued, the favours which they owe to their protectors, and the further benefits proposed to be conferred upon them. It is plain, from a very superficial view of their situation in the beginning of 1827, that but for the interposition of the allies, and the conclusion of the treaty of London, they must have been very soon overpowered. Ibrahim Pacha held almost undisputed possession of the Peloponnesus—Missolonghi had fallen long before. Western Greece had thus been re-subjugated, and Eastern Greece was

again in the power of the Pachas. There were scarcely any troops on foot—there was only the shadow of a government—and many of the selfish chiefs were prepared for submission.

In 1825 a proposal had been made by the existing Government of Greece to place it under British protection; and subsequently the belief was general, that nothing but foreign protection could save it from Mussulman conquest. In such a state of things, and, in yielding to such appeals, the allies acquired a right of interfering in the affairs of Greece, which they could not have acquired in any common circumstances of national alliance. As they have kept their squadrons in the Mediterranean for years to secure the pacification of Greece, as they have fought battles, and equipped expeditions for the same object, they are entitled to provide permanently for the accomplishment of their object, by giving Greece a stable government. The enemies of their policy may object to their conduct, that they treat the Greeks like a flock of sheep; but if the comparison be at all admitted, it ought to be followed up by saying, that, if they are a flock, they have been rescued from the wolf, to be put under the care of the shepherd.

Such a course of argument would, however, only establish the abstract right of interference in certain specified cases, without justifying its exercise in all; and it may be contended that, as the provisional government of Greece had been for sometime conducted with discretion by a man of ability and administrative experience, it was unwise to disturb present arrangements, or to hazard prospective disorders, by a change of rulers. And if all the assistance required by the Greeks for the full establishment of internal order and external security had been already given—if no farther confidence was needed from the allies—if they could all repose the same trust in Capo d'Istrias as they will do in a sovereign prince of their own choice—we should still think the former the best person for ruling Greece, and would object to any interference with existing authorities. But it seems quite evident that the contrary of all this is more consistent with fact. It is admitted, that, in order to accomplish the pacification of Greece, farther aid will be requisite; and it must consequently be allowed, that the presence of the Provisional President (Capo d'Istrias), as paramount governor of the country, would have the effect (whether from prejudice or any other cause we shall not stop to inquire,) of disuniting the allies, of preventing the concerted consummation of their work, and perhaps of occasioning a degree of anarchy and confusion among the Greeks, more injurious to their own happiness, and more alarming to the interests of civilized nations in the Mediterranean, than the condition of things which called for the allied interference. Though, therefore, we think that Capo

d'Istria has done much for his country—though we believe that, from his administrative experience, his enlightened views, his conformity with the religion, and his acquaintance with the language, genius, habits, and capabilities of his countrymen, he would, on the establishment of an independent republic able to maintain itself without foreign aid, have made a better chief magistrate for Greece than any foreign Prince who is a stranger to the faith and feelings of his new subjects;—we yet anticipate great benefits, and no material inconvenience, from the proposed change. Should the Count, from national antipathy, endeavour to obstruct the new arrangement, or from ill-timed ambition, try to maintain himself in his present dignity, we shall have a less favourable opinion both of his patriotism and his prudence, than we have hitherto entertained, and have already expressed. But we apprehend no such result. His Excellency has lived too long under the sway of the Autocrat of all the Russias, to think of disputing his authority, or of placing the rights acquired by popular choice and general acquiescence, above the dictates of supreme power. He must know well the maxim, that the powerful cannot be in the wrong,—

“ *La raison du plus fort est toujours la meilleure* ;”

and therefore we lend no credit to the rumours which are propagated of his ambitious intrigues.

“ But” (exclaim the French liberals,) “ why have a foreign prince or president at all?—why should not all foreign influence be withdrawn, and the Greeks be allowed to form a republic, with central authority like ancient Rome, or a federal union of small republics, like modern Switzerland?” Nothing could be more senseless than such a proposition for Greece in her present state. As in a republic the direction of affairs belongs to the mass, the mass must be instructed before it can direct them aright. Those therefore who recommend the establishment of republican institutions in Greece, are totally unacquainted with the ignorance, degradation, and demoralization of the people. By attempting to form a federal union on the plan of Switzerland, they would merely exchange Mussulman oppression for a hopeless anarchy, or a barbarous oligarchy of bandits and outlaws. Every petty chief, who formerly lived by plunder in his mountain-fastness, surrounded with clan or band, would set up for himself, and live in perpetual warfare with his neighbours. The primates—or *Codgia-bachis* of the Morea,—the most corrupt and tyrannical set of men in Greece,\* having power in their hands, would rule the

\* We speak advisedly and upon the almost unanimous consent of numerous travellers, when we thus describe the primates and capitani. Sir W. Gell, probably no great

towns and villages for their own selfish objects. Any thing like the establishment of a general government, with authority sufficient to direct the energies or repress the hostilities of these parties, to protect the peace or improve the institutions of the land, would be out of the question. The Maniots, under a chief whose sway is acknowledged by a hundred inferior leaders, would descend from their sterile haunts, on the sides or among the recesses of Mount Taygetus, to plunder the rich plains on the banks of the Eurotas and the Pameas, no longer defended by Turkish garrisons; and the territory north of the Morea would experience a similar visitation from the Roumeliotes of Pindus or the mountains of Thessaly. Greece does not possess the elements of a federal government, composed of men who, with the knowledge of administration, would have the power to secure obedience. A few of the Greeks of Constantinople, some of those who have served under the princes of the Trans-danubian provinces, and others who have received an education abroad, or travelled in western Europe, are fitted by their talents and acquirements for office; but they are viewed with jealousy by the local chiefs, and would be resisted in all their plans of order or improvement. None of them have been raised to any commanding eminence by his valour or talents in the revolution, which, as the French express it, has never been *personified* in the body of a single chief. Without possessing, therefore, moral or physical force, their authority would not last six months. The attempt has been already repeatedly made, and has signally failed. Various general congresses have been held, and several forms of government been planned, which have never been established or executed. At one time we find the legislature quarrelling with the executive,—at another the legislature dividing against itself, and forming two hostile assemblies,—at another time, different corps of the public force, even in the same garrison, directing their arms against each other.

“Every means,” says M. Fontanier, “were laid hold of by the Klephtes and Pallicares by which they might get money. The munitions

authority in other matters, may be relied on for an account of these primates with whom he came in contact. They were all rogues—and each allowed the other to be infamous. “The Archons, or Codgia-bachis,” says he, “are the most corrupt class of men in Greece.” Soutsos bears a similar testimony to the honour of his countrymen during the war. In mentioning a certain primate called Kouakaris, he says, he was the only respectable person of his class in the Morea. He describes the rest as a set of dishonest, false, factious, selfish, and base intriguers. We might cite passages from nearly every one of the thousand-and-one authors who have written on the state of Greece or the history of the Greek revolution in support of our assertion.

The capitani were in general as bad as the primates. Most of them had been in the service of the Turks, or in rebellion against them—alternately officers of government and outlaws. When M. Raybaud arrived at Missolonghi in 1825 with Prince Mavrocordato they met some, among whom was Alexis Noutza, who requested them to betray the Greek cause and join Ali Pacha.

of war were exposed in public market; the arms destined for the defence of the country were objects of traffic; the clothes, the bread, destined for the troops, were likewise sold. I have seen sailors, who fought well against the enemy, seize, in the Gulf of Lepanto, a corvette, threatening to sell it to Ibrahim, if their pay was not discharged!"

If no tie of confidence between individuals—if no feeling of patriotism or bond of order—no regard to general security or foresight of common danger, could impose restraint on the selfishness or ambitious pretensions of these men, when their salvation depended upon their union, how can we expect that they would join in any rational system of federal administration, when the most powerful principle of cohesion—resistance to the common enemy—is withdrawn? The Greeks never could agree long about a common object, even in the more celebrated epochs of their history. If they had not anciently the federal union, after the most approved Swiss model, they had their Amphyctionic council; under this council we find state arrayed against state, and city against city, in perpetual warfare; we find all the names and characters of inveterate hostility, Peloponnesian wars, sacred wars, and civil wars.

"But," exclaims a French publicist, with pedantic twaddle even more offensive than the ignorant indifference of our countrymen, "are a display of feudal institutions to be established in Greece, and is Sparta to be forgotten on the banks of the Eurotas?" The alternative is not necessary, nor has Sparta anything to do with the question. The fact is, that Sparta has long been forgotten where the Frenchman would wish to find it. The peasants or shepherds who lurk among the reeds, or cultivate the banks of that celebrated stream, have never heard of its glories, and feel not reproached by them for their own degeneracy. Even its name is not known to the natives, and M. de Chateaubriand, the countryman of our publicist, twenty years ago could neither discover a Spartan building nor a Spartan citizen. Nay, when on the site of Lacedæmon, in a fit of very poetical, but perhaps not very rational enthusiasm, he pronounced aloud the name of Leonidas, its greatest king, even the echoes were silent.\* But in his affected horror at the establishment of feudal superiorities in the land of Solon and Lycurgus, our publicist ought to have recollected, that the celebrated states to which he alludes, had fallen under the iron sway of the feudal barons of the West, long before they were subjected to the Crescent,—that Italian and French crusaders established their dominion in them, or disputed their possession, for more than two hundred years of barbarism,—that the investiture of several Homeric kingdoms was conveyed by one chief to his vassals—

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\* See *Itinéraire de M. de Chateaubriand*.



that there was a feudal Duke of Athens before it became the appanage of the Black Eunuch of the Seraglio, and a feudal Lord of Achaia, before any pasha planted the three tails in the Morea.

But though we think that a federal republic, or any other form of republican government, would be unsuited to the present state of the Greek population; that it would inevitably lead to provincial discords and external weakness; that it would prolong the reign of anarchy, and establish the usurpations of a hundred chiefs, instead of the tyranny which has been abolished; or, in the words of a people who felt the weight of patrician despotism, it would be only *multiplicatam servitutem, centum pro uno dominos factos*; that it would again endanger the national independence achieved by foreign interference, and thus destroy the fruits of past sacrifices; though, we say, we apprehend so strongly all these consequences as the certain result of any attempt to institute a kind of government which would throw the people into the hands of their corrupt chiefs, that we would appeal from the authority of the Paris liberals on this subject to that of Homer, who, through the lips of one of his heroes, tells his countrymen, in language as applicable at the present day as in the time of the Trojan war:

Οὐκ ἀγαθὸν πολυκοιρη : εἰς κερανοῦ ἐστω,  
Εἰς βασιλεὺς.

still we must not be understood as objecting to liberal institutions, or as wishing to deprive any orders of the Greek State of their just controul over the conduct of the executive, by the establishment of a national assembly. It was pleasing to hear from the English Ministry, in the late debate, that the Prince proceeds to his government perfectly unfettered on this subject; and we anticipate, as one of his earliest measures, the formation of a constitutional act adapted to the wants and wishes of his people.

Writing at the present moment, (February 18,) before the papers containing the new Greek arrangement have been laid before parliament, we profess to know nothing of its details: what title the prince will assume; what guarantee of support he will receive; or what pecuniary resources will be placed at his disposal; but we have no hesitation in briefly expressing our opinion on some of these topics. It appears to us then, that the sovereign prince of Greece should be styled *king*. The title of king, if not absolutely ridiculous, like the *roi d' Ivetot* or the kings of Brentford, is always worth something, and among a people so vain and fond of display as the Greeks, must be worth a great deal. They have already *princes* of the Phanar in their service; the Mavrocordatos and the Ipsylantis; they have the bey or the prince of Maina, and many chiefs of clans who rule in

their own districts. It would require a higher title than any of these to impose upon their pretensions, or to satisfy their pride. Nor is there any danger that the royal dignity will be degraded by conferring the rank of king on the sovereign of the new state. The modern king of Greece will possess a greater extent of territory than the kings of Denmark or Saxony, and in a short time will have more subjects than either. He will extend his sceptre over many celebrated *kingdoms* and republics of antiquity, and *Ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀσπολδος* will round an hexameter as well as Agamemnon. The objection which has been made to the establishment of this dignity on the score of its expense, and the contrast which the splendour of royalty would present to the misery of the people, appears to us to have as little foundation. Monarchy is not necessarily the most expensive form of government; nor would it be indispensable for the sovereign of Greece to maintain a numerous suite of embroidered chamberlains, lords of the bedchamber, aides-de-camp of parade, high officers of the household, beef-eaters or body guards. The amount necessary for the personal comfort or splendour of the sovereign would be very limited; and all the excess of his revenue which would be expended in maintaining a force to make his government respected, would be a part of the public establishments as requisite for a president as for an emperor. In watching the proceedings of the present economical sovereign, Capo d' Istrias, we observe that he sails round his insular and continental dominions in his frigate *Hellas*, the only great vessel in his navy, and that whether on sea or land he is generally attended by a small suite. Would there be any necessity for King Leopold to display a more expensive state? With regard to privy-purse expenditure, to diet, or domestic arrangements, the difference of charge between a king and a republican chief magistrate in that country would scarcely be worthy of consideration. Whether, like the ancient Spartans, he took to a vegetable diet of *black broth*, or indulged in the more costly luxury of turtle-soup—whether, like his *wide-ruling* predecessors in the Homeric age, he cooked his own mutton, and presided over the *equal feast* (*δαῖς αὐτῇ*) with the spit in his hand, or employed the most renowned gastronomic *artiste* that Paris—that modern Sybaris—could afford, would not very much affect the finances of the smallest community entitled to an independent existence. The same observations may be extended to other parts of the royal expenditure. That a king of Greece, the master of a poor and half-ruined domain, cannot afford to spend a civil list like that of England or France—to have studs of horses—royal castles, palaces, and parks—to maintain crowds of courtiers, or to support a host of state officers, is self evident; but crowds of courtiers, parks, palaces, cream-coloured horses and

gilded coaches are not essential to the existence of royal authority, or the security and efficiency of kingly government:

Neither John Bull nor the allies, therefore, would have any reason to object to the kingly title of the prince, which would cost them nothing; but they may feel a little differently respecting the pecuniary part of the arrangement. That any prince who proceeds to Greece with the commission of the allied courts to rule that country, must, in order to establish his authority, carry with him pecuniary resources, either as a subsidy or a loan, must be evident to every person who knows anything of its present condition. The assumed patrician power of the allied Ministers in London may address the Greeks in the style of ancient king-making among the Romans, "*Quod bonum, faustum, felixque sit, Quirites, REGEM CREATE, ita Patribus visum est;*" but unless they decorate their image of Royalty, like the statue of Phidias, with gold, they need not present him to the people. "Put money in thy purse," is our advice to King Leopold:—"put money in thy purse," or go not in search of a Greek throne. The whole revenue of Greece last year did not amount to £160,000, while the expenditure exceeded £400,000. The difference was made up by subsidies from Russia and France, by a loan from a citizen of Geneva; and by the contribution of the whole private fortune of the President.\*

\* The following is an official Statement, published by M. Eynard in a French Journal:—

*Extracts from the Accounts of the Revenues and Expenses of the State, from the month of January, 1828, to 30th April (old style), 1829:—*

REVENUES,		Francs.	Cts.
Revenues of State .....	3,415,987	64	
Capital of National Bank .....	813,064	3	
Seizures not liquidable .....	93,365	62	
Debts due to State .....	186,350	14	
Capital advanced by President .....	682,630	51	
French subsidies .....	3,302,000	0	
Russian subsidies, .....	1,753,200	0	
		Francs 10,943,385	94
EXPENDITURE.			
Army and Navy .....	7,438,885	61	
Different establishments for public service .....	275,784	22	
Salaries of employes and Home Department .....	751,945	77	
Interest paid by National Bank .....	15,511	88	
Orphan Asylum .....	266,603	41	
Poor .....	148,752	0	
Advances made to state creditors .....	116,708	40	
Arrears of farmers of state .....	274,379	23	
Lord Cochrane .....	68,804	0	
Austrian Admiral Dandolo .....	46,332	45	
Ready money in Treasury .....	714,808	0	
Payments which have yet to be made .....	136,800	0	
		10,258,265	88

Now, again, the pay of all the civil officers of the government, and of the military and naval forces, is in arrear. The troops in many places have disbanded for want of support; and a body of them, we were lately told, had broken out from Eastern Greece, passed to the Morea, and seized the harvest of currants on the government lands. Without pay there can be no obedience, and without obedience no order. It was the pecuniary resources which the presence of Capo d'Istrias commanded from foreigners, and the judicious mode in which he administered them, which mainly contributed to the success of his government for the last two years. The following account of the state of the country immediately before the Count arrived with these succours, will be again realized as soon he withdraws, unless his successor brings greater means of suppressing disorder, and establishing something of political organization.

"The inaction of the enemy, so far from assisting the Greeks to establish some kind of organization, did nothing more than afford parties time to spring up and tear one another in pieces. Years were found necessary to arm and prepare an expedition: an instant was enough to arm the factions and bring them into action. One might say that this unfortunate people have no activity but to work their own injury. It never marched against the enemy but by fits and starts; and whether vanquished or victorious, as soon as those whom it fought fled, or reposed under their new laurels, like an infant it forgot the danger, and appeared not to know that for it it would return more menacing. . . . No administration could be established—no imposts regularly levied. Of so many loans; of so many voluntary offerings, none were employed for the public good. The money was pillaged by the chiefs. The provisions and effects sent by the European committees—all was sold. The enemy was often fed on the provisions sent to supply the Greek fortresses, whilst the Greek army was famished for want of bread. Justice was as badly administered in the affairs of the country. The government was always without force—without influence. It never had a soldier or a ship at its disposal. Properly speaking, there were no parties in Greece, but as many *cóteries* as there are villages."

Though the allowance of the prince from England were much more considerable than it is, none of it could be spared for the first few years from the support of his establishment; or the necessary preparations for his permanent residence. He goes to a country where there is scarcely an edifice standing fitted for the reception of a man accustomed to the luxuries of life or the splendour of rank. The houses of the powerful Turkish proprietors, and of the wealthy Greeks, which were never very convenient, grand, or elegant, in this province of the empire, have been thrown down, and remain in ruins. A palace or some residence for the sovereign must, therefore, be built among the huts of

fishermen or the cabins of shepherds. We heard a great deal at the time from Philhellene visitors of the romantic appearance presented by the two general assemblies of Argos and Astros, who met to deliberate on the affairs of the nation in a garden under the shade of orange-trees, citrons and olives; but the reason why the national representatives chose this picturesque and primitive scene of deliberation was carefully concealed. It resulted from necessity, and not from choice. They deliberated in the open air, like gypsies under a hedge-row, because they could not find the shelter of a roof, or a building large enough to contain even a small assembly. The house of the President at Egina, though it boasts of a few conveniences, is scarcely distinguished externally from the hovels by which it is surrounded. A French traveller, whom we have already referred to (M. Fontanier), a short time ago waited upon some of the members of administration in the above-mentioned town, and found them lodged in houses without furniture, and half in ruins. The Minister of Marine, he says, received with gratitude the sum of twenty francs (or sixteen shillings) which M. Fontanier was commissioned to furnish him with. The council chamber was in the garret of a ruined tower, which the ministers had to ascend by a ladder. The only tolerable lodgings which the President ever enjoys are on board his frigate. The towns and country exhibit nothing but the traces of war and desolation. You see the remains of Greek temples, of Mahometan mosques, or Venetian castles, but rarely a decent house in sufficient repair to be habitable by a western European accustomed to the conveniences of life.

A considerable expense must likewise be entailed on the new sovereign by the attendants by whom he will be accompanied to Greece, and the chieftains whom he must gain over when he arrives. He must at once invite out English or French officers to discipline his troops, and find the means of imposing upon the fears or satisfying the rapacity of the turbulent *primates* and *capitani*, whose patriotism, during the whole contest which has just been concluded, never rose above mutiny and faction. Nothing more singular, perhaps, can be conceived than the appearance of King Leopold's court on its first establishment. It must consist chiefly of Kleftic chieftains or Turkish slaves—of the Colotronis, the Petro Beys, the Noutzas and the Gouhras—of those who were robbers on the highway, or pirates at sea—of the leaders of banditti on the mountains, or the collectors of tribute in the villages, mixed with the political ship-owners of the islands, and the titled intriguers of the Phanar. To allay the conflicting ambitions, or to controul by employment, honours, or emoluments the daring turbulence of such a mass, will not be the least difficult

part of the task which the ruler of Greece will be called to perform.

But a great deal more will remain to be done by our German Lycurgus. He must carry back with him to Greece the improvements and civilization which the world received from that classic land. Never was a more melancholy moral attainer to be reversed—never more lamentable disorders to be rectified, or deeper desolation and misery to be alleviated. Two thousand years of slavery have branded on a quick and susceptible race the vices and degradation of a succession of profligate and unprincipled masters, from the Roman to the Mussulman. Whether subject to Latin prætors, overrun by the Goth, conquered and plundered by the Venetian, or oppressed by the Turk, they have been debased by a foreign tyranny, which has left deep traces of its barbarism and demoralization: cunning, treachery, dishonesty, falsehood, mutual antipathy, perfidy, and the practice of all those arts of duplicity and servility by which helpless weakness endeavours to elude unreasonable oppression—latent pride to indemnify itself for contempt—avarice to escape plunder—and abject prostration to ward off arbitrary punishment, are but too generally characteristic of the race. How could they remain industrious, when they could not reap the fruits of industry? How could they maintain the virtues of truth and independence under the lawless exercise of the bastinado or the scymeter, from which often nothing but suppleness or falsehood could save them? How imbibe any reverence for law which was every hour broken by their masters? What motive for cultivating knowledge for cultivating mental improvement, or advancing in art, when talent exposed to persecution, and superior knowledge only established a title to death or persecution. Even religion in such a state of things was necessarily perverted, and instead of maintaining a higher standard of morality, and a higher sense of human dignity, was itself degraded by ignorance into an instrument of abject superstition. In such a state of things there could be no social union among the oppressed—no sense of public duties—no self-respect, or regard for public opinion—none of the benefits of the social system in which each man finds his place with its appropriate obligations—no co-operation for any public object—no public spirit, and no joint undertakings requiring credit or confidence—no sacrifice of the present for a precarious future. They might hear from their priests that their ancestors were once a celebrated people, and they might observe around them some of their gigantic monuments: but they saw these memorials of former grandeur in ruins, while the mosque and the minaret rising amid its cypress grove, overshadowed not only the temples of their Heathen forefathers, but their own rude and miserable chapels. It need not, there-

fore, excite surprise that so little of any virtue but the hatred of the Turks was displayed in the late revolution, for their detestable tyrants had scarcely left them any other. Nor ought it to create despair in the new government, that so much remains to be done to establish order, to extend education, to promote union, and to restore a better system of morals—the fruits of an improved civil administration.

One of the first and chief objects which, with this view, will demand the attention of the new government, is the state of religion and of public instruction in the country; or, in other words, the church and the schools of general and elementary education. It has been sufficiently established by M. Rizo, and is readily acknowledged by all those who have attended to the subject, that the Greek church has been one great cause of the preservation of the Greeks as a separate people,—that it has, in fact, been the ark in which their national character and distinctive existence have rode out the deluge of barbarism and Mahometan conquest, and which has preserved them, till the olive-branch announced that the waters had subsided. The Sultan rather protected than opposed it, because it embroiled the Greeks with the churches or heresies of the West, more hateful to them than the fraternity of the green turban or the descendants of the Prophet, and because, by having the Patriarch in his power at Constantinople as the representative of the nation, he could, to a certain point, flatter himself with the idea that, in case of revolt, he possessed what the Roman tyrant desired, the heads of all his mutinous Greek vassals on one pair of shoulders. But the church, though not attempted to be extinguished by the Turks, partook of the ignorance and degradation of the people, in addition to its own inherent vices.

The clergy, who are divided into two bodies—the regular and secular—have a different mode of provision, a different set of privileges and qualifications. Out of the former, collected into convents or hermitages, all the bishops and prelates are selected. They require a noviciate, some learning, and are maintained by lands, or the ecclesiastical bank at Constantinople. The latter are made without any previous preparations, and are scarcely distinguishable either by knowledge or sanctity from the great body of the people. Scarcely able to read the service, they lead a life of poverty, and often of vice, dependant for their support on the charity of their flocks, and ready to abet their irregularities. In the province of Maina they sometimes blessed and attended piratical expeditions, intended for murder and rapine; and some of our travellers found loquacious priests, who did not know what was meant by the Old Testament.\* In the hands of

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\* Sir W. Gell's Narrative of a Journey in the Morea.

such persons religion is nothing but a mass of ridiculous superstitions. "Their worship," says a traveller, "is irremediably overcharged with ceremonies, feasts, fasts, midnight assemblies, dingy lamps, and black pictures, to the *utter exclusion of precept or example.*" The places of worship, which these priests supply, were, even before the late revolution, in a state of ruin and dilapidation, many of them without roofs, and many with broken walls.

In the late troubles this devastation has been carried further, and still greater disorders have been introduced among the clergy. The new sovereign will probably find it necessary to convoke a kind of synod to remedy these abuses—to establish a progressive reform—to settle the connection between the patriarch and synod at Constantinople, in the power of the Sultan, and the church in independent Greece—to fix the manner of appointing bishops, and procuring them from the great seminary of Mount Athos. Some additional provision will likewise be necessary for the church; and the Turkish mosques, with lands which were connected with them, will furnish in many cases places of worship and funds. Whether the conscience of the prince can so far yield to expediency or policy, as to allow him to pay an homage to the faith of his new subjects by conforming to their worship, we cannot say; but we place sufficient reliance on his moderation and good sense to be assured that he will not offend their conscientious prejudices. Henry IV. thought "the crown of France worth a mass," where the choice lay between a mass and a crown. Prince Leopold, without being obliged to a similar alternative, may acquire some respect for the "Panagia and St. Spiridion."

But whatever be his determination on this point, there is one thing connected with religion to which he cannot pay too early an attention—the education of the people. Some of our Philhellenes saw nothing but a necessity for schools and newspapers, at a time when the Turk still held possession of the land, or threatened invasion, and when arms ought to have been the only care of the people. Since his arrival in Greece, Count Capo d'Istria has tried to do something for the promotion of education; but his time and his means have been very limited. The object ought now to be pursued with a zeal proportioned to its overwhelming importance. The peasantry of Greece are a fine body of people, who have lost their value by the ignorance or oppression which threw them into the hands of the primates or *capitani*. The only "virtue extant" is among them; let education give them power to act upward by their opinions on the corrupt slaves of the higher ranks—let a school for elementary instruction be established in every district, and let society be regenerated by stirring the soil



about its deepest roots. A college, university, or national institution may then be formed, and Athens once more see the wisdom of her ancient philosophers mixed with the discoveries of after-times, adorning the Lyceum or the Academy. But the first care of the government is to attend to the physical wants of the nation, and the repair of the calamities of the late revolution, and the adjustment of affairs which have grown out of a change of masters and system. The *plusquam civilia bella* of Greece for several years have left vestiges which could only be imprinted by barbarians. The towns are ruins—the fields are waste—trade has been destroyed—capital has never been created, or at least does not exist—agriculture is deserted—the people of whole districts, having fled from their homes, are huddled together in places of asylum far from their houses and property—the army is without pay—the finances without order—the courts without judges, and the laws without authority. Nothing but the most laborious communication can take place between one district and another. There is not a carriage road, and scarcely a bridge in the whole country. The lands which the Turks have left, and the value of which remains to be adjusted by a commission, must be distributed. The peasantry must be located on their new grounds, freed from the influence of the chieftains, and placed under the dominion of law.

If Prince Leopold accomplishes the half of the task here set before him, he will lay the foundation of the best kind of fame among his contemporary sovereigns. Though he has not been able by arms to contribute to the independence of his adopted country, he will become the honoured instrument of giving that independence its chief value, and thus earn that higher praise which Cicero bestows on the framer of wise institutions above the author of even patriotic victories, in the following comparison between the ancient legislators and the military chiefs of the two celebrated states which are now merged in the dominions, or placed under the sway, of King Leopold.

“Sed cum plerique arbitrentur res bellicas majores esse quam urbanas : minuenda est hæc opinio. Verè autem si volumus judicare, multæ res exstiterunt urbanæ majores, clarioresque quam bellicæ. Quamvis enim Themistocles jure laudetur, et sit ejus nomen quam Solonis illustrius, citeturque Salamis clarissimæ testis victoriæ, quæ anteponatur consilio Solonis, ei, quo primum constituit Areopagitas ; non minus præclarum hoc, quam illud, judicandum. Illud enim semel profuit ; hoc semper proderit civitati : hoc consilio leges Atheniensium, hoc majorum instituta servantur. Est enim bellum gestum consilio senatûs ejus, qui a Solonè constitutus erat. Licet eadem de Pausaniâ Lysandroque dicere, quorum rebus gestis quamquam imperium Lacedæmoniis putatur, tamen ne minima quidem ex parte Lycurgi legibus et disciplinæ conferendi sunt !”—*De Officiis*, lib. i.

## CRITICAL SKETCHES.

### ART. XIII.—*Present State of Literature in Poland.*

AMONG the literary institutions of Poland which have most contributed to awake and to revive the literary spirit of that too-much-forgotten land, the Philomathic Society of Warsaw takes a prominent place. It was delightful to witness the interest taken in its proceedings at the public session of April last, by a large auditory of both sexes. In the chair was the Nestor of the Polish poets—the veteran Niemcewicz—the friend and companion of Washington; a man whose services to the literature of his country are obvious in every part of the field. He reported to the assembly the proceedings of the society during the preceding half year, under the two grand divisions of Literature and Science; and we heard with pleasure of various liberal presents of books, manuscripts, and curious antiquities. The speech of the president was followed by a dissertation of the Abbé Szweykowski, the Rector of the University, on the orthography of the Polish language, with a view to fix the exact value of the vowels *i*, *j* and *y*, the use of which has been always somewhat capricious; while, according to the Abbé's views, the complete removal of diphthongs and triphthongs might be effected, and thus the spelling simplified, the pronunciation made obvious and easy, and the words be traced to their parent source. His plan would establish a general rule of orthography, whose system should give to letters all the precision of musical notes; and there is really no reason why every language should not have such an alphabet. If prejudices in favour of what *is* and *was* were not stronger than the love of what *ought to be*, half the difficulties of foreign idioms would speedily be swept away. After the Abbé had finished, M. Kwiatkowski read a dissertation on Polish medals; and then M. Kozmian repeated two episodes from his Polish Georgics, the first on *bees*, the second on the *burning of a forest*—a scene not uncommon in Poland in the dry seasons—a scene of the most tremendous magnificence, and offering to the mind of the poet materials of terrible and exalted sublimity. The names of the newly-elected members were then read, among whom we noticed, of our countrymen, Sir Humphrey Davy, Dr. Wollaston, and Mr. Dalton; the two former of whom are, alas! beyond the reach of those plaudits which break not the silence of the dead. One of the new members then delivers an academical discourse, which on this occasion came from M. Lach Szyrma, whose Letters on Poland were published in Great Britain some years ago, and breathe, as did his oration, the most generous and patriotic spirit.

The Society proposed the following subjects for prizes:—1. For the best historical, manufacturing, and commercial report on the towns of Poland: 2. For the best description of the ancient popular traditions, customs, usages, dresses, &c. of the Poles: and 3. The best account of the state of Podolia under the government of the Turks, during the 27 years which elapsed between the treaty of Buczacz in 1672, and that of Karłowicz concluded by Augustus the Second, in 1699.

Warsaw must be considered as the central point of Polish literature, the most important works being published there; but in the following complete list of periodical publications are included those which appear in Russian, Austrian, and Prussian Poland. They are as follow:

Pamiętnik umiejętności czystych i stosowanych.	Journal of theoretical and practical science, (monthly).
Dziennik Warszawski.	Warsaw Journal, (do.)
Themis Polska.	Polish Themis, journal of jurisprudence, (two-monthly).
Pamiętnik Warszawski lekarski wydawany, przez D <sup>ra</sup> Malcz.	Warsaw Medical Journal, by Dr. Malcz, (quarterly.)
Sylwan, pamiętnik leśny.	Silvanus, Journal of Forests, (do.)
Irys Polska czyli dziennik umiejętności, wynalazków, sztuk i rzemiosł przez Lelowskiego.	Isis, a monthly journal of sciences, inventions, arts, and manufactures, by M. Lelowski.
Ślavianin tygodnik dla rzemiosł rolnictwa, handlu i. t. d. przez Prof. Kitajewskiego.	Ślaviania, a weekly journal of arts, discoveries, agriculture, trade, &c. by Prof. Kitajewski.
Kolumb, pamiętnik podróży.	Columbus, a fortnightly journal of travels.
Sandomierzanin, pismo historyczne.	Sandomierzanin, a journal for the publication of historical documents, (quarterly.)
Tygodnik dla dzieci.	Children's Weekly Journal.
Motyl }	The Butterfly }
Smieszek }	The Laughter }
Wesołość i lekkie trésu.	both weekly papers.
Piast pamiętnik technologiczny.	Piast, a technological journal, (time uncertain).

In 1828 was published in German, *Magazin für Heilkunde*, but it was soon abandoned for want of demand. The Warsaw newspapers are—

Gazeta Warszawska.	Warsaw Gazette, the oldest newspaper in Poland.
Korrespondenta z różnakościami.	Correspondent, with literary varieties.
Gazeta Polska.	Polish Gazette.
Kurier Warszawski.	Warsaw Courier.
Przewodnik Polski.	Polish Guide (has disappeared).
Dziennik powszechny krajowy.	General Journal, all these are daily.
The Warschauer Bote has ceased.	

In Cracow are published, the *Gazeta Krakowska* (Cracow Gazette), the *Goniec Krakowski* pismo polityczne, historyczne i literackie (the Cracovian Courier of politics, history, and literature), *Dziennik ogrodniczy* wydawany, przez H. Wodzickiego (an horticultural journal, by Count Wodzicki), and the *Miscellanea Cracoviensia*, published in Latin, by the University of Cracow. In Wilna are published, the

*Dziennik Wileński*, (Wilna Monthly Journal), and the *Kurier Litewski*, (Lithuanian Courier). In Leopold (Austrian Galicia),—*Czasopismo xiegobzioru imienia Ossolinskich* (the Quarterly Magazine), and the *Gazeta Lwowska z Rozmaitościami* (Leopold Gazette); and in Posen, the *Gazeta Poznańska*.

The most important modern literary enterprise in Poland is that undertaken by the printing establishment of Galezowsky of Warsaw, to reprint all the ancient Polish writers. The printing-office spoken of is now the most active, and as it was established by shareholders, its funds are sufficiently ample. This collection of old Polish authors makes the standard of the Polish tongue, and is referred to as the great authority by the moderns. The first works reprinted were those of Lucas Gornicki, who lived in the sixteenth century. His writings consist of the *Dworzanin*, or 'Courtier,' which has a strong similitude to the composition of the Italian moralist, Castiglione, Gornicki's contemporary; but the latter has adapted his volumes to the state of society in Poland. Then follows the *Kronika Polska*, or Polish Chronicle, consisting together of four volumes. The fifth volume of the series contains a very curious account of the religion and manners of the Turks written by a Pole, who, having been carried a prisoner to Constantinople, embraced the Mahomedan faith and entered into the Janissary corps. It is printed from a MS. somewhat defaced, apparently of the beginning of the 16th century. The name of the author is as yet undiscovered, the remarks are sprightly and often very sagacious, and the particulars he gives as to the opinions of the Turks respecting Jesus Christ and his teachings are novel and striking. Then follow the works of the eminent Rey of Nagłowic, in three volumes. He was an eminent naturalist, who was born in 1515, and died in 1568. Of him a short account will be found in Dr. Bowring's specimens of the Polish poets. The most renowned of his productions is "*Zwierciadło poczciwego człowieka*," *Mirror of an honest man*, which is at the same time an attractive picture of antique Polish manners, and a practical lesson of truth and virtue. Nor is his style less admirable than his philosophy. He was, and is, and will be, a model of the Polish language. He has never been surpassed in originality and correctness. He was a Protestant, and Protestantism was at that time the religion of by far the greatest proportion of the illustrious men of Poland. It was an epoch when the spirit of inquiry flew from bosom to bosom, and flapped the minds of men into energetic efforts of intellect. At the end of the sixteenth century, two-thirds of the nobility, or at least of the senators of Poland, had quitted the Roman creed. But the Catholic priests and Jesuits lighted the fierce flames of persecution, and heresies like those of Calvin, Luther, and Servetus were torn up by the roots by barbarous and bloody hands. Concealed intrigues and open hostility prepared a far less happy era, under whose influence Poland is still suffering, and will long be doomed to suffer. The ninth and tenth volumes of our collection contain the till now inedited Chronicle of Chwalczewski, and the tenth and eleventh the Chronicle of Bielski, both historians of the sixteenth century, and of distinguished

merit. An immense service has been done to literature, by placing works like these, which have hitherto been confined to the libraries of the few, or to the collections of monks, within the reach of the many. They have opened a new vein for historical novels—a class of writings which begin to swarm in Poland as elsewhere, not only in Polish originals, but especially in translations from other languages, written by Poles established in other lands, and who have still chosen subjects for their romances from the national history. Such has been the course of *Bulgarin* in Russia, and of *Bronikowski* in Germany. From the German we have had lately versions of *Bronikowski's Casimir the Great*, *Bratynski*, and the *Election of King Michael*. The last subject has given him an opportunity of introducing several remarkable characters as competitors for the throne, and to give much interest to the remarkable and stirring events of that busy time. No less than three candidates for the crown appear on the stage—the Ex-king *Stanislaus Leszczyński*, Prince *James Sobieski*, son of the renowned monarch *John Sobieski the Third*, and *James Stuart of England*, each having in truth some title to the disputed sovereignty: they have a meeting at *Strasburg*. *Bulgarin's* new novel of *Esterka*, the Hebrew concubine of *Casimir the Great*, is now exciting great attention. Our Polish prose romancers are, *Wezyk*, *Bernatowicz*, Count *Skarbek*, and *Madame Hoffmann*, better known by her maiden name of *Clementina Temka*.

*Lach Szyrma* has published three volumes of *Travels*, entitled *Anglia i Szkocya* (*England and Scotland*). They are the reminiscences of his journey to Great Britain, and are adorned with lithographic portraits and fac-similes of *Scott*, *Byron*, *Campbell*, *Mackintosh*, *Wordsworth*, *Coleridge*, *Southey*, and *Moore*. His descriptions are very lively, and his curiosity seems unbounded; man, manners, arts, sciences, literature, every thing passes in review before him. Of the poetry of *Mickiewicz*, several editions have appeared. The completest has lately issued from the *Petersburg* press, the style is *Byronian*, and his *Wallenrod* is the best example of it. The hero is the Grand Master of the *Teutonic Knights*, the scene of action *Marienburg* in *Prussia*, and the epoch the latter end of the 14th century. His *Paris* is an exquisitely-told *Arabian story* and of the most perfect of sustained productions of modern genius. *Adam Mickiewicz* was educated at *Wilna*, he has sojourned for some time in *Russia*, and is now travelling in *Europe*. Three volumes of his works beautifully printed by *Barbezat* have appeared at *Paris* under the title of *Poesye Adama Mickiewicza*. An excellent portrait of the author is attached to the first volume.

The young *Edward Odynieo* has also had much success as a poet. He has lately published a drama called *Izora*, which has been very well received, though the plot cannot be lauded for much novelty, it being the so often told tale of the attachment of the two representatives of noble houses engaged in long hereditary feuds, so that a union is brought about both of families and lovers. He has contrived however, to give some additional interest to the story by a well-contrived complication of various incidents. He has published two volumes of

romantic poetry, and edited for 1828 an almanack with the title of *Melitete*.

Witkowski has published lately his *Pustelnik* or Hermit of the Cracovian suburbs, one of the principal streets of Warsaw. It is an imitation of the well-known *Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin*, of M. Jouy, combining, however, something of the character of the Hermit in London. It consists of four volumes.

The business of translation is in a state of great activity in Poland. The difficulties of the Polish language have in fact facilitated to the Poles the acquisition of every other, and there are few well-bred and well-instructed Poles who do not speak three or four foreign tongues. The most remarkable works, especially those of French and German origin, speedily find a Polish version. Victor Hugo's *Bug Jargal* has very lately appeared in a Lithuanian dress. Of Sir Walter Scott there is not a novel which has not been translated into Polish; respecting his life of Napoleon the opinion of the Poles is universally condemnatory. It cannot be denied that the Poles looked to Napoleon with great and earnest hopes, and remember him with affectionate gratitude; for they believe, that had he lived, their country might through him have been redeemed and regenerated. Though there are many booksellers who are eager enough to grasp at any thing which bears Sir Walter's illustrious name, not one was to be found courageous enough to try the experiment of a translation of the *Life of Napoleon Buonaparte*.

The English school of political economists is making an impression here. A translation has appeared of M'Culloch's *Principles*, and some of Mill's *Essays* are in circulation. One of them appears in a late number of the *Memoirs of Science*. It is that on *Prisons and Prison discipline*, a topic which begins to share much of the public attention. Mr. Bentham's *Panopticon* project is in consequence discussed with a good deal of excitement and interest. In this department of the field of legislation a great deal is being done. Our prisons are improving in every particular.

The *Miscellanea Critica* of the University of Cracow has just appeared. As this is one of the few periodicals in the world which appears in the Latin language, we give the particulars of its contents. The Poles have been celebrated in all times for their pure Latinity, and the mantle of Casimir Sarbievius appears still to be on the shoulders of many of our eminent men. The articles are: 1. *Dissertatio Historica de Episcopatu Lubecensi*. 2. *Philenon Aræ, carmen ineditum Simonis Simonidis*. (Szymonowicz was an eminent Latin and Polish poet of the 17th century, of whose writings Bowring has given specimens in his *Polish Anthology*.) 3. *Josephi Jankowski Succincta Logices in Polono-rum Scholis Historia*. 4. *De Arte Moriendi, opusculo altero manuscripto ineditoque, altero xylographico et sæpe vulgato*. *Primus auctor, Matthæus de Cracovia*. (This is to enrich *Spenceriana*.) 5. *Hermann Schugt animadversiones in Sophoclis Trachinias*. 6. *De Martino Gallo, (a Polish chronicler of the 12th century.)* 7. *Litteræ Sigismundi I. quibus declarat: Omnes civitates regni debere jure Saxonico uti 1535, cum animadversionibus Georgii Bandtkie et Cajetani*

Trojanaki. 8. Frederici Tryplin Meletemata in particulam quandam Epistolæ Ciceronis ad Atticum, l. x. 3. 9. De Sueboldo Fiolo, primo Cracoviæ typographo qui Cyrilicis literis libros edidit. 10. Privilegium Casimiri IV. a. 1489, in datum de exsiccandis aquis in fodinis Olkus-siensibus. (The Fodinæ of Olkusz were known in ancient times to produce large quantities of gold. Inundations overflowed them, and made them unproductive. The government has of late been applying considerable sums to drain the waters and re-open the mines, but with little success hitherto.)

In Austrian Galicia, a plan is now in progress of publishing the portraits of the most renowned of the Poles, especially those previous to the present generation, attaching to such a sketch of their lives and writings. A folio fasciculus is to appear half yearly, containing six heads. The first which has issued, has the likeness, and biography of Prince Adam Czartoryski, the modern Polish Mæcenas, who died in 1823; John Tarnowski, an eminent warrior, who died in 1561; Stanislaus Rewera Polocki, a military chief, ob. 1667; George Lubomirski, commander and great marshal of the crown, who died in 1666; Samuel Maciejowski Bishop of Cracow, a great patron of literature, who died in 1550; and Nicholas Wolski, a well known statesman and marshal of the crown, who died in 1630.

We have thus in a desultory way endeavoured to introduce our readers into the fields of present Polish literature. It warms every Polish heart to know that in England there is a thought for them.

ART. XIV.—1. *De l'Origine Authentique et Divine de l'Ancien Testament. Discours accompagné de Développement et de Notes.* Par J. E. Cellierier, fils. Genève et Paris. 1826. 12mo.

2. *De l'Origine Authentique et Divine du Nouveau Testament. Discours accompagné de Développement.* Par J. E. Cellierier, fils. Genève et Paris. 1829. 12mo.

Ever since the Reformation, the pastors of the Protestant Church at Geneva have laudably devoted a series of historical sermons, which have been and still are delivered on a particular day in the week, to the elucidation (accompanied with practical improvements) of the principal facts contained in the Holy Scriptures. The introductory discourse on these occasions is usually appropriated to a popular discussion of the authenticity, integrity, and credibility of the Old or New Testament, according as the facts related in one or other of these books are the subjects of the course of lectures which are to be delivered; the task of composing and delivering such introductory sermon is usually entrusted to one of the divinity professors, and most frequently to the professor of sacred criticism. In the discharge of this duty, M. Cellierier, the younger, who is professor of Hebrew, Sacred Criticism and Antiquities, in the Academy or University of Geneva, composed the two discourses, which form the bases of the volumes we are now to introduce to the notice of our readers.

In the *first*, from Gen. i. 1. the learned author takes occasion to discuss the authenticity and credibility of the Pentateuch; and then proceeds to exhibit a rapid summary of the evidences of its divine origin, as well as of the other books of the Old Testament, together with satisfactory refutations of some popular objections drawn from the alleged grossness, singularity, and cruelty of certain facts related in the Old Testament.

In the *second* discourse, which is founded on Luke, i. 1—4, Professor Cellérier shows—I. The certainty and authenticity of the Four Gospels, by historical and critical proofs, and also by proofs drawn from the propagation of Christianity, from the consequent reception of the books forming the canon of the New Testament, and from a consideration of the sentiments therein developed. II. The certainty of the knowledge possessed by the Evangelists of the facts which they have recorded, whence necessarily follows, III. The certainty of the Gospel history, and consequently of the Christian revelation.

It will be obvious to our readers, that in a popular sermon not exceeding three-quarters of an hour in its delivery, many proofs can only be noticed in a very cursory manner. To supply the deficiency thus necessarily occasioned, and at the same time to furnish a compendious manual of evidences for the truth of the sacred writings, Professor Cellérier has subjoined to each discourse what he calls *développemens*, containing a special investigation of numerous particular proofs and testimonies. These it is not necessary to detail, as most of the topics on which he has treated will be found copiously discussed in various masterly English works which are in the hands of every divinity student. But although little that is *new* can be offered on a subject which has exercised the pens of the most able biblical writers and divines, yet we should not render strict justice to Professor Cellérier if we were not to add, that he has selected the most striking arguments, and expressed them in clear and perspicuous language; and that his treatises are well calculated to confirm the faith of Christians, and lead them to study the Scriptures with sentiments of profound reverence and with entire confidence.

In the elucidations annexed to his discourse on the Old Testament, we have been particularly pleased with his chapters on the testimonies borne by modern discoveries in favour of the Mosaic chronology,—on some common mistakes in the mode of forming a judgment of that portion of the Bible,—and on the Divine plan manifested in the constitution and history of the Jewish nation. In his volume on the New Testament, the following chapters are deserving of repeated perusal, viz.: On the Veracity of the Evangelists, the Integrity of the Four Gospels, and on the Authenticity and Credibility of the Epistles, especially those of St. Paul, concerning whose character and mode of teaching Professor Cellérier has offered some very able remarks and illustrations, and, finally, on the Entire Canon of the New Testament.

Those of our readers, divinity students in particular, who are desirous of retracing the principal evidences of the Christian religion, and



at the same time of renewing or maintaining their acquaintance with the French language, cannot better employ some of their leisure hours than by appropriating them to a careful study of M. Cellerier's unpretending but instructive little volumes,

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ART. XV.—*Discursos Economico-Políticos, sobre si la moneda es común medida de los géneros comerciables, &c.* Escritos por D. Jose Manuel de Vadillo. 12mo. Paris. 1829.

The contributions of the Spaniards to the science of political economy are not very numerous, though not so rare as some may be apt to imagine. In the library of the political economist, the works of *Campomanes* and *Jovellanos* must ever hold a conspicuous place. Translations of the most eminently distinguished works upon that branch of knowledge are not unfrequent in Spain; and Adam Smith has found a very intelligent translator in Don Jose Ortiz, who, besides giving the text with fidelity and spirit, enriched his version with very valuable notes. Yet when a popular system of government was adopted in that country, in 1820, the legislature acted upon principles no less pregnant with mischief than contrary to the most approved doctrines of the economists. A tariff was put in force, the more injudicious, as it was intended for a country where manufactures can hardly be said to exist.

That measure, however, did not pass without opposition. Its effects being highly injurious to the mercantile town of Cadiz, the members for that place in the Spanish legislature were foremost to contend for the adoption of sounder principles, which the interest of their constituents recommended. *Don Jose Manuel de Vadillo*, who represented Cadiz in the Cortes of 1813 and 1814, and again in those of 1820 and 1821, and who afterwards became a member of the ministry in 1822 and 1823, when he was at the head of the colonial department—a man of very extensive information and enlarged views—not satisfied with speaking in his place against the injudicious restrictions laid upon commerce, was the author of a well-written pamphlet, in which opinions favourable to free trade in their application to Spain are explained, discussed and upheld. That pamphlet he has now republished in Paris, during the exile with which he, in common with many of his fellow-countrymen, has been punished, for his exertions in the cause of his country and social improvement. To that work he has prefixed a short discourse which he wrote and read to a society or institution in Seville, as far back as 1805, in which the laws fixing the interest upon money, or what is called usury, are deservedly condemned. These two tracts, with a few notes and additions, compose the unpretending little volume which is now before us.

The tract, which stands first, as prior in date, is learned and judicious. At the time when he wrote it, the author appears to have been unacquainted with Bentham's admirable *Defence of Usury*, though he speaks of it with praise in a note evidently written at a much later

period. Little novelty can be expected upon so trite a subject. Yet it is satisfactory to see, that even in Spain men were found enlightened enough to condemn laws which still deface the English code. The tract is written with purity and elegance.

The discourse upon the system of prohibition is of a more important nature. In it the author shows himself thoroughly acquainted with the works of the best political economists, and the application of the principles of the science to Spain, under her then existing circumstances, is made with judgment. The style is elegant and unaffected, though occasionally redundant. In general the work does great credit to the head and heart of the writer.

In the substitution of a system of his own for that of the tariff of 1820, against which his attacks are mainly directed, the author has not been quite so felicitous. We should suspect that he occasionally wavers, and that the obsolete ideas of a protecting system recur to his mind, though at variance with his general principles, were we not certain that concessions to existing prejudices are sacrifices which all the defenders of the doctrines of free trade have considered themselves at liberty to make, in order to render their opinions more palatable.

Upon the whole, we beg to recommend the perusal of this book. While the legislatures of free America and enlightened France are still labouring under the influence of ancient prejudices and disreputable jealousies, it is consolatory to find those principles, which are so eminently conducive to the welfare of mankind, advocated by a member of a nation that is thought to rank very low—much lower indeed than it deserves—in the scale of civilization.

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ART. XVI.—*Theater Stycken af Gustaf III.* (The Plays of Gustavus the Third.) 2 vols. 8vo, Stockholm. 1826.

So rarely do Sovereign Princes devote their leisure to the service of the Muse, that when such a phenomenon occurs, we cannot fling aside the fruits of their labour quite as negligently as those of "the mob of gentlemen who write with ease," even though the royal productions should prove of inferior value. But Gustavus the Third of Sweden, whose Dramas are now before us, possesses claims to our respectful attention, both as a Monarch and as an Author, far beyond the mere circumstances of birth and station. In the former capacity he sought improvement from travel, when fashion, instead of setting kings and princes to run post over Europe, condemned them to yawn away at home the hours unfilled by business or pleasure. The same energy that dictated his foreign tour, enabled him to break the yoke imposed by the Swedish aristocracy alike upon the king and the people, and to achieve, by his address and courage, a bloodless revolution. He thus possessed himself of a degree of power beyond what the Swedish Constitution allows the Crown, but which only factious spite could denigrate arbitrary, since it is generally admitted that he restored and

even enlarged the popular rights and privileges. In the end, however, his success cost him his life; he was assassinated at a masquerade by Ankerstroem, the active agent of a conspiracy of vindictive nobles.

As an author, Gustavus, whilst his literary subjects aimed at nothing beyond translating or imitating French originals, boldly struck out a different path, took the fables of his Dramas from national history, and treated them, without regard to other unity than that of action, the only one neglected upon the Classical French Stage. Thus he has written Dramas upon the adventures of Gustavus Vasa; upon the fortunes of a plebeian Swedish warrior, who, from a profligate, even a criminal youth, raised himself by sheer merit to fortune, rank, and honour; with other analogous, and some more commonplace, pieces. It is unlucky that his Majesty was not as skilful in conducting, as judicious in selecting, a dramatic story, and that he consequently did not make the most of his subject. We shall, however, give such a sketch of one of his Plays, as may enable the reader to judge of his dramatic talents; and for this purpose, much as we admire his judgment in not mixing stale love intrigues with great historical interests, we shall make choice of a Play founded upon a love story, induced so to do chiefly by our belief that the early and unfortunate attachment of its hero, Gustavus Adolphus, is not generally known. The Play is entitled *Gustaf Adolph och Ebba Brahe*, a heroic drama, and is dedicated to the royal author's sister, Princess Sophia Albertina, in gratitude for her able performance of the heroine; most of the pieces were written, it should seem, for a Private Court Theatre.

Ebba Brahe, paternally and maternally related to the royal family, was early bequeathed by her dying mother to the care of Charles the Ninth's Queen, and brought up with the Crown Prince, Gustavus Adolphus. A mutual attachment ensued. Gustavus Adolphus ascended the throne at the age of 17, and privately plighted his faith to Ebba, but deferred their nuptials until he should have earned, by the punctual discharge of his duties in the war which had just broken out with Denmark, a right to indulge his inclinations. The Queen Mother, whose pride revolted from such a union, made use of the delay to prevent it, and negotiated a marriage for Ebba with Count Jacob Pontusson de la Gardie, commander of the Swedish forces in Finland. The drama presents the result of these machinations.

The day appointed for the marriage of Ebba with de la Gardie has dawned; the bridegroom is hourly expected at Calmar, where the Queen holds her Court; and the bride is anxiously looking for an answer to the letter, announcing her imminent danger, which she had dispatched to the King, then encamped on the Island of Oland, in the immediate vicinity of the enemy. A son and niece of Ebba's nurse come from Oland, bringing bridal offerings from the peasant family, upon her publicly reported marriage to de la Gardie; and intelligence that the King is at that moment giving battle. An officer sends, bringing letters for the Queen, but none, as it appears, for Ebba. Of this circumstance her Majesty takes advantage; shews her a letter from Gustavus Adolphus, touching a project of peace with Denmark,

founded upon a double marriage ; persuades her, not that the King is unfaithful, but that he will sacrifice passion to duty, and instead of fulfilling his engagement with her, will marry a Danish Princess. She represents that this will give Ebba the appearance of having been fooled, and exhorts her to save her honour by marrying first. At this moment de la Gardie arrives, and the Queen assures him that her son destines his kinswoman Ebba Brahe's hand for the recompense of his victories in Finland. The enamoured de la Gardie readily believes her ; but desires to hear from Ebba, that he may hope for her heart as well as hand. Ebba, bewildered by the Queen's arts, and by the fears and suspicions springing from the King's apparent neglect, murmurs some incoherent words about the Count's achievements, her duty, the Queen's will, and the King's promises, which her Majesty cuts short by expressing her conviction that the bridegroom must now be satisfied, and cannot expect more from virgin modesty. She then drags away the half-fainting Ebba, and summons the enraptured lover to follow to the altar.

The Second Act, passes upon the Island of Oland. We here find Ebba's nurse and her family occupied, almost equally, with their own affairs, (a double marriage of four cousins,) Ebba's, and the battle which is then fighting at no great distance, and in which one of the bridegrooms is engaged. The letter-carrying officer returns in a boat from Calmar, requires a horse to convey him with all speed to the army ; and whilst the horse is saddling, laments his having been prevented, by the Queen's *manœuvres*, from delivering, in person, the King's letter to Ebba, and compelled to entrust it to a page. Meanwhile, Gustavus Adolphus has defeated the Danes, and leaving his generals to pursue the flying enemy, has galloped to the ferry, attended only by his favourite friend, Lars Sparre. We now learn the youthful victor's sentiments from the following dialogue.

*Sparre*.—Your Majesty rides so hard, that scarcely can I follow you. The enemy we have this day beaten, could not fly faster.

*Gustavus*.—I have another victory to gain this day, yet dearer to my heart ; I have to free Ebba Brahe from my mother's control, and place her upon the throne, of which she is so worthy. Oh ! my friend, share the feelings of my heart. I believe myself deserving of my happiness, because I would not enjoy it until I had performed my duty. Informed by her last night of de la Gardie's coming, of my mother's intention of concluding the marriage in my absence, of the whole scheme, (I know not how to term it, consistently with filial respect,) informed of all, I was detained in my camp by the enemy's neighbourhood. Divided between the fear of losing her I best love, and that of missing the opportunity of delivering the kingdom by a victory, I have suffered all the conflicts, which duties so precious can excite in a tender heart. I gave my country the preference. Though trembling to lose my beloved, I remained at my post. But the instant the enemy's defeat and flight consummated my victory, I listened to the voice of love—I hastened to obey its dictates. See, my friend, in yonder Castle, (*pointing towards Calmar*.) happiness awaits me. It exists not in the grandeur and splendour surrounding me, or promised by victory and fame ; love only can bestow it. Go, Sparre, hurry the boat. Time presses ; Ebba sorrows ; Ebba is anxious—perhaps mistrusts my faith. I cannot sufficiently hasten to console her.

*Sparre*.—But the peace arranges a double marriage between the two royal houses. The King of Denmark's sister—

*Gust*.—Is affianced to my brother. De la Gardie's victories have gained a kingdom for Charles Philip, which the Princess of Denmark is to share with him.

*Sparre* now goes in search of boatmen; and during his absence, Gustavus saves the life of the nurse's son, who had put to sea in rough weather, and in a crazy boat, to relieve the general anxiety, by obtaining intelligence of the result of the battle. He further stays to assist in recovering the half-drowned man, is recognized as king upon the arrival of the soldier-bridegroom, (who in the recent engagement had rescued the King, and in turn been rescued by him,) promises wealth befitting their condition to both bridal pairs, invites them to Calmar to his own wedding, and learning from them that Ebba's marriage is upon the point of celebration, embarks, exclaiming,

Yes, gracious Heaven! I rely too fondly upon thy justice to believe that the moments I have delayed to discharge the chiefest duty of a king, of a man, to save the life of a subject, to do good, should have plunged my remaining life in sorrow, have struck death to my heart.

The King's confidence in Heavenly justice is deceived; but it is rather his previous act of patriotic virtue in staying to fight, than his humanity, that enables his mother to rob him of happiness; for the marriage, if not over during the *entre-acte*, must have been actually celebrating whilst he was fishing up the young peasant.

The Third Act returns to Calmar, and opens with Ebba's lamentations over her now irremediable fate. She is Countess de la Gardie, and strives to subdue, or at least to conceal, if she cannot extinguish, her ill-requited passion. A page brings her the King's long-looked-for letter, with the officer's apology for its delay; when, discovering the falsehood of the suspicions that had provoked her consent to her marriage, she for a moment gives way to despair. But her virtue speedily regains the ascendancy, and she is praying to be spared the danger of future interviews with him she loves, when Gustavus Adolphus, unconscious of his misfortune, appears. His raptures, his urgency for an instant marriage, distract her. She cannot speak the fatal obstacle; he, notwithstanding all he has heard, either from downright stupidity, or because "love will hope where reason would despair," conceives no alarm from her evident distress and disorder. Even the bridegroom's entrance does not clear up the mistake. Gustavus understands de la Gardie to ask Ebba's hand, refuses it, proclaiming their mutual love, and intended immediate nuptials; and, without listening to the explanation she now tries to give him, hurries away to obtain his mother's consent. The Count reproaches his bride, with having made all three unhappy by her dissimulation; to which she replies only by assurances of duty, fidelity, and future affection, when she shall have conquered her unfortunate and henceforward guilty attachment. The King, persuaded by his mother that he has been be-

trayed by Ebba and de la Gardie, returns in rage and despair, but the Count's vindication elucidates all, and he exclaims,

What do I hear? She loved me! She was forced to give her hand! She has not betrayed me! All may yet be changed! Oh, Heavens! Light dawns upon my hopes, upon my love!

*Ebba*.—No, Prince, we are parted for ever! Gustavus, thou wast dear to me—I loved thee—but never more can I be thy wife. My vow is plighted; my honour cannot break it; my virtue is known to thee as unchangeable.

*Gust*.—I received thy first vows; those thy heart swore; those alone are sacred. Have pity on my despair! It is cruel. Thou who hast loved me, who still lovest me, speak one word, and all is changed. And thou, who hast rivalled thy king, who hast thought to rob him of his dearest hope, thy triumph is premature.

*Ebba*, one word from thee, and I break thine unhalloved union! Our laws allow it.

*Ebba*.—But honour forbids what the law may allow.

*Gust*.—Honour!

*Ebba*.—Ask your own heart. To that judge I appeal.

*Gust*.—Barbarian!

*Ebba*.—Heaven wills that another should share your throne. Heaven has governed all. It was Heaven that blinded my eyes—that bewildered my senses to believe you false—that now endows me with strength to withstand your laws, your power, your despair.

*Gust*.—Thy firmness, thy fancied duties, shall not resist my tenderness, my agony. The voice of thy true, thy adoring Gustavus—the voice that has so often touched thy heart, shall vanquish thy cruelty.

*Ebba*.—No! I cannot yield so criminal a victory. De la Gardie's rights—

*Gust*.—His? He has none!

*Ebba*.—The holiest ties—

*Gust*.—They were not freely knit, and may be broken

*Ebba*.—Never! God sanctioned, your Court witnessed them. And even were I weak enough to break them, you are too great, too noble, not to punish such frailty with your contempt.

*Gust*.—All amazes me in thee, but all combines to break my heart. Thou teachest me: my duty, and Gustavus Adolphus must not be weaker than Ebba. But what super-human strength does it not require!

I will resign thee—will live for my country, for my people. I will obey the will of Heaven. Heaven has refused me happiness, has prevented our union, that my heart might be wholly devoted to my country. Trembling, I sacrifice my love. I know the bitterness of the sacrifice, but thy honour and my duty require it. I submit to their laws. Live then, worthy of the love I have borne thee, of the tears I now shed, and that will flow till death closes my days. War and honour point out the path by which I must seek the end of my sorrows. It is amongst the troops of defeated enemies, upon the field of victory that I shall seek death.

The King's good resolutions are confirmed, and his heart is soothed, by the passionately sympathetic loyalty of the happy peasant family he had bidden to his wedding; and the Drama concludes with his reconciliation to his successful rival, whose military services he rewards by conferring upon him the dignity of *Riks Marsk*, an office analogous to that of Lord High Constable.

ART. XVII.—*Viaggio in Savoja, ossia Descrizione degli Stati Ultramontani di S. M. il Re di Sardegna. (A Tour in Savoy, or a Description of the Ultramontane States of his Majesty the King of Sardinia.)* Per Davide Bertolotti. 2 vol. 8vo. Torino, 1828.

BERTOLOTTI, the author of the work before us, has been known in Italy since the peace, as one of that useful, though secondary class of writers, who are endeavouring to supply a remarkable deficiency in the literature of their country, namely, that of works of light and entertaining prose. In poetry, in all its branches, Italy is redundantly rich; she is also abundantly supplied with books of erudition, of science, and of the fine arts, and is by no means so scarce in philosophical and political works as many foreigners are apt to imagine. But an Italian library of easy, instructive, and at the same time amusing reading, adapted for young persons, for females, fit for the drawing-room and the circulating library, is yet a desideratum in that country. Italy had no novels, (for we can hardly class *Ortis*' letters under that name) until Manzoni gave her a splendid specimen in the "*Betrothed*." Of tales there was a copious store, but most of them unfit for general perusal, and especially objectionable to youth. Tours, descriptions, biographies, were also extremely scarce. Miscellaneous works, such as magazines, annuals, light essays or treatises, were either unknown or ill executed. Bad translations from the French or German were the only substitute for a family library. Since the peace, several young men, especially in the north of Italy, sensible of these deficiencies, have started on the unoccupied arena. Besides Manzoni, Rosini, Sacchi, Bertolotti, Angelica Palli, the authors of *Sibilla Odaleta*, and of *Cabrino Fondulo*, young Dandolo, and others, have published novels, descriptive letters, and tours. Bertolotti has been one of the most productive among them. We first heard of him in 1814, when he stood forth as the apologist of his country against M. de Chateaubriand, who, in his pamphlet on "*Buonaparte and the Bourbons*," had in one of his rhetorical flourishes been pleased to ascribe the vices with which he charged Napoleon, to the national character of the land of his birth. Bertolotti, then a young man, resented the aspersion, and in a short but well-written reply, observed—

"That whilst Napoleon was triumphant the French had claimed him as their own countryman, although a native of an Italian Island; but now, in the season of adversity, they threw him back upon calumniated and ill-used Italy. Italy, however, never rejected him; she felt even a natural pride in acknowledging him for her son, even while she was suffering at his hands, and deploring his errors;" about which Bertolotti observed, that "in France Napoleon had received his education, in France he had began his career in the midst of the distractions and infectious example of revolutionary times, that to France, therefore, were owing the formation of his character, and the principles he had imbibed in youth."

Bertolotti has written since, in succession, the *Amore e Sepolcri*, a work of a miscellaneous nature, something after Sterne's manner; the

*Peregrinazioni* round the Lake of Como, a pleasing description of a romantic district; *Amore Infelice*, a short Piedmontese tale of the times of the ruthless conscription, some scenes of which are managed with considerable power; the *Isoletta dei Cipressi*, a tale too much in the Werter style, and other productions of a similar compass.

The present work is, however, one of a more elaborate cast. The author undertook, in 1827, a tour of the various provinces of the Duchy of Savoy, and this, as it was understood, with the sanction of the Piedmontese minister. He employed the summer and autumn of that year in this interesting peregrination, and the volumes before us present us with the result of his observations. They give a graphic description of every part of the country, in the shape of letters, agreeably and even elegantly written, in an enlightened but temperate spirit. It is the only complete description we have of Savoy.\*

Savoy, although a very remarkable land, and placed on the high road to Italy, has been neglected by travellers, most of whom hurry through its most barren and dull district, the valley of Maurienne, in their way to or from Mount Cenis, carrying with them an unfavourable impression of the country in general. But Savoy embraces within its snowy boundaries many a romantic district, many a beautiful valley hardly ever visited by strangers, and yet not inferior to any of those most frequented by fashionable tourists. The people, too, are honest, industrious, good-natured, and more civil and sociable than the blunt mountaineers of Switzerland. Living is cheaper than in the latter country, French is spoken by all, and generally with considerable correctness.

Our author entered Savoy from the Val d'Aosta, by the pass of the Little St. Bernard, and descended into the province of Tarentaise, the most remote the least visited, and perhaps the most interesting part of the Duchy. It consists chiefly of a long valley, watered in its length by the river Isère, a fine stream that has its source in the glaciers of Mount Iseran, and runs through part of Savoy and Dauphiné, until it joins the Rhone near Valence.

Tarentaise is rich in mineral productions; we may mention the salt pits of Moutiers, the lead and silver mines of Pesey and Macot, in the same neighbourhood, several marble quarries, and the mineral springs of La Perrière, lately discovered, and already much frequented by invalids. It has a useful institution in the school of mineralogy and of mining, established at Moutiers, to which three professors are attached, a rich collection of minerals, a library, and a laboratory. This establishment was re-opened under the present king, Charles Felix, in 1825. A foundry for melting the ore has been established at Conflans. The lead-mines and works afford employment to about six hundred workmen. The present king has also put into execution the long projected

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\* The other modern work descriptive of this country is the "Historical, Literary and Statistical Dictionary of the Duchy of Savoy," written in French by Grillet, a native.



embankment of the Isère, by which large tracts of fertile land, capable of affording subsistence to 30,000 people, will be restored to agriculture. A good carriage-road has also been lately finished, which leads from Annecy to Moutiers, the capital of Tarentaise, so that now travellers can drive from Geneva or Chambéry, to the foot of the Little St. Bernard.

The population of Tarentaise does not amount to quite 43,000 individuals of both sexes. Active, industrious, and early accustomed to hardships, many of the men are in the habit of quitting their homes at the fall of the leaf, and proceed to Piedmont, France, or even Germany, where they pursue their respective trades, and then return in the spring, to attend to the labours of their fields. Their churches, their charitable houses, and their schools, supported by private donations, prove the good character of these honest mountaineers. The mode of courtship here resembles that of the Swiss highlands. The accepted lover repairs at night under the window of his mistress, by whom he is secretly introduced to her own apartment, where he sits till the morning, without, it is said, any offence to female virtue.

From Annecy our author proceeded by Bonneville into the province of Faucigny. After describing the celebrated wonders of the valley of Chamouny,\* he contradicts the absurd statement in the itineraries, that this singular spot was *unknown* to the rest of the world until the year 1741 when MM. Poccocke and Windham visited it, and gave the first information concerning its existence. As early as the eleventh century, Aymon, Count of Geneva, founded there a monastery of Benedictines, who cultivated the district, and from which the principal village of the valley is still called the *Prieuré*.

It was afterwards annexed, by a bull of Leo X., to the Chapter of Sallenneche. The parish church was rebuilt in 1707. But it was not yet then the fashion for travellers to explore mountains and remote vallies in quest of glaciers and panoramic views. Hence the neglect in which the valley of Chamouny remained so long. There is, however, another district in that neighbourhood, which, although little frequented, is no way inferior to the former in beauty and grandeur of scenery. This is the valley of the Giffre, called also of Sixt, which runs to the foot of the Buet. It is accessible to charrs on the side of Geneva; there is a very good inn at Samoens, a town of about four thousand inhabitants, and another at the village of Sixt. The valley of the Giffre has over that of Chamouny the advantage of numerous and magnificent waterfalls. The Buet, a mountain nearly ten thousand feet high, commands the finest view in all Savoy. Its ascent is considerably shorter and much less perilous than that of Mont Blanc. The other or left branch of the valley leads the traveller to the foot of the Col de Taneverge belonging to that inaccessible cluster of lofty Alps that rise between Savoy, the Lower Valais, and the Lemau, and of which *La Dent du Midi* forms the central summit. At the foot of the

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\* The natives call it Chamonix, from the old Latin name *campus montis*.

Taneverge the valley terminates in a sort of natural funnel, appropriately called *Finimondo*. In this gloomy recess the sun in the longest summer days is only visible for three hours!

From the Faucigny our tourist passed into the Chablais, another division of Savoy, forming the southern bank of the Lake of Geneva. The scenery is here milder, though still beautiful. The high road to the Simplon runs along this district. The principal towns are Thouon and Evian. Near the former is Ripaille, the favourite retreat of Amadeus VIII., Duke of Savoy, who, after a reign of forty-three years, renounced the cares of the throne to his sons, and shut himself up with six noblemen of his Court in a convent, or rather hermitage, which he had himself erected. Five years after, the Council of Basle having deposed Eugenius IV. in 1439, elected Amadeus as supreme pontiff. A deputation of prelates was sent to Ripaille, to announce his election. After some demur, he was at last prevailed upon to accept the tiara, and assumed the name of Felix V. The greater part of Europe acknowledged him, but Italy continued to side with Eugenius, and after his death with Nicholas V., who was crowned at Rome, whilst Felix resided at Geneva. The latter, however, anxious to terminate this scandalous schism, proposed to the rival pontiff certain conditions under which he would resign his claim to the papal chair. These were agreed to in 1449, and the ex-pontiff resumed his name of Amadeus, and withdrew again to his solitude of Ripaille. He survived his abdication only eighteen months.

The province in which Chambery is placed is called *Savoy Proper* in contradistinction to the general appellation of the whole Duchy. The town of Chambery is finely situated, and its society is remarkably pleasant and courteous to strangers. In its neighbourhood is the cottage called *Les Charmettes*, famed in Rousseau's Confessions. General de Boigne, who had served long in India, resided many years in this neighbourhood, in his park of Buisson Rond, where he lately died. The Abbé Saint Real, and the two Counts, Xavier and Joseph de Maistre, were born at Chambery.

Not far from Chambery are the baths of Aix, where a numerous company assembles in summer. In the same neighbourhood is the fine Abbey of Hautecombe, founded by Amadeus III. in 1125, and in which several Princes of the House of Savoy were entombed. The church was rich in monuments, inscriptions and valuable relics of the middle ages. During the French Revolution, the spirit of devastation broke upon the sanctuary, the graves were opened and ransacked, and the building itself fell into ruins. The present King has had the abbey repaired and restored to its original state.

The early history of the House of Savoy is closely connected with the wars in the East against the Saracens and Turks. Bertolotti intersperses his descriptions with many curious records of these times; no where the spirit of chivalry was perhaps more deeply rooted than among the nobility of this mountainous land. Even now a high feeling of honour is found among the old though not wealthy families of Savoy.

From Chambery our author retraced his steps towards Italy, through the province of Maurienne, which every traveller must cross on his way to Mont Cenis.

This work deserves to be better known, and would be a very useful companion to a tourist among that part of the Alps. In the Appendix we find an analysis of the various mineral springs with which Savoy abounds. We are glad to perceive that the Piedmontese Government is more awake than it used to be to the interests of this valuable and loyal portion of its dominions. The present King appears active; he visits in person his various provinces, has had roads and other public works finished; and even in the long-neglected island of Sardinia, it appears that civilization is fast spreading, communications are opening, and a better police introduced.

ART. XVIII.—*Machines à Vapeur ; Aperçu de leur Etat actuel, sous les points de vue de la Mécanique et de l'Industrie, pour conduire à la solution accomplie du Problèmeque présentent ces Machines ; avec un supplément donnant la Théorie Mathématique rigoureuse des Machines à Vapeur, fondée sur la nouvelle Théorie Générale des Fluides.* Par Hæne Wronski. 4to. Paris. 1829.

It is by no means an uncommon remark, that the application of steam is yet but in its infancy; a proposition self-evident perhaps to those who maintain it, but one which we are disposed to regard with distrust. That steam is available for many purposes for which it is not used, is manifestly true, but then arises the question of expediency, and whether manual labour is not in the end cheaper. Some two or three years since an individual obtained a patent for an engine to chop up firewood and bind it into small faggots of given dimensions;—the cost of the engine and its moving power would have supplied all London with faggots for a year. Another gentleman, about the same time, contrived a machine, to be impelled by any adequate power, for splitting straws, (we do not mean an attorney,) but the price of the apparatus and the maintenance of it would have absorbed all the profits of the straw-plat trade. The employment of steam machinery in such cases is preposterous, and the adoption of it must always be regulated by the value of articles so manufactured, and such as are produced by hand. But further, the unerring results of experience have shown that theoretical improvements do not invariably answer in practice; there is a certain degree of perfection to which workmanship can be brought, but which it cannot exceed, and M. Wronski, after having talked of the *véritable secret* of steam engines, may excite a smile from an engineer by the following conditions, which must be fulfilled before a perfect engine can be constructed, and the positive assertion that a machine which he has invented fulfils them all; of the machine itself however, as it has not yet been protected by a patent, nothing of course is said.

“The ‘*véritable problème*’ of steam-engines consists in constructing a machine which shall completely fulfil the seven following conditions:—

" 1. It should be contained in the mathematical *minimum* of space, that is to say, it should occupy the least possible volume.

" 2. In this least space it should contain the mathematical *maximum* of vacuum to be occupied by steam, and, consequently, it should have the least possible weight, yet fulfilling the essential condition of sufficient solidity to offer a complete guarantee against explosion.

" 3. The construction of it should be independent of the place wherein it performs, so that it may act every where and even during the time of its removal.

" 4. But further this construction should be the most simple, containing only parts of immediate action; that is to say, without having any intermediate part for the communication of the motion.

" 5. The whole machine should be susceptible of common manufacture, that it might both be sold at a low price and be repaired every where by ordinary mechanics.

" 6. It should be able to apply its moving power immediately in every direction, without wheels, handles, or other parts for the transmission of motion, and, consequently, it should act vertically, horizontally, or in any way that may be required.

" 7. Lastly, its moving force should be as far as possible continuous and regular, and it should thus afford the whole of the force contained in the vapour expended, losing the least possible quantity of this force to overcome the frictions inseparable from the essence of matter.

" Such . . . . in its determination à posteriori and à priori is the *véritable problème* of steam engines, to carry them to the extreme of perfection. Now, unless we deceive ourselves, and that when supported by rigorous mathematical calculations does not seem possible, we think we can offer a solution of this problem in the construction of a machine . . . . which we shall call *dynamogène*."—p. 245.

For the reason already assigned no description of this engine and no clue to its construction is afforded, but the analytical expression of its power, and the dynamogenous factor, *facteur dynamogénique*, offering a *véritable* GENERATION INDEFINIE DE FORCE, & GENERATION ARBITRAIRE ET ILLIMITÉE de force, upon which its superiority depends, is most mystically set forth, and to save our readers the trouble which we ourselves encountered, we shall explain this mystification. An expression consisting of several terms is found for the power of his engine; one of these terms, the dynamogenous factor, in proportion to which the value of this expression increases, is always an improper fraction, the numerator being the tension of the steam in the cylinder into which it is first admitted; the denominator, the tension of the steam in another cylinder into which it is discharged from the first. So that the whole thing resolves itself into Woolf's engine, in which, from the mention made of Mr. Perkins, steam of the tension, occasionally used by that gentleman, is to be employed.

The history of the pamphlet before us we conceive to be this; the arrival in Paris of Mr. Perkins, and the experiments he performed there some short time since, set Mr. Wronski's busy head to work; so, picking up what he could of that able engineer's proceedings, and with M. Arago's summary of the history of the steam-engine in last year's *Annuaire* for a text book, he sat down to write a history and invent a machine of his own. The historical part of the treatise professes to

have been composed three years since; but the continued references to the *Annuaire*, the arrangement, tone, and spirit of the whole are not in harmony with such an assertion, while the quiet intimation of the coincidence between his own theoretical results and what Mr. Perkins has determined experimentally, point out, in the case of M. Wronski, from what quarter his knowledge was derived. We are no more inclined to deny M. Wronski's general talents and ability, because we have hazarded the above statement, than we should be to question his propensity to mystification, because an instance might possibly be adduced in which he had acted with good faith. But while we think that he has been in some cases hardly dealt with, we consider it an insult to the science of Europe, that what he does know should be propounded in enigmas, which, when solved, not unfrequently turn out, as in the present case, an ass in a lion's skin.

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*Postscript to the Article on the "Present State of the Netherlands."*  
See p. 400.

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Whilst these sheets are in the press, the Philosophical College of Louvain has been abolished, and the organization of the episcopal seminaries will therefore meet with no obstacle. Events have, in truth, within the last two months, been multiplying at a rate too rapid for us to keep pace with. The dismissal of a numerous body of public functionaries for voting against the government, and the collection of large subscriptions from the people for their indemnity, are among the matters which would otherwise have been noticed.

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#### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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In the review of Professor Heeren's work on the *Polity and Commerce of the Great Nations of Antiquity* in our last Number, we mentioned incidentally that the English translation published in America by Mr. Bancroft of Professor Heeren's *Manual of Ancient History* had been reprinted here for the benefit of ourselves. We find we were misinformed as to this point, and that the translation published by Mr. Talboys, of Oxford, is an entirely new one. The same publisher has also printed a translation of Heeren's *Sketch of the History of Ancient Greece*, in which Mr. Bancroft's translation was used, but very much altered and corrected throughout.

# MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

No. X.

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## FRANCE.

A VOLUME of *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the celebrated Diderot*, by his daughter, Madame de Vandeuil, will shortly make its appearance. The manuscript had been in the hands of Baron Grimm, who had sent it to a German prince, whose correspondent he was. A copy of it was recently allowed to be taken, which has fallen into the hands of a Paris bookseller, who is about to publish it. Some piquant extracts from it have already appeared in the *Gazette Littéraire*, a clever weekly periodical, which has been recently started in Paris on the plan of our own *Literary Gazette*. We copy the following description of this encyclopedist and philosopher's habits :

"In this manner my father employed his time. He wrote epistolary dedications for the musicians, of which I possess several ; he sketched the plot of a comedy for a dramatist who could only write, and wrote for the one whose *forte* lay in plots ; he made prefaces and introductory discourses to suit the wants of those who applied to him. One day a man came to him to beg him to write an advertisement of some pomatum which was to make the hair grow ; he laughed heartily, but did what was requested. He did not always labour, however, for the mere sake of obliging. He had given up to his wife the whole of his little income, and very rarely asked her for money, and then only for trifling sums. He spent a great deal however ; he was fond of cards, played very ill, and always lost ; he liked riding in hackney coaches, often forgot them at the doors of houses where he stopped, and had a whole day's fare to pay. The females to whom he was attached cost him considerable sums, which he was anxious my mother should know nothing of. He never denied himself a book : he had a taste for prints, gems, and miniatures, of which he made presents within a day or two after he had bought them ; but he required money to meet all these expences. He laboured, therefore, for public bodies, for magistrates and others who could recompense him liberally for his work. He composed discourses for advocates-general, addresses to the king, parliamentary remonstrances, and various other things, which, he said, were paid three times their value. It was with the little sums he received in this manner that he satisfied his taste for making presents, and the little luxuries of life."

Here is the account of his death :

"He went to occupy a splendid suite of apartments, which had been hired for him by the Empress of Russia in the Rue Richelieu. He enjoyed them but twelve days ; he was enchanted with them ; having always lodged in a garret, he thought himself in a palace. But his body became weaker every day ; although his head was not at all affected, he was firmly persuaded that his end was approaching ; but he said not a word about it, from a wish to spare the feelings of the persons about him, whom he saw plunged in sorrow ; he occupied himself in everything that could divert and deceive them ; every day he was arranging something new, putting his prints in order, &c. The night before his death a more convenient bed was brought for him ; the workmen took a great

deal of trouble in placing it properly. 'My friends,' said he to them, 'you are taking infinite pains there for a piece of furniture which will not be wanted for more than four days.' In the evening he saw his friends. The conversation turned upon philosophy, and the various roads for arriving at that science. 'The first step towards philosophy,' said he, 'is incredulity.' This remark is the last which he pronounced in my presence. As it was late, I left him, in the hope of seeing him once more.

"He got up on Saturday, the 30th of July, 1784; he conversed all the morning with his son-in-law and his physician; he had his blistering plaster removed, as it gave him pain; he set down to table, took some soup, some boiled mutton and succory; he then took an apricot, which my mother wished to dissuade him from eating. 'But what possible harm do you think that can do me?' He did eat it; then rested his elbow on the table in order to eat some preserved cherries, and coughed slightly. My mother asked him a question, and receiving no answer, she raised her eyes and looked at him—he was no more!"

A new drama by M. Victor Hugo, entitled *Hernani*, is now in rehearsal at the Théâtre Français. The representation of this is looked forward to as an event which is to decide the great literary question, which has been so long in discussion, between the classical and romantic schools.

The Memoirs of Levasseur, an ex-conventionalist, recently published, have been seized by order of the government.

At the sitting of the French Academy of Sciences on the 14th of December, M. Charles Dupin read the first part of an elaborate *Essay on the comparative progress of the Private and Public Revenues in France and Great Britain, from the commencement of the sixteenth century to the present time*. In this Essay M. Dupin justified, by calculations, the principle of the legislation on corn. He defended the law relative to the importation and exportation of corn, against the opinion of the advocates for the free circulation of the agricultural product. He concluded by drawing a parallel between the measures adopted in France and Great Britain, which, though different in their views, are founded on the same principles, and productive of results equally advantageous to both nations.

We understand that there is to be a grand Musical Festival held at Strasburg on the 12th of April next. All the artists and amateurs of Alsace, and several of the departments of the interior, are to be present on the occasion; and several distinguished musicians of the grand-duchy of Baden have accepted the invitation given them to attend.

M. Serullas was elected on the 28th of December a member of the Academy of Sciences in the room of M. Vauquelin, deceased. M. Chevreul has been elected the successor of the same gentleman as Professor of Chemistry at the Museum of Natural History. General Rogniat has been elected an *académicien libre* in the room of Count Daru.

M. Thiers, author of the History of the French Revolution, has undertaken the principal editorship of a new daily political journal, which commenced on the 1st of January under the title of *Le National*. The tone of it appears more moderate than that of the *Constitutionnel*, to which M. Thiers has been for some years attached as one of the principal collaborateurs. A duel has already taken place, however, between one of the collaborateurs of the *National* and another of the *Drapeau Blanc*, in which the latter was wounded.

The report, which obtained currency on the continent some time since, of the death of Sir Hudson Lowe, which was totally unfounded, has given rise to one of those fabrications with which French literature at present so much abounds. It is entitled *Memorial de Sir Hudson Lowe*, and the materials of which it is composed are of that nature which will most likely procure it the honour of a *saissie*, and the notice of the *procureur du Roi*.

The first volume of an extremely interesting and elegantly written work by M. E. Gauttier d'Arc, entitled *History of the Conquests of the Normans in Italy, in Sicily, and in Greece*, has recently made its appearance. We advert to it now principally to direct attention to a curious document published among the *Pièces Justificatives* at the end, giving an account of the daring literary forgery committed by the Abbe Vella, an illiterate Maltese priest, who succeeded in imposing upon Monsignor Airoidi, the Archbishop of Heraolea, a personage of real learning and knowledge of the world, to such a degree, as to induce him to publish, as genuine, a series of documents purporting to be translations from the Arabia, and relating to the dominion of the Arabs in Sicily, which were, in fact, the entire creations of Vella's own brain. The title of this work was, *Codice Diplomatico di Sicilia, sotto il governo degli Arabi, pubblicato per opera e studio di Alfonso Airoidi, Arcivescovo di Eraclea*. Palermo: 1789—1792. 6 vols. 4to. Another, which Vella himself published afterwards, of the same description, is entitled, *Libro del Consiglio di Egitto, tradotto da Giuseppe Vella, &c.* Palermo: 1793. 1 vol. in folio. In the controversy, which arose at the time respecting these manuscripts, the Danish orientalist, Tychsen, stood forth very prominently as the asserter and vindicator of their authenticity, while M. De Guignes and M. Barthélémy did not hesitate, on the evidence before them, to pronounce them rank forgeries.

A detailed prospectus has just been issued at Paris of a new edition of Henry Stephen's *Thesaurus Lingue Græcæ*, "in which the text of the author is entirely preserved, arranged in alphabetical order, and augmented with the labours of the English edition and of the new editors; published by M. Hase, Member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, Professor in the Special School of living Oriental Languages, Assistant Keeper at the Royal Library, &c. &c. and by Messrs. Sinner and Fix; according to a plan submitted to the Academy of Inscriptions, and approved by its Commission." As one of the main reasons which has led to the undertaking of this new edition the editors state:—"The English edition, which costs more than 50*l.* (although it had 1086 subscribers on its appearance), is too high-priced to be of the service to literature which might have been expected from it, and the list of subscribers to it consists rather of rich persons than of men of letters. Notwithstanding, although the plan of our edition is totally different, we should not have allowed ourselves to establish a competition which might have been injurious to the spirited publisher, had we not previously been assured by himself that his edition was exhausted. We should have been afraid of incurring the reproaches which Scapula so well merited." We have not room to enter into any further details, but must refer the classical reader to the Prospectus itself, which consists of sixteen pages in folio. The edition will be published in 28 *livraisons* in folio, in double columns, the same size as the original and the London edition, upon a handsome vellum paper. The first *livraison* will appear in April next, after which from six to eight *livraisons* will appear annually. The price of each *livraison* will be 12 francs. Subscriber's names will be received by the publishers of this Review.

In the second number of a periodical quarterly work lately commenced



under the title of *Annales de l'Hygiène publique*, there is a curious Memoir by Dr. Villermé, on the *Stature of Man in France*, and the consequences to be deduced from it for *Natural History and Legislation*. Among the curious facts which Dr. V. has demonstrated, is one, that the human stature is more elevated, *ceteris paribus*, in rich countries than in poorer, and in cities than in the country. During the existence of the French empire and the conscription, several millions of men were measured, and from their measurements it results that the richest departments always supplied the tallest conscripts, and presented the smallest number discharged on account of disease. The people of Paris are taller than the inhabitants of the other part of the department of the Seine, and those of Lyons than the inhabitants of the arrondissement of Villefranche. Besides the influence of wealth, Dr. V. recognizes certain local influences; marshy countries produce a stunted as well as a miserable race; mountaineers are not tall generally, except in countries where the people are in easy circumstances.

The deductions which M. Villermé has drawn from these facts are of two sorts:—the first, which apply to the natural history of man; and the second, to statistics and legislation. Among the first the principal is, that persons above the middle size are less liable to infirmities than those that are below it. Of the second sort the following are the most striking:—1. That the conscription presses very unequally on the different parts of the same territory. In the rich districts there is a much greater number of men fit for military service than in the poorer ones. Notwithstanding this, the contingents demanded from both are the same. 2. The age fixed for the recruiting ought to be later in the poorer departments and in the country, than in the rich departments and the towns. 3. In the poor districts the men of the requisite height for the army suffer from the smallness of their compatriots; for they are less numerous to furnish the required contingent. In the department of the Allier, some years back, 55 out of 100 young men were under 4 feet 10 inches, while in the department of the Doubs there were only 8. In the first, therefore, the drawing by lot was confined to 45 individuals, in the second it extended to 92. The chances of the drawing were therefore very different. 4. By requiring men of tall stature for the army, the effect will be in the end that there will be none but little men. It would be much better to admit all capable men, and even where the capacity was equal, to take little men in preference. It is probable that long-continued wars tend to degenerate the human race. The conscription lays hold of the tallest men and those possessed of the most robust health, and the war sweeps them off in distant countries. (This fact had been already noticed by M. Charles Dupin in his *Forces Productives, &c. de la France*. See Vol. I. p. 481, of this journal.)

A writer in the *Bibliothèque Universelle* of Geneva, commenting upon these facts, observes, that the difference which M. V. attributes to the degree of wealth, may also be accounted for from a cause independent of wealth, namely, the difference of races; in proof of which he adduces the circumstance, that, in some of the poorer departments of France, the men are taller than their richer neighbours. This is the case in Franche Comté, compared with the Côte-d'Or and the Yonne. In Brittany, the only province where the aboriginal or Celtic race has remained pure, are to be found the shortest men in France; and it is believed that the British portion of the same race, namely, the Scotch highlanders as compared with the lowlanders, and the Welsh as compared with the English, give ground for the same remark.

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## GERMANY.

BARON HUMBOLDT has returned to Berlin from his excursion to the Ural mountains of Siberia. His observations on these mountains have led to a remarkable

discovery. More than two years since, struck with the extreme resemblance between them and the mountains of Brazil, he was convinced that diamonds ought to be found in Siberia as well as in America. This opinion was more strongly confirmed in his mind during his last excursion there, and from his observation the Comte de Pollier, who accompanied him, was impressed with the same conviction. This nobleman, (who is married to the Princess Schakanskoi, the proprietress of considerable estates in the Ural chain,) after quitting the Baron, when the latter took the road to Tobolsk, recrossed the mountains in order to visit his wife's property, situated on the western or European declivity of the Ural. He gave orders to make search in a washing of gold, situated 25 wersts to the N.E. of Bissersk, and 250 wersts E. of Peru. This has been attended with complete success; and though no machine has yet been constructed, the children employed to wash the gold on tables have already found seven diamonds. Machines are now getting ready to make this precious mineral the subject of regular working.

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The grand Musical Meeting of the Prussian and Saxon Musicians took place in the University of Halle on the 10th, 11th, and 12th of September last. The orchestra consisted of 600 performers, among whom were Schneider of Dessau, and Spontini, the director of the royal chapel at Berlin. The first day's concert began with the overture of *Olympia*, the composition of Spontini, and it would be difficult to describe the sensation produced on the auditory by this brilliant morceau. A cantata by the same composer, in honour of the King of Prussia, was as loudly applauded. Spontini's manner, though different from that of most of the German composers, is at present the subject of admiration at Berlin and the north of Germany. A hymn from his *Agnes of Hohenstaufen*, and the *Prussian National Air*, concluded the evening's entertainment. This last composition, the energetic words and simple and majestic air of which produce the most striking effect, was played with the most perfect precision. The stanzas were sung by Madame Schulz, whose clear and sonorous voice excited a sort of magical sensation when, after the repetition of the chorus, relieved by the accompaniment of innumerable instruments, she resumed the solo of each successive stanza. This air is, perhaps, of all the master-pieces of Spontini, that which is most characteristic of his manner. He excels in the art of elevating and carrying along his auditory, by accumulating, as it were, the melodious concords to the point of intoxicating the imagination. Every instrument is brought into play to stir up the passion which he wishes to raise to the very utmost; from the timbrel to the first violin, all of these have but one object, that of exciting the same feeling which actuated the composer during his labours.

On the second day Handel's grand oratorio of *Samson* was performed. On this occasion Spontini acquitted himself most nobly in the direction of the band, as a composition so essentially different from the rules which he follows required his whole efforts. He paid the greatest homage to the manes of that great artist, by entering for the moment completely into the spirit of his composition, and reproducing in his native city a work on which the whole charm of his genius is impressed.

In the three concerts which were given during the general meeting of the associated performers, the public were enabled to hear thirty-six morceaux of the very first order. The Society, desirous of testifying its gratitude to Spontini for his zealous and indefatigable attention, presented him with a gold medal, with the inscription *Lyrice Tragædiæ Principi Germania Meritorum Cultrix*; and the Philosophical Faculty of the University of Halle, before his departure, conferred on him the rank and diploma of Doctor of Music.

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Dr. Schneller, a professor of the University of Fribourg, published, about the latter end of 1828, a work in 2 vols. 8vo., entitled *The Influence of Austria upon Germany and Europe, from the Reformation to the Present Time*, which is remarkable on several accounts. The author lived 28 years in Austria; he is a Catholic, and was a professor at Gräts; he wrote his book while he was resident there, he sent it to Vienna for examination by the censorship, and it was returned to him with notes in the handwriting of M. Gentz, part of which are printed with the text. The book is written with so much boldness and freedom, that very few of the German journals have ventured to quote from it, even by way of censure. Frederick Schlegel, in his famous book on modern history, exhibited Austria to us on the bright side; Dr. Schneller shows her to us rather too much on the opposite. Both these writers agree in considering her as an immediate organ of Providence; but while the first views the system of the Court of Vienna as a salutary and conservative power, the latter regards it as a fatal obstacle to the improvement of nations.

Another re-print of Stephen's *Thesaurus Lingue Græcæ* is announced to appear at Leipsic. It will contain the new matter of the London edition, with copious additions by the Dindorff's. It is to be completed in 40 parts in folio, price 8s. each (in Germany), and will occupy seven years in publication.

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## NETHERLANDS AND HOLLAND.

A new and complete edition of the works of Jacob Cats (dedicated, by permission, to H. R. H. the Prince of Orange) is announced to be published in 13 volumes, 8vo., divided into 80 livraisons. The first will appear in March, 1830, and the subsequent livraisons every three weeks. Of this author our readers will recollect the interesting account given in our fourth vol. p. 50—52.

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## HUNGARY.

Our friend Dr. Bowring has just published a handsome little volume, entitled *Poetry of the Magyars, preceded by a Sketch of the Language and Literature of Hungary and Transylvania*. It contains about 160 specimens, including several of those which were first published in the *Article on the Language and Literature of the Magyars* that appeared in this journal, vol. iii, p. 28—76.

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## ORIENTAL LITERATURE.

FATHER HYACINTH, of whom we have had occasion to speak more than once in our preceding numbers, has recently published in Russian, at St. Petersburg, *A Description of Peking, with a Plan of that Capital; translated from the Chinese*. A French Translation from the Russian, by M. Ferry de Pigny, has also been published at the same time. A report upon this work to the Asiatic Society of Paris, drawn up by M. Klaproth, was read at a meeting of the Society in October, a copy of which appears in the *Journal Asiatique* for November. From this it appears that Father Hyacinth's work contains only a small portion of the original Chinese, which consists of 1080 pages, while the Translation has only 175. M. Klaproth has made great use of the original in

his *General Description of China*, which has been announced for several years to be published in English in London, the appearance of which has been hitherto retarded by unforeseen circumstances. The Plan, which accompanies Father Hyacinth's description, consists of two sheets, beautifully engraved, with explanations in Russian and French; but M. Klaproth regrets that it is deficient in the names of the streets, squares, canals, and the greater part of the bridges, besides several other inaccuracies. With respect to the *Description*, Mr. K. remarks, with some surprise, that Father H. has entirely confined himself to the translation of his Chinese author, as it might have been expected that a man who had resided fourteen years in that capital, enjoying full liberty and leisure to traverse and examine it in every direction, would have given us some of his own observations upon it. A picture of Peking, exhibiting the aspect and usages of this ancient capital, and the impression which the sight of its streets, palaces, and temples had produced upon a stranger accustomed to a style of architecture, modes of life, and customs and usages totally different, would have been a most valuable present to European readers. Of all this, however, Father Hyacinth's work does not contain one word.

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That learned Orientalist, Professor Neumann of Munich, author of the *Life of the Armenian Philosopher, David*, &c. is about to sail from London for China for the purpose of practically studying the Chinese language and literature. The result of this voyage will probably be very important to Oriental scholars; and it is remarkable as being the first instance of an European scaven visiting China solely for literary purposes. The Royal Academy of Berlin has placed 1500 dollars at the Professor's disposal for the purchase of Chinese books.

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Dr. Bernard Dorn, translator of the *History of the Afghans*, (for which he last year received a gold medal from the Royal Asiatic Society of London,) has arrived at Kharkoff, and entered on the duties of the newly-founded Oriental Professorship, to which the Emperor of Russia has appointed him in that University.

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Dr. Siebold, of whose labours and collections relative to Japanese literature we had occasion to speak in a late number, has unfortunately excited the suspicions of the Japanese government. He had obtained from the astronomer of Jeddo, (the capital of Japan,) a set of maps of the empire. The magistrates of Wangasaki, one of the five imperial cities, caused him to be arrested, and the maps to be taken from him; his papers were also seized and examined. In other respects he has been treated with great lenity, and it is now hoped that he will shortly be liberated, and allowed to return to Europe. The Dutch are the only Europeans whom the Japanese admit to trade with them, and it was in the capacity of physician to the Dutch factory that Dr. Siebold had been allowed to enter Japan.

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M. Silvestre de Sacy has published a short but curious *Memoir on the Collection of Stories entitled the Thousand-and-one Nights*, in which that learned orientalist has satisfactorily demolished the arguments of those who ascribed to them an Indian or Persian origin: M. de Sacy's opinion is, that they were originally written in Syria; that the collection was left incomplete by its author, and that the copyists have endeavoured to complete it by the addition of tales already known, or new ones written by themselves; that the date of its composition is not very ancient, and may with tolerable certainty be set down about the middle of the ninth century of the Hegira, which would make it about 400 years old.

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